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Harpers Magazine

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

A BIOLOGICAL FORECAST

ANONYMOUS

This is the first of a series of three articles on our national future, contributed by three writers each of whom is nationally distinguished in his special field. This first paper, on our racial future, is by an eminent biologist; the second, on our political future, will be by one of America's leading historians; the third, on our cultural future, will be by a distinguished critic and man of letters. All three write anonymously in order to be able to prophesy with complete freedom.—*The Editors.*

THE laws and principles of Nature are, like God himself, "without variableness or shadow of turning," and we may be sure that these laws and principles were operative in the most distant past and will continue to the most distant future. But the factors or causes of any particular phenomenon are numerous and their combinations so varied that it is often impossible to predict specific events before their occurrence. Where such factors are relatively few and their combinations fairly constant, as is generally true in the simpler phenomena of astronomy, physics, and chemistry, predictions may be made with the greatest certainty; but where factors are more numerous or their combinations more varied, predictions are much more difficult and can be made only in general terms, as is seen for example in weather predictions. Finally, if in addition to numerous and varied causes there are imperfectly known or wholly unknown causes of any phenomenon, prophecies must be still more general and uncertain.

This is the condition which one meets in attempting to forecast the future of America or of any other nation or people. The factors are so numerous, so varied, many of them so little known that detailed and specific predictions are almost impossible. The most that can be expected is that in the future, as in the present and in the past, certain classes of causes and conditions will produce certain classes of results. Such a process of reasoning has been justified thousands of times in matters of pure

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science as well as in the practical affairs of everyday life, and it may properly be employed in attempting to forecast the probable effects of present conditions and tendencies on the future of America.

No more important inquiry can possibly be conceived, since it is in the power of man to take part consciously in his own evolution and, within rather narrow limits, to shape his own future. No one by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but society could, if it were sufficiently impressed with its importance, add some inches to the average stature of future generations. It could, if it would, breed a healthier, happier, more intelligent type than the general average of the existing race. By means of selective mating, which would require no more intelligence than that which is now employed in the breeding of domestic animals, feebleness of body and mind and even anti-social instincts could be greatly reduced and the general average of the entire population could be raised to a level more nearly that of the best existing individuals. This being true, a serious consideration of the direction in which we are now going and the probable outcome is one of the most important subjects that the human mind can contemplate. There is a tendency in all prophecy to see future events in either the brightest or the darkest colors, to picture a future that will be either a heaven or a hell. Let us try to avoid this tendency and to see things as they really are and to forecast not the best nor the worst possible future but the one that is most likely to be realized.

II

There have been many estimates of the present wealth and productivity of the United States and of its future resources and possibilities. But no other wealth or resource is so valuable as our human stock, and relatively little thought has been given by our practically-minded business men and politicians to this vastly important subject. Any stock breeder who paid as little attention to the composition of his herds or flocks as this country has paid to the composition of its population would be doomed to failure. What reason have we to believe that a merciful Providence will preserve our nation from the degradation and failure which it has invited?

From the time of its discovery by Europeans to the present America has been regarded by all the world as the land of opportunity. To it came in earlier days the hardy, adventurous, independent pioneers, and those who sought religious and political liberty. But along with these better elements there came others not so good, among them indentured servants, convicts, and camp-followers. Since then our immigrants have come in vast numbers from all countries of Europe, and from all levels of society, and our people to-day would represent a fair average of the people of Europe—perhaps a little more hardy and adventurous and a little less cultured—were it not for two important factors that have been operative throughout our past history, namely the demand for cheap labor and the ideal of America as an asylum for the poor and oppressed of other lands.

The demand for cheap labor very early began to modify the character of immigration to this country. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620 Virginia had already in the previous year received her first cargo of negro slaves. The slave trade continued for nearly two hundred years, until it was prohibited in 1808. At that time there were about one and one-third million negroes in the United States and in the next hundred years they had increased to about ten and one-half millions. For more than one hundred years cheap labor in the form of slavery was the most disturbing element in this country; it led to one of the worst of all civil wars; and it has bequeathed to us and to many generations to come a racial problem that is practically insoluble short of ultimate amalgamation.

After the abolition of slavery the demand for cheap labor became greater than ever. Chinese coolies were imported to build the trans-continental railroads and to develop the Pacific states; shiploads of the cheapest labor to be found in Europe were imported to work in mines and factories and to break strikes, and when these became intractable other shiploads were imported to replace them; Japanese and Mexican laborers came in numbers to the west and southwest. Finally the opposition of our native labor became so great that Congress passed the Chinese Exclusion Act in 1882, and this was followed by the Act Against the Importation of Contract Labor in 1885. But in spite of these and other legal restrictions, the tide of immigration rose higher and higher until for several years before the World War we were receiving more than a million immigrants a year, chiefly unskilled laborers from the lower levels of European populations. Finally with the passage of the Literacy Test of 1917 and the Quota Laws of 1920 and later, the number of European immigrants has been greatly reduced and their quality improved; but since the exclusion of the Japanese, multitudes of Mexicans, who are in the main inferior to the Japanese, are being imported into our southwest.

On the whole, the cheap and unskilled laborers who have been imported in vast numbers represent the poorest stock of the nations and races from which they were drawn. We have thus assembled in this country many of the worst representatives of all the races of mankind. The demand for cheap labor has done more to debase our human stock than has any other single factor.

The ideal of America as an asylum for the poor and oppressed of other lands once brought to us some of our finest stock, but in later years we were made the dumping ground for the paupers, insane, and criminals of several European nations. The result of our policy of importing cheap labor and of furnishing asylum to the discontented and defective is seen in the development of racial antagonism and caste, in the menace of low mentality, and in the alarming amount of crime, insanity, and pauperism in this country.

Our system of caste, like that of India, is chiefly designed to create an impassable social barrier between the whiter and the darker races. Our Nordics regard themselves as Brahmins and the Negroes as Untouchables; and between these two extremes are various other social castes. But while this caste system creates serious dissension and antagonism it is not sufficiently effective to prevent interbreeding.

That our human stock is physically far less vigorous and healthy than is generally supposed is shown by the great extent of physical defects among drafted men during the late War. Notwithstanding the fact that these men were young and in the prime of life, twenty per cent were rejected by local boards, twelve per cent of those sent to camps were later rejected, and almost one-half of all who were retained had some more or less serious defect or disease. Evidently the American people as a whole do not live up to the reputation which has been established by our former pioneers and present-day athletes.

The menace of low mentality is perhaps the greatest danger that confronts any nation or civilization, but it is a vastly greater danger in a democracy than in an autocracy. It is, moreover, an insidious danger; for as long as intelligent leaders are in command it is not visible, but it is always present and may at any time lead to disastrous consequences. The Army Mental Tests, which have been decried but never disproved, as well as the records of our public schools, show an alarming degree of low mentality in this country. In the Army Mental Tests more than twice as many were found to be of inferior mentality as were in the superior grades. It is estimated that there are about two million mental defectives in the United States who need institutional care, about

five millions who have been mentally unable to get through the grade schools, and about twenty-five millions unable to get through high school. The ultimate standing and success of any popular government must depend upon the intelligence of its citizens. Hitherto we have assumed that intelligence depends upon education and that general compulsory education would solve this problem. But, alas, we now find that millions of our population are incapable of education beyond the elementary grades. In spite of the fact that we are spending more public funds on education than any other nation on earth, there is good evidence that the average intelligence of our people has been declining for the past twenty-five years at least.

Another evidence of the fact that our former policy of the "open door" to all comers has debased our human stock is seen in the great number of foreign-born persons in our custodial institutions. In 1922 about one-eighth of the total population of the United States was foreign-born; this one-eighth furnished one-third of all the insane in our asylums, one-quarter of all the paupers in our almshouses, and one-sixth of all the prisoners in our jails and penitentiaries. According to a report of the Bureau of the Census, 375,000 persons were committed to jails or penitentiaries in the year 1923, and the report adds that this is "only a fraction of the full number of offenders." It has been estimated that in that year one person in 53 of the entire population committed offenses deserving a jail or prison sentence. In 1925 there were more than 23 times as many murders per unit of population in the United States as in England. Pittsburgh alone had as many murders as all England, St. Louis more than England and Wales; and these cities are not sinners above all others. The murder rate per 1000 people in this country is twice as great now as in 1900. In burglary, highway robbery, and other crimes we lead all the world. If we wish to form any just estimate of the character of the American people it is necessary to take into account these awful conditions. Of course it is true that these social parasites do not represent the American type, but they must be included in any honest assessment of our human resources. We cannot avoid the conclusion that, although our human stock includes some of the most intellectual, moral, and progressive people in the world, it includes also a disproportionally large number of the worst human types.

The cost of maintaining our public custodial institutions is about one-sixth of the total public revenues of all the states, and in Massachusetts and New York it is about one-third of those revenues. This does not include the large sums spent by federal, county, and municipal governments for custodial institutions nor the enormous private contributions to charity. Moreover, the direct cost of custodial institutions is only a fraction of the total cost of the army of defective, dependent, and delinquent persons who are not in institutions but who do not support themselves or who actively prey upon society. Estimates of the annual cost of crime to this country have been made by various public officials and statisticians. These figures range from three and one-half billion dollars to twenty billions. A detailed and careful estimate made by Mr. Mark O. Prentiss adds up to a grand total of nearly thirteen billion dollars. "In other words," says Mr. Prentiss, "the economic cost of crime to this country exceeds the total of the war debts. Every year the United States loses more money in its war on crime than the eleven billion dollars advanced to Europe during and since the war." How long can our civilization go on bearing this enormous and increasing burden before it breaks down under the load?

III

If present restrictions on immigration are continued it is probable that less than one-half million will be added

annually from that source to our population, and as the country fills up this number is likely to be a constantly decreasing one. Henceforth our growth in population will be largely from the natural increase of those already here. The record of this increase during the past century might lead the incautious to conclude that it will continue for another century at approximately the same rate; but a study of population growth in older countries indicates that we may expect this growth to be slower and slower until it stops altogether and a stationary population is reached. Just when this will occur and just what our population will be when it reaches a stationary condition depends upon so many variable factors that it cannot be predicted with certainty. Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University, as a result of careful studies and calculations, concludes that we shall reach a stationary population in less than two hundred years and that the population of the United States at that time will be about 200 millions. Many persons who are deeply impressed with the great growth of population in this country, and indeed in the whole world, during the past century think that these figures are much too small. And no doubt the United States might have a population of 500 millions or more if its people were willing to live as do those of India, China, and Japan; but it is improbable that they will ever voluntarily adopt such a scale of living.

Optimistic predictions are sometimes made of the indefinite improvements of agriculture and the constant increase of its products to feed an ever-increasing population; but the great contributions of science to agriculture have been in the direction of reclaiming waste land and in the production of labor-saving machinery. Science cannot indefinitely enlarge the acreage under cultivation nor the yield per acre. With all of our boasted improvements in agriculture, we probably grow no more food per acre than the "farmers of forty centuries" in China and Japan. The best arable land is already utilized, much can never be cultivated, and the time is rapidly approaching when the maximum population of the entire earth will be reached.

Enthusiastic chemists have sometimes promised an almost indefinite supply of food drawn directly from air and water; synthetic carbo-hydrates and lacto-proteins, it is said, may ultimately replace those now derived from agriculture. Henry Ford is reported to have commented on the wasteful process of feeding hay and grain to cows in order to obtain a meager supply of milk and he has suggested the invention of a mechanical cow or milk machine that will convert this feed directly into milk. On the basis of such speculations, or in the belief that "necessity is the mother of invention" and that the human spirit is really omnipotent, some of our super-patriots predict that there will ultimately be 500 million, or even 1000 million, people in the United States.

But in spite of popular opinions and the predictions of enthusiastic chemists and super-patriots, the time is rapidly approaching when America, and indeed the entire world, will have reached a stationary if not a maximum population. The principles of Malthus have not been and cannot be disproved; his predictions have only been postponed and are not discredited. But is there any serious danger that overpopulation will go so far and its results be so disastrous as some Neo-Malthusians predict? In nature every species soon reaches a stationary population where the birth-rate equals the death-rate and they "live happily ever after." When English sparrows were first introduced into this country they increased at an alarming rate, and many persons predicted that they would drive out most of our native birds; but within a few years they reached a stationary population and the "balance of nature" was restored. Similar cases have occurred again and again and, in spite of the high birth-rate of most species, populations are not generally

increasing, owing to the fact that the death-rate keeps pace with the birth-rate. In a state of nature populations are self-regulatory, and there is no question that the same would be true of human populations if the course of nature were not interfered with.

But it is precisely because man can interfere with the course of nature that there is a human population problem, a problem which Professor Huxley said was the real riddle of the Sphinx to which no political Œdipus had ever found the answer. Man has, by the exercise of his intelligence, increased the food supply, improved the conditions of life, decreased the death-rate, and he must by intelligence control the birth-rate or nature will increase the death-rate and in that way restore the balance between the two.

The dangers from overcrowding are social rather than biological. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that in a state of nature where a high birth-rate is matched by a high death-rate the species is maintained at a maximum of biological fitness, through the elimination of the less fit and the preservation of the fit. It was the essay of Malthus that suggested to Darwin this principle which he called "natural selection." It ceaselessly works for fitness; it is the most important guiding factor in organic evolution. This being true, it may on first thought seem remarkable that biologists who are convinced Darwinians should view with alarm the coming of a maximum human population and the restoration of natural selection to a leading place in human evolution. This is explained by the fact that intelligent "artificial" selection is preferable to "natural" selection. Unquestionably, intelligent selection is a great life-saver and time-saver. It can avoid many of the painful "trials and errors" of natural selection and can greatly speed up the process of evolution, but if misapplied it can also bring about degeneracy, decay, and extinction. Galton says, "Our human stock is far more weakly through congenital imperfection than that of any other species of animals, whether wild or domestic"; and this condition is almost certainly the result of the decreasing influence of natural selection in civilized life.

By interfering with natural processes, eliminating natural selection, and undertaking to direct his own evolution man has assumed a fearful responsibility, but at the same time he is offered a glorious opportunity. For the first time in the long history of life on this planet it is given to a single species to take an active, intelligent part in its own evolution. If his artificial selection leads to the propagation of the best and the elimination of the worst it will conduct the race to new standards of perfection; if it reverses this process and breeds from the worst rather than the best it will inevitably lead to deterioration; if populations increase to a maximum the death-rate will increase, and natural selection will re-establish its sway in an overcrowded world. Overpopulation will cause lower standards of living, perhaps lower forms of culture, but it should, through the greater elimination of the unfit, increase biological fitness. It is sentimentally a fine thing to save the lives of as many as possible of the weak, deformed, defective, and diseased and to give them all the pleasure possible, including that of procreating their kind; but in a crowded world they are likely to be deprived of this last pleasure. Overpopulation may bring all the distress that the Neo-Malthusians picture but it will not be without its biological compensations. There is much less danger for the future of the race in overpopulation than in our present system of birth-control for the fit and unlimited procreation for the unfit. There is practically no danger of race-suicide, but there is great danger of family-suicide. The human race will go on for millions of years, but it is certain that some of our finest and best families will leave no descendants and have no part in the future of America.

What America and all other nations should desire is not the greatest possible population, but the best possible. And yet it is plain that for purposes of a high civilization populations may be too small as well as too large. The highest social and intellectual development cannot be attained in a small and scattered population. Populations should, by artificial control of the birth-rate, remain stationary when they have reached an optimum size. The optimum population will vary with different times, places, and conditions. In a state of nature the optimum population is probably near the maximum, but in human society it is undoubtedly much below this. So far as one can now foresee, the optimum population of the United States will be not far from the estimated stationary population of two hundred millions. Undoubtedly, this country could support a greater population than this but it would be at the cost of the best intellectual and social standards.

In the recent world conference on population held at Geneva the English and American representatives favored artificial restrictions of births, whereas the French, Belgians, and Italians regarded such restriction as dangerous—presumably dangerous to their national pride and power—while the German representatives were divided in their opinions on the subject. It is improbable that any great increase in the population of England, Germany, France, Belgium, or Italy would improve the physical, intellectual, or social conditions of those nations; probably a moderate increase in the population of the United States, if properly distributed, would improve those conditions.

The thing to be desired, in the case of both nations and cities, is not the maximum but the optimum stationary population, and this can be obtained only by artificial means. Dean Inge has said that "there is no hope for the basic social problem of population except in the scientific control of birth." No one advocates an increase in the death-rate; we must, therefore, look to a decrease of the birth-rate in order to maintain an optimum stationary population, and intelligent beings should do this intelligently. This is the ground for advocating rational birth-control, and it is the only way of avoiding the slow and wasteful regime of natural selection. Hitherto voluntary birth-control has been practiced almost exclusively by the more intelligent members of society, and undoubtedly the race is the poorer because of it. Hereafter birth-restriction must be encouraged or enforced among the less intelligent elements. Overpopulation is a fruitful source of international conflict and even of war, and as such it is very properly regarded as a subject for consideration by the League of Nations. Dr. William H. Welch, in his introduction to Sweeney's book on *The Natural Increase of Mankind* says that "the League of Nations is the only agency existing to-day or likely to be created either qualified or empowered to act with any measure or promise of success," and Doctor Sweeney also concludes that "there is only one way to avoid relative overpopulation, namely a league of stationary populations."

IV

Vastly more important than the number of people in future America will be the quality and type of those people. Neither numbers, wealth, power, nor forms of government will determine our fate as completely as will the character of our citizens. Is it possible by means of biological principles to predict what the probable result will be of the contacts and mixtures of the various races and peoples that constitute our present population?

William Bateson, the distinguished English naturalist, said shortly before his death, "The social conditions of mankind are the direct result of the workings of heredity. The destinies of men are governed by genetical laws. The nature of offspring is determined by

that of the parents until men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles." That every species of plant or animal produces seed or fruit or young "after its kind" has been recognized as a great law of nature ever since the dawn of human history, and that varieties or races of a species breed true has been known ever since man has cultivated plants or bred animals. Likewise, it has been known for ages that each human race reproduces "after its kind," but the differences between individuals of the same race, or even between children of the same parents are so marked that until very recently it was supposed that such individual differences must be caused by differences in environment. Children of one family may be male or female, tall or short, light or dark, cheerful or morose, wise or foolish and, therefore, it was held that these individual differences must be the results of differences in the early environment, since all children of the same parents were supposed to have the same heredity. But since the rediscovery of Mendel's law in 1900 we know that each parent transmits only half of his or her inheritance factors to children and almost never identically the same factors. Consequently, no two successive children in the same family receive the same combination of inheritance factors. Of course parents can never transmit factors which they do not possess and consequently "the (inherited) nature of the offspring is determined by that of the parents."

But parents transmit only factors and not developed characters to their children, and these factors under the influence of environment give rise to developed traits. Heredity is the organism, environment is the stimulus that sets it in action. A muscle stimulated contracts, a gland secretes, a nerve conducts, and a seed or egg properly stimulated develops. In the development of the most complex thing in the world, human personality, the interactions of heredity and environment are extraordinarily complex, and changes in environment may produce marked changes in development; but there is good evidence that such changes rarely if ever produce changes in the inheritance factors themselves. In short, environmental modifications of development, or what are sometimes called "acquired characters" are not inherited.

There is abundant evidence that every child receives from its parents different combinations of inheritance factors for mental and social traits as well as for physical ones. Under the influence of environment these develop into the mental and social characteristics of each person. Here also there is good reason to believe that the effects of changes in environment or of use or disuse are not inherited through the germ cells. Children do not inherit a knowledge of their mother tongue or the learning of their parents, but they have to be taught these things; they are not born with a knowledge of right or wrong, but they must learn this as their ancestors did. But the capacity for learning is determined by the initial constitution or inheritance. Heredity determines that a human being can learn more than a dog and that one child can learn more than another. It determines that under the very best possible environment and training one individual can never be more than an imbecile while another may become a great genius. In short, heredity fixes all the possibilities of development, but the realization of those possibilities depends upon environment.

These fundamental biological truths have recently been called in question by persons who wish to magnify the importance of environment, or they have been distorted by those who try to make heredity omnipotent. One psychologist is reported to have said that all babies are alike at birth and that the individual differences which appear later are the results of environment or training. Such a statement could be accepted only by a sterile generation that has no knowledge concerning babies; the common experience of all parents is that babies are born male or female, white or

colored, quick or slow, with capacity for large or for little development—but all this is brushed aside by one who wishes to make environment all-powerful. At the other extreme are certain propagandists for eugenics who maintain that heredity is omnipotent and that human personality is determined in its entirety in the germ cells. They maintain with truth that "racial characters do not die," that "the leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin." But they minimize unduly the importance of environment as a factor in individual development as in racial progress.

Both heredity and environment are indispensable factors of development; and when two factors are indispensable it is useless to discuss which is the more important. There are, however, certain general differences between these two factors which are of great practical importance. Heredity is more specific, environment more general; heredity is more constant, environment more variable; heredity is less easily controlled, environment more easily controlled. Therefore, in efforts for human betterment more attention is paid to environment than to heredity. Practically all existing agencies for human progress, such as government, education, religion, art, literature, science, medicine, sanitation, engineering, are directed to the improvement of environment, or what has been called "euthenics."

So far as we now know, there is only one possible way of improving heredity and that is by eugenics, or selective mating and a differential birth-rate in favor of the better types. But if eugenics is ever to be put into practice it must be through the agencies of education, religion, the arts and sciences; there is no other possible way of impressing on society the vast importance of better heredity. These agencies already exist and, while they have hitherto been devoted largely to improving the environmental factors of development, it is not too much to hope that in coming years they will devote more attention to the improvement of heredity. Even in a program of eugenics education is still the hope and promise of human progress.

However, we should not deceive ourselves by supposing that improvements of human heredity can be quickly or easily accomplished. It is relatively easy for the breeder of animals or plants to choose the types which he wishes to propagate and to make new combinations of desirable traits. The case is far different in man where restrictions must be self-imposed, where there is little uniformity of opinion among different people and in different ages as to what is the best human type, and where social and moral customs are at variance with genetical procedure. Alexander Graham Bell once contrasted the differences in the technic of sheep breeding with the social conditions governing human reproduction by supposing that the sheep breeders were compelled to observe human customs, namely, (1) all must be allowed to breed and none must be sterilized; (2) weaklings and deformed individuals must receive special care and must be permitted to propagate; (3) polygamous and consanguinous unions must not be permitted; (4) every individual must be allowed to choose its own mate and for life. Under such conditions, he says, no improvement in a flock would be possible. The biological principles involved are identically the same in sheep breeding as in human breeding; in this matter men differ from sheep only in the degree of intelligence and of social control, and in this fact only is there any hope of improving the human breed through eugenics.

How slight this hope is we realize when we consider the stability of human customs of mating and reproduction, and worst of all the increasing tendency in human society to oppose eugenical principles. If we had deliberately set about devising methods to debase human inheritance we could scarcely have hit upon more effective means than those now in vogue. Our dysgenic customs of mate-selection which leave some of the

finest types of women unmated while feather-brained and sexually daring "flappers" readily find mates, our monastic systems of education which aim to keep young men and young women isolated and which, in many instances, forbid the granting of fellowships or scholarships to those who are married, the long period of college and professional education which our most gifted young people must go through before they can enter upon their careers, and the silly notion that no young man must marry until he can support his wife in all the luxury to which she has been accustomed, the still sillier notion that normal, healthy, gifted persons can render any greater service to mankind by practicing some profession or art or by "social service" than by rearing a family—as if any social service could be more important than the leaving of worthy successors in the world—all of these customs are rapidly eliminating some of our best human stock.

Recently much attention has been directed to the fact that the graduates of many of our higher institutions of learning are not perpetuating themselves; but in spite of this fact our colleges and universities were never before so crowded as they are at present. Even if the children of graduates do not fill their parents' places in these institutions of learning, the children of those who are not graduates more than make up the deficit. Evidently, good intellectual qualities are widespread in the general population. Many of the greatest leaders of mankind have sprung from humble stock; great men have come from unknown ancestors, and unknown men from great ancestors. Good things may sometimes come out of Nazareth, and world leaders from common stock. But this does not prove that genius is not inherited nor that it belongs to the order of Melchizedek, having neither father nor mother, pedigree nor progeny. Heredity is as democratic as the Mendelian law, which is the law of chances applied to the segregation and recombination of inheritance factors. Once in a while a very fortunate combination of hereditary factors and of environmental conditions may lead to the development of a genius from good common stock, but the chances that a great man may come from distinguished parents are, according to Galton, five hundred times greater than in case his parents are not distinguished.

V

At what rate are the various elements of our population reproducing, to what extent are they interbreeding, and what are the characteristics of the children of such mixed matings? Upon the answers to these questions will depend the racial composition and nature of the future American people.

Pearl has found that the "vital index," which is the ratio of births to deaths within a given time, differs greatly in different elements of our population. In the native-born stock of New England and New York State the vital index is only .8 or .9, that is, there are more deaths than births, while in the country at large "the native population produces only a fraction over one baby for each death. In other words, the native population is in about the same state as France before the War, and not in as vigorous a state as the French population is now." On the other hand, "the foreign population produces in this country approximately two babies for each death." We have long known that the birth-rate is much higher in our foreign-born than in our native-born stock, but it was generally supposed that the death-rate also was so much higher that, apart from immigration, the foreign-born were not increasing more rapidly than the native-born. Pearl's studies show that this is not the case and that the foreign-born are actually replacing the older American stock. In so far as this foreign element is equal in quality to the native stock there is no cause for alarm in this, though there may

be cause for regret; but if this foreign stock is in general inferior to the native, then indeed there is cause for concern.

Interbreeding is going on rapidly among all the various nationalities and races represented in our population. In the paper already cited, Pearl has shown that "from one-fourth to one-half as many children are produced in a year from mixed matings (in which one partner is American) as from strictly American-born persons. Amalgamation of the immigrant elements into the previously existing complex is certainly going on apace." Even between the whites and blacks there has been a large amount of interbreeding. According to the Census returns for 1870 about 12% of the negro population were mulattoes; by 1910 this number had increased to 20.9%; and, although in the 1920 Census this percentage is reduced to 15.9, the Bureau of the Census considers this figure unreliable. It seems probable that at least one-fifth of all persons of African origin in the United States have more or less white blood. At the same time the "vital index" for the pure blacks is, according to Pearl, never more than 1, which means that they are not increasing in numbers.

Judging by the history of many other countries where different races have been associated and have ultimately amalgamated, we may expect that within a few hundred years all national, racial, and color lines in this country will virtually disappear. This is what happened in ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome; in medieval Italy, Sicily, and Spain; and this is now happening in South Africa, South America, Mexico, the West Indies, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, and Australia. There is every reason to expect that amalgamation will be the ultimate solution of all our racial and color problems.

The results of such amalgamation will depend upon the quantity and quality of the different metals that go into the amalgam. If only good material goes into the "melting pot" only good material will come out, but if good material is fused with bad the result will be, on the average, somewhere intermediate between the two. According to the Mendelian law of heredity, the inheritance factors of ancestors will be separated and then recombined in all possible ways. Some of these new combinations will contain the good factors of all the ancestors, some the bad factors, but most of them will consist of various combinations of both good and bad factors. All this will make for extreme variability in the future American race; and if only we had the means of eliminating all inferior combinations, as the breeder of animals and plants does, we might expect to produce a very superior race in future America. Unfortunately we do not now have this power, and there is little probability that we shall ever be able to apply to our human stock the principles of good animal breeding.

Under these circumstances it seems probable that our history will repeat that of many ancient civilizations. There are many parallels between our history and that of Greece and Rome at the height of their greatness. Now, as then, we see a general decadence of the family and of marriage, a great extension of voluntary birth-control and sterility among the better classes, and the consequent breeding of the race from the lower levels rather than from the top. Now, as then, we see the importation of vast numbers of alien and inferior stock and general race mixture. Now, as then, we see the gradual extinction of the most gifted lines as a result of the dry-rot of luxury, the subordination of social duties to personal freedom, the demand for pleasure at any price. Now, as then, we hear the counsel of despair, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The shadows of former civilizations cross the stage like the ghosts in Macbeth—Egypt, Assyria, India, China, Persia, Greece, Rome, Arabia. Will America also join in this ghostly procession?

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED"

AN INQUIRY INTO CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THE clergy make a practice of inducting all sorts and conditions of people—non-believers as well as believers—into the state of matrimony. Indeed, this is the one and only civil function which remains to the churches, the laws of the various states providing that the marriage ceremony may be performed by two classes of people—judges, justices of the peace, and other designated civil officials, and regularly ordained or practicing ministers of the faiths and creeds specified in the statute. Most states have retained their civil authority, however, by requiring that a couple secure a license or at least publish their intention to marry, while certain jurisdictions also require that the clergyman must register all marriages which he performs. It should be noted, too, that the latter, unlike the judge and the justice of the peace, is not a paid servant of the state and, therefore, is at liberty to decline to perform this service at any time.

As a matter of actual practice, however, the average minister will marry any two people who come to him—provided that neither has been divorced. He will marry them regardless of how little he may know of their suitability to each other and of their fitness to procreate, regardless of how worldly may be the motives which would appear to have brought them together. Nor is it necessary that they be members of his church or of any church. Some Episcopalian clergymen, it is true, will not perform the service unless both parties have been baptized—as though initiation into the church at the tender age of a few months or years, or immediately before marriage could possibly make a practicing Christian of one!

A few ministers take their responsibility much more seriously, and make a point of talking with both parties before consenting to perform the ceremony; then if they find them at all uncertain in their own minds, too frivolously inclined, or flagrantly unfit they will flatly refuse to marry them. But far too many—according to reports which come from within the churches themselves—give little serious thought to their responsibility in the matter, and repeat the lines "This is a state not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly" as a mere matter of rote. There are others who take a sentimental delight in joining together a palpitating couple, and still others who find excellent use for the fees which come their way—nor is it surprising that they should, considering the impoverished state in which many of them are forced to live.

The net result of all this marrying is that thousands of unions which have been duly sanctioned by church and state never become true marriages in the philosophic sense of the word. Divorce follows as inevitably as the night the day, so that in this country during 1926 we had one divorce for every seven marriages. The clergy who have assisted at the beginning of many of these mistaken marriages should be the last ones to be shocked by their precipitate

ending. As a matter of fact, however, they are amazed and alarmed that "those whom God hath joined together" should so lightly put their bonds asunder. So they are lifting up their voices against "the divorce evil" and are going up into their pulpits to chastise their flocks and lead them back to the Christian way of marriage.

II

It may be in order, therefore, to consider briefly just what constitutes the Christian ideal of marriage.

In the first place it must be admitted that Christ himself appeared to be but little concerned with the married state, for he laid down no rules about it in his parables and only once—at Cana—is he reported to have given his personal blessing to a marriage. And nowhere did he make a sacrament of it, as he did of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. However, when the Pharisees questioned him on the subject he expressed a principle which has come to be interpreted as literal precept. He said, according to the tenth chapter of Mark:

> But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female.
>
> For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife;
>
> And they twain shall be one flesh; so then they are no more twain, but one flesh.
>
> What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.
>
> . . . Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her.
>
> And if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery.

The last two verses correspond with passages found in Luke (XVI) and Matthew (V and XIX), save for the fact that the latter quotes Jesus as saying, "whosoever shall put away his wife, *except it be for fornication*, and shall marry another, committeth adultery"—thus giving rise to a theological debate which has raged through the centuries, and of which we shall have more to say later.

Christ's concept of marriage as an indissoluble, monogamous bond was elaborated by Paul, who called it a symbol or analogue of Christ's mystical union with the Church—a theory which later gave birth to the dogma, in the western or Roman church, that marriage is a sacrament. Saints Augustine and Gregory first described it as such, and they accordingly declared the remarriage of divorced persons to be a crime. But on this subject there was a wide divergence of opinion and practice among the early fathers, and no rule was enforced until the twelfth century when the canon law was formulated and marriage was set down as one of the seven sacraments.

Now a sacrament, according to the Catholic Encyclopedia, is a rite which confers "interior divine Grace." The marriage of a Roman Catholic, therefore, when performed in the presence of the parish priest, the bishop, or a priest designated by either of the foregoing, is the symbol of an indissoluble bond sanctified by God through the Church, and terminable only by death. But it is important to note that it does not become a sacrament without the mutual and voluntary consent of the two parties. Divorce is permitted under no circumstances; the Church authorities maintain that the above-mentioned passage in Matthew is to be interpreted in the light of the corresponding passage in Mark which categorically excludes divorce; while some of its scholars also hold that by "put away" Jesus meant merely separation or divorce *a mensa et thoro*, i.e., from bed and board, an assumption which is pronounced untenable by Protestant scholars on the ground that absolute divorce and not separation was the practice among the Jews.

Early in its history, however, the Roman Catholic Church got around the problem, by granting annulments which amounted to the same thing as divorce—a practice which caused much scandal in the Middle Ages. Since the Council of Trent the Church has been

somewhat more circumspect in its policy, but it still issues decrees of nullification on a variety of grounds. If for example, either a husband or a wife can prove that he or she was married under constraint and not of his or her own free will the marriage may be declared null and void, inasmuch as the essence of the sacrament lies in the voluntary mutual consent of the parties. Furthermore, such an annulment may be had long after the union has been consummated and children have been born of it, as in the famous Marlborough case, when the Roman Church saw fit to invalidate a marriage which had been performed years before in a Protestant Episcopal Church. Then again, if one or both of the parties can prove in court that at the time of the marriage rite they secretly resolved not to make it a true sacrament the Church will declare that it was only an "apparent marriage"—as it did in the case of the Marconis. This would seem to be a rather tenuous ground, since it must be very difficult indeed for a person to offer objective proof of his state of mind at a given time in the past. The Mother Church has a forgiving heart, however, and apparently will bless the second marriage of a son or daughter who has played her false in the first instance: for it is a well-known fact that the ecclesiastics at Rome accorded a wedding of pomp and circumstance to Signor Marconi when he remarried.

Another ground for annulment is based on Paul's pronouncement (First Cor. VII) which reads: "If the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases." This rule may apply to the case of any person who has been converted to Catholicism after his marriage to a non-baptized person, and who can prove that the other spouse declines to continue cohabitation or refuses to permit the convert to practice the Catholic religion. Annulment of such a marriage, of course, serves the Church's policy of fostering only those homes where the children will be brought up in the faith. In addition to the grounds just mentioned there are various others which are held to invalidate a marriage. Yet fewer marriages are nullified than might be supposed, for it is rumored that each decree by the Rota costs thousands of dollars in gratuities. Those unhappily married couples who cannot obtain such relief may live apart with the sanction of the Church if circumstances warrant. Furthermore, if any communicant—whether living in wedlock or separated from the other spouse—should break the seventh commandment the Mother Church will hear his confession and forgive him in consideration of the proper penance. For the Church never wavers from its stand that the sacrament of marriage when once entered into is a spiritual state which cannot be destroyed by any act—physical or otherwise. Therefore, if a member procures a civil divorce and remarries outside of the Church he is open to excommunication. Indeed, it must be conceded that the Roman Catholic Church—within the limits of its doctrine—has treated the problem of marriage and divorce quite logically—whatever may be said of the human misery which it has thereby caused. The Protestant churches, on the other hand, have sadly lacked the brilliant gift for casuistry which has distinguished the Roman hierarchy, and have as a result got themselves into a rather uncomfortable position by virtue of straddling the fence on the issues of marriage and divorce.

Luther and Calvin, in their zeal to flout the authority of the Church, took a decided step in advance by declaring that marriage was "an external worldly thing, no more holy than such of God's ordinances as architecture, shoe-making, hair-cutting, etc.," and that it, therefore, belonged to the secular authorities to regulate. At the same time they stopped short of any great liberality, by virtue of their strict adherence to Scriptural texts. They did, however,

follow Matthew and so held that divorce was justified on grounds of adultery. Luther, furthermore, held desertion and quasi-desertion (refusal of conjugal rights) to be justifiable grounds based on Paul's pronouncement. The later Reformers were still more liberal —the Ordinance of Zurich (1525) recommending cruelty and insanity as additional grounds—while Martin Bucer, the most liberal of them all, countenanced divorce in cases of "unconquerable dislike." As a result, the Protestant countries of northern Europe to-day have civil divorce codes which are far more liberal than those of England and the United States.

The alternation of Protestant and Catholic monarchs in England prevented Protestantism from putting down as deep roots there as it did on the Continent. The Church of England, therefore, was forced to compromise on marriage, as well as on a good many other matters, in its attempt to reconcile radically divergent opinion within its own ranks. The liberals, for their part, had to be content with the statement in the Catechism of the revised Prayer Book that there were only two sacraments instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ—Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and the further statement in Article XXV of the Thirty-Nine Articles of Faith that marriage is one of those things commonly called sacraments which are not to be counted as such, "for that they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God."

But when it came to the marriage service proper the conservatives had their way, and set it down that "Marriage is a holy estate ordained of God," and that the parties to it "have been joined together by God" and are not "to be put asunder" by any man.

Divorce, however, would have been allowed, had the report of the commission appointed by Edward VI and headed by the liberal Cranmer been accepted by Parliament, for that report, called the *Reformatio Legum*, recommended that divorce be granted on grounds of adultery, desertion, cruelty, and fatal enmity between the spouses. But the young king died in 1553 before this could become law, and the Catholic Mary came to the throne, followed by Elizabeth, whose cynical spinsterhood prejudiced the chances of reform. As a matter of fact, however, divorce was countenanced from 1550 to 1602, the Church tolerating the remarriage of the innocent party. But the Act of Union passed by Parliament in 1604 reaffirmed the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts over the marital state and gave them the right to grant separations or divorce *a mensa et thoro* with the express provision that the parties must promise not to enter into a second marriage, while absolute divorce was to be had only by a special act of Parliament. This situation prevailed in England until 1857 when the ecclesiastical courts lost their authority.

In America the English Prayer Book with some modifications is still in use in the Protestant Episcopal Church, although the Anglo-Catholic or High-Church group interprets the formularies and ritual therein contained in accordance with the ancient Catholic teaching and, therefore, lists marriage as one of the seven sacraments. The other Protestant churches deny that it is a sacrament and yet they surround it with a great deal of ceremony and are wont to declare in the service that it is "a holy estate ordained by God," intended to endure until death. But if they think of marriage as "a holy estate"—a highly spiritual bond—why, then, have the majority of them taken up the position that it can be terminated in one way and one way only—by an act of adultery?

Here, indeed, is an amazing inconsistency that can hardly be justified by the excepting phrase in Matthew, which by inference allows divorce for fornication, since the authenticity of this reading has been gravely questioned, with the preponderance of opinion against it.

The fact that Luke (XVI) also quotes Jesus as making no exception whatsoever has led the best scholarship to conclude that Matthew, when he sat down to write his version of the Gospel fifty years later, interpolated the phrase "except it be for fornication" in order to conform with race tradition, since in those days a Hebrew was literally obliged to cast off a wife who thus offended, while in Old Testament times he had been privileged to punish her with death—for a wife was a piece of property listed along with a man's oxen and his other chattels.

Now this Hebrew view of adultery as a high crime nicely suited the rigid morality of Protestant thought. Luther and Calvin, in fact, held that death was none too great a punishment, although they conceded the important point that this offense entitled a wife to a divorce equally with a husband. So it happened that a number of our creedal churches threw consistency to the winds and declared that the holy estate of matrimony could be terminated only by the aforesaid physical act. This principle is to-day embodied in that canon of the Protestant Episcopal Church which forbids its clergy to remarry any divorced person other than the innocent party in a suit for adultery—and then not without the consent of the bishop. The Methodists have a similar canon, although not so strictly enforced. The Presbyterians have a slightly broader rule adding "prolonged desertion" as a justifiable ground, based on Paul's statement in regard to the marriage of believers and non-believers. In the non-creedal churches one finds a wide range of belief and practice, varying all the way from the Fundamentalists who recognize divorce on no ground whatsoever—or only that of adultery—to those ministers who will marry anybody who comes with a license. In the non-evangelical churches, such as the Universalist and the Unitarian, one of course finds more liberal views. It is fair to say, however, that the opinion still prevails in the best Protestant circles that there is only one justifiable ground for divorce.

III

Indeed, it is a lamentable fact that Christianity should have so badly confused the physical and the humanly ideal aspects of marriage.

To begin with, Christian doctrine has placed marriage on a physical basis by its insistence that sexual relations on any other plane are sinful. The Prayer Book of Edward VI, for instance, boldly stated that one of the objects of matrimony was "avoidance of fornication." Whether or no this is a wise teaching, the fact remains that many couples blunder into marriage only because society provides no other means by which they can satisfy their normal reactions to one another. Most ministers will not concede this fact, for ostrich-like they prefer to keep their heads in the sand and continue to think that all marriages are made in heaven. One clear-eyed clergyman, however, gave it as his opinion that in the many marriages which he had performed during his thirty years of service in the ministry the majority of the men concerned were actuated by the sexual urge, while the women, if not impelled by that, were marrying for the sake of economic security or children. He admitted, furthermore, that none of these urges in themselves, the sexual, the economic, or the maternal, is sufficient to create that sense of mutual destiny which Keyserling so wisely describes as the essence of true marriage. Yet he—and many others like him—continue to marry such couples, hoping against hope that the religious ceremony will start them on the right path, that romantic passion will flower into deep abiding affection, that children will bind, and that worldly motives will become less worldly.

Notwithstanding the fact that the sexual equation is seen to be a predominant element in most matings, and certainly

an inevitable concomitant to every successful union, the clergy have paid very little attention to it in their teaching on marriage, believing the less said of it the better. For the Christian tradition has inculcated in them the prejudice that there is something inherently shameful in the sexual act. This idea—so disastrous to the happiness of men and women on earth—was planted deep by Paul, who was well nigh a fanatic in his exaltation of the spirit at the expense of the flesh and who was actuated, furthermore, by an unexplained hostility to womankind. Therefore, despite his teaching that marriage was a mystical bond, a symbol of Christ's union with the Church, he was wont to admonish his disciples as follows (First Cor. VII): "Yet I would that all men were even as myself. . . . But if they have not continency let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn." This view, that marriage was an unworthy yielding to the demands of the flesh, was first tied up with the theory that the world was soon coming to an end, then it received fresh impetus from the adoration of the Virgin Mary, and finally it became an integral part of Christian thought, with the result that to-day, twenty centuries after Paul, we are just beginning to speak of sex in any but hushed whispers.

Instead of bringing sex into the sun and air, our ministers have continued the conspiracy of embarrassed silence, touching only upon its sinful aspects. In preaching about marriage they have held forth the hope to their young people that if they will keep themselves pure in body and soul each will find his or her affinity and live happily ever afterwards —which is one of the inferences to be drawn from a recent article in the *Churchman* by the Reverend Howard Mellish, an Episcopalian clergyman of Brooklyn, New York. Such teaching shows hardly any more knowledge of life than do motion pictures and magazine serials with their proverbially happy endings. In addition, it serves to give many women so exaggerated an idea of the virtue of chastity that they may never get over their repulsion for—or at least their indifference to—the sexual relationship. At the same time, it does nothing to disembarrass men of an ignorance about sex which may lead them to alienate their wives from the beginning. To illustrate: a pastor of a wealthy church, a man who is uninhibited in his thinking by theological attitudes, told the writer that more than a few women—and men too—have confessed to him that they have taken lovers because their sex-life at home was utterly devoid of satisfaction and beauty. This statement is borne out by that of a referee in a domestic-relations court, Miss Mary E. McChristee, who writes in the *Survey* that out of six hundred marriages which came to her attention five hundred and eighty were cases of sexual maladjustment.

Most ministers, it goes without saying, would consider such maladjustment no excuse for erring from the path of righteousness—for did not Paul praise the holiness of continency? To them sex is unimportant—and yet all important when the code of sexual fidelity between husband and wife is violated. For, as Dr. Quincy Ewing says in an enlightened article in the *Churchman* attacking this conception of marriage:

"The Protestant Episcopal view would seem to be that so long as the *physical* association of a man and woman is not interrupted by the *physical* interposition of a third person, matrimony remains 'holy,' though the parties to it be spiritually repulsive to one another and their personal association under one roof means a miniature hell on earth."

In other words, the sanctity of the home would seem to depend upon nothing but physical fidelity. It is not strange, therefore, that children of such unions should be said to have been "conceived and born in sin"—to use the words of the baptismal service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Yet children are the *raison d'être* of Christian marriage—a

view which is still part and parcel of the Roman Catholic doctrine, while it has always been implicit in Protestant morality, although not so strictly taught. Within recent years, however, public opinion has forced the churches to modify slightly their stand on this question. Indeed, we are told that even the Catholic priests now slide over the matter when they are hearing the confessions of their well-to-do communicants, while most Protestant ministers who are at all awake to the world around them find it in better taste to ignore the subject of birth-control on the ground that it is a person's own business—and because they themselves may perhaps find it advisable to practice it. However, one still meets such uncompromising moralists as the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, who will flare up at the mention of the subject, and sternly declaim, "Birth-control? Self-control is the only answer." At the other and more intelligent end of the scale one comes upon a few ministers who are social-minded enough to have identified themselves with the birth-control movement—although the man who dares advocate it from the pulpit, as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick recently did, is rare indeed.

IV

Would it not be well if there were as many sermons preached on the responsibility involved in conceiving children as there are on the parents' duty to keep the home intact after they have been brought into the world? When such a man as Rabbi Stephen S. Wise declares that children must be one of the chief "penalties and responsibilities attached to marriage" to ensure its stability, it is high time that men and women did a little clear thinking on their own account. Let them ask themselves whether it is fair that children should be the innocent victims, the unhappy means of "keeping a home together."

When children are once born it is undoubtedly the parents' duty to preserve the home if possible. For social service workers and teachers tell us that the effect of divorce upon the child is often disastrous. But we should also like social science to tell us how many badly adjusted individuals come from homes where the frightful tension between the parents has taken devastating toll of childish sensibilities. The writer thinks of one friend who suffered heroically for sixteen years, convinced that it was her duty to preserve a home for her children. Finally she discovered that the two younger children, aged nine and twelve respectively, both of unusually sensitive natures, were being definitely marked by the experience; so she summoned her courage and broke away, with but seventy dollars in her pocket. After a number of years of severe economic struggle she has established herself in business and made a charming home for her family, and is just beginning to feel that she is alive—while her children insist that they have never been so happy. Who shall say, then, that this woman has not done her duty more surely by her children than if she had kept them imprisoned for all of their youth in a miserably unhappy home? Fortunately she had a wise pastor who stood back of her through the whole ordeal and thus helped in a way to counteract the effect of her strict orthodox upbringing. But it too often happens that a minister takes it upon himself to sentence a woman to lifelong misery and a whole family to eventual disaster—as happened to another friend who took her pastor's advice to "stick it out." When the writer told the first of these stories to two different ministers, each of them impatiently cut her short with, "Oh, we hear the children given as an excuse too often. The trouble with most men and women is that they are thinking of their own selfish pleasures."

In the same way nine ministers out of ten will tell you that "love and forbearance" is a sure cure for marriages that have reached the breaking-point. This, for example, is the great remedy

prescribed by the Right Reverend William T. Manning, who is so alarmed over the "divorce evil" that he is daily exhorting the clergy of all faiths and creeds to take up arms against it. The Right Reverend Charles H. Brent, Bishop of Western New York, also declares that "with Christianity put into practice times of friction would be experiences out of which love and understanding would rise the higher."

It is undoubtedly true that no marriage can survive without love and forbearance, but it is also true that these virtues are hardly a remedy if practiced by only one of the partners while the other either refuses to make the effort or is neurotically incapable of adjusting to the situation.

Now the conservative clergy admit that extreme cases of incompatibility may make separation advisable. Indeed, the Right Reverend Charles Fiske, Bishop of Central New York, has put himself on record as saying: "There will always be failures, tragedies, marriages ending in conditions unendurable." But then he concludes, "In such cases divorce *a mensa et thoro* gives all needed relief."

Numbers of ministers take the same position when they demand, "Why give such individuals the right to remarry and make the same mistake all over again?" —thus leading one to believe that they have very little confidence in the capacity of human beings to develop and to learn from experience.

In this connection one cannot help but suspect that the clergy are not actuated so much by the fear that a person will fail again as they are by the puritanic conviction that one can only expiate the sin of having made a very natural mistake in marriage by wearing sackcloth and ashes all the rest of one's life. This is a view which is quite as inhuman as the ancient custom of widow-burning, an English jurist points out.

Such an attitude, too, suggests that Bishops Manning and Fiske have less faith in marriage as a great power for good than they claim to have, if they would deny a second and perhaps a more fruitful marriage to those who have made a mistake the first time.

Yet be it noted that when a Protestant obtains a civil divorce and is remarried outside of his own church—in case the latter has a forbidding canon—he is accepted back into the communion of that church without question, and may even be elected an officer, as happened to a well-to-do Episcopalian in a southern city. It will be remembered, too, that when the present Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont years ago flouted the opinion of society and the Protestant Episcopal Church by obtaining a divorce, Bishop Manning's voice was raised the loudest of all in her condemnation, for he feared the social precedent which she was setting. This did not prevent him, however, from soliciting her for funds some years later, at which time the lady had the spirit to reply that she was still a divorced woman and, therefore, the Church could hardly wish to have her name on its list of contributors.

The truth is that Bishop Manning and his confrères have been so busy preaching against divorce that they seem to have done little real thinking on the subject. So they go on stating categorically that selfishness is the sole cause of unhappy marriages, while they turn a deaf ear to the sociologists who have amassed important and extensive data to show that the home is breaking up for a variety of reasons, chief among which is the fact that it is no longer an economic or a social unit. But these gentlemen of the cloth are not concerned with the words of man—only with their own interpretation of the words of God. As an illustration: Bishop Manning refused to debate with Judge Ben Lindsey the subject of present-day marriage for the reason that "questions settled by our Lord's words are not to be discussed by a layman." And it is said that no other High-Churchman could be found who would face Judge Lindsey on the lecture platform.

Witness also the report made by the Reverend Clarence E. Macartney on behalf of the Committee on Marriage and Divorce appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to consider the advisability of further limiting the grounds of divorce. He says:

"We must in no way be influenced by the distressing conditions which unhappy marriages present to our contemplation. . . . In this report, I write as one who would know the mind of Christ on the subject, and as His ambassador would declare it to men."

As though Christ himself had not been primarily concerned with the welfare of individuals rather than with enforcing the letter of the law! It is little short of appalling that men who call themselves ambassadors of Christ should know so little of men and women (the Reverend Clarence Macartney is, incidentally, a bachelor), and that they should take no pains to learn what present-day science stands ready to teach them.

Let us give ear to another ambassador of Christ, the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, one of the great religious leaders of the bourgeoisie, the President of the Federal Council of Churches, the prophet extraordinary to millions of newspaper readers and radio-listeners.

"Christ has spoken," he declares. "Divorce is nothing but a sign of carnal lust. It invariably leads to greater unhappiness and misery. Women get divorces in a vain effort to escape their God-given duty—the bearing and the rearing of children."

It is indeed amazing that Doctor Cadman and his ilk should be so prone to scent carnal sin anywhere and everywhere. Still another minister glibly editorializes in a church paper, "Where there is a divorce always look for a third person." Often a third person is involved—but a sociologist would look still farther to find the underlying cause for the infidelity, and he would tell you too that frequently there is no third person at all.

The final and clinching argument against divorce is "that the welfare of society demands the sacrifice of the individual," to quote Bishop Fiske again. While the Reverend Spencer B. Meeser, writing in the *Methodist Review*, declares:

"It is better that any person should continue bound for life to one to whom he may be ill-mated than that the sanctity of the marriage relation and the well-being of the family should be destroyed to relieve him."

Even such an unorthodox leader as Dr. Felix T. Adler, head of the Ethical Culture Society, lays down just as iron a law, although he speaks with a little more understanding when he says, "If I were a praying parson I should pray for sympathy not to become unfeeling to the complex, secret agony involved. But the law is inexorable."

These gentlemen seem to forget that the welfare of society must depend upon the welfare of all its members. Furthermore, they too readily take for granted that the present pattern of Christian marriage cannot possibly be improved upon. "For we know," says Bishop Manning, "that civilization depends upon the sanctity of the home." May we remind him that "the sanctity of the home"—to repeat the assertion made by a clergyman of the Bishop's own church—places marriage on a purely physical plane?

The Reverend Spencer B. Meeser makes an even more amazing statement when he declares that "all successful civilizations have been based upon the teachings of the Bible, and as a general principle no one would advocate any other moral basis than that of the ethics of Christianity."

Passing over Doctor Meeser's unwarranted relegation of the Greek, the Indian, and the Chinese civilizations to the realm of oblivion, we beg leave to inquire why he and his brother Fundamentalists should presume that they—and they only—are qualified to interpret Christ's teachings. This strikes many of us as a bit arrogant.

V

Indeed it would appear to the unprejudiced observer that the Modernists have as good a title to be considered ambassadors of Christ as the Fundamentalists have. Furthermore, their thoughts on the subject of marriage and divorce do not appear to be circumscribed by their own experience or lack of experience, as would seem to be the case with Bishop Manning and his kind. Although they themselves may be peacefully married, they are under no delusions as to the number of unhappy marriages all about them. Let us see, therefore, what they have to say of marriage and divorce.

In the first place, they are convinced that Christ never intended to lay down precepts, but only general principles of conduct. They accordingly believe that he spoke as he did about divorce to thrust home the principle that a man must live up to the responsibility which he assumes when he takes a wife. For in New Testament days the Jews were in the habit of summarily putting aside their wives if the latter "found not favor in their eyes"; and Christ, therefore, probably wished to defend helpless women from being thrown into the streets, since in those days the female sex had no vocation outside of the home. Likewise it was an unknown thing for a woman of the common people to secure a divorce herself, since a piece of property cannot well separate itself from its owner. For this reason scholars have concluded that the passage in Mark and also in Luke which reads "And if a woman shall put away her husband, . . ." must have been inspired by the social conditions in Rome, where Gentile women as well as men were in the habit of getting divorces. But Christ himself never saw such a practice; so it is fair to assume that he was to a certain extent concerned with defending women.

In any event, the Modernist is never greatly interested in moot questions of interpretation: he is far more concerned with human values. And he knows that in this era of the dominance of industry, the emancipation of women, and the prevalence of urban life, marriage presents a much more complex problem than it did in the days of Christ. Furthermore, he may have long since discarded his belief in a revealed religion, even while holding a charge in a strictly orthodox church. Indeed, there are a number of such men who stay in their churches, hidebound as the latter may be, because they are thereby afforded the opportunity to preach the gospel of "the living Christ." It follows that they are not bound by the Bible, and that they accordingly look upon marriage first and last as a social rather than a theological problem. Therefore, they are ready to learn all that they can from the sociologist and the scientist, for they do *not* believe with Bishop Manning that the clergy are the only ones qualified to discuss the ethics of Christian marriage.

"First of all," says the Reverend Clyde W. Robbins, a Congregationalist, "the church must adopt the scientific attitude toward truth if it is to be a real factor in the twentieth century." In this connection Dr. John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church, New York, has taken an important step forward by instituting a series of comprehensive talks on sex, each delivered by an authority. Furthermore, in his own preaching he does not hesitate to stress the fact that happy sex adjustment is vital to every enduring marriage. A number of other ministers are making similar attempts to set young people right in the matter of sex, although some of them are handling the subject more gingerly than does Doctor Holmes. One minister, for instance, gives a little book to brides and grooms entitled *Men, Women, and God*, which is designed to explain the subject of sex. But it is not nearly so thorough-going a treatment as they could get from Havelock Ellis's *Psychology of Sex*, and in any event such education should be

proffered to young people long before they have taken the fatal step.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is another outstanding leader who is working hand in hand with science, and achieving very important results. In the course of conducting a so-called confessional for people who wish to discuss their individual problems with him, he frequently finds that they need the help of a neurologist or a psychiatrist as much as or more than they need his help. He has accordingly evolved a plan of working very closely with a medical expert, so that the two of them are often able to bring an individual back to a sane way of life.

When it comes to divorce, our liberal ministers lay down no general rules, for they know that every case presents its own problem. If there seems to be enough substance in a marriage, or if it appears that the children will greatly benefit from a united home, such a minister will urge an attempt at reconciliation. In this connection he knows that there are worse crimes than adultery; and he may find occasion to persuade a husband to forgive a wife, and *vice versa*, unless there is a sustained antagonism between the two. But if reconciliation is altogether impossible, or if one party to a marriage is causing the other untold misery, the liberal minister will not hesitate to recommend divorce. For he has too great a respect—as Christ had—for the dignity and the sacredness of the individual to condemn a man or woman to a life that debases the soul (and that is often what complete self-sacrifice amounts to, whatever the Puritans may say of its uplifting effects). For, as a very emancipated minister expressed it, "Marriage and sexual intercourse without love is as bad as prostitution, possibly worse because it is more hypocritical."

Such a minister may even recommend remarriage, whether or no the canons of his own church permit him to perform the ceremony. And best of all, he will convey no sense of sin to those who have failed in marriage. For he knows that, as Dr. John Haynes Holmes expresses it, divorce is often an unpleasant necessity, comparable to a surgical operation. That is to say, if the marriage is infected and has no health in it, it must be amputated, just as a diseased limb must be cut off. Doctor Holmes naturally stresses the point that people should regard marriage as a serious undertaking involving great responsibilities. He refuses to be alarmed, however, by the increase in divorce, for he reasons that marriage in such a complex society as ours is the most difficult kind of partnership, and cannot be expected to be one hundred per cent. successful, any more than other partnerships.

Unlike Doctor Holmes, most of the liberals are deeply disturbed over the trend in our marriage mores. They believe, quite apart from the teachings of the Bible, that monogamous lifelong marriage based on deep affection and "a sense of mutual destiny" is the best ideal for human society. Therefore, such proposals as Judge Ben Lindsey's "companionate marriage," or too easy divorce of any kind, seem a great mistake to them; for they reason that if two people know that they do not have "to stick it out" they will make very little effort to adjust themselves to each other. There are, however, two schools of psychological thought on this question; for, as George Bernard Shaw says in the Preface to his play, "Getting Married":

"The fact that a divorce is possible often prevents its being petitioned for, not only because it puts married couples on their good behavior towards one another, but because, as no room feels like a prison if the door is left open, the removal of the sense of bondage would at once make marriage much happier than it is now."

The most liberal of our clergy, however, with a very few exceptions, still believe that men and women—and especially young people—will not conduct themselves decently in their relations with each other unless they feel the

heavy hand of the law upon them. Yet there are to be found one or two ministers who have so much confidence in the innate sanity and decency of human beings that they can face a radical change in our marriage mores with equanimity. One well-known clergyman who is very much of an idealist thinks that we are progressing towards an era when sexual relations will exist only as a sign and symbol of love and when there will be no more marriage as we know it, but some such society as Plato proposes, with women who bear children endowed by the state.

Still another courageous thinker, the Reverend Henry A. Lewis, Student Chaplain at the University of Michigan, believes that the churches must cooperate with science to discover what plan will make for the upward development of the race. He is not sure whether it will be monogamy as it exists now or some modification of monogamy which would entail the recognition of unmarried unions, thus serving to decrease promiscuity and to protect children. But he is positive that the whole problem must be thoroughly investigated, for "science, with the introduction of contraceptives, has created an entirely new moral situation."

"Furthermore," Mr. Lewis declares, "we cannot presuppose a fixed and invariable moral code by which the men of all ages and all degrees of civilization are to be tried and convicted or acquitted. Neither can we have that comfortable assurance that we have attained to an absolute knowledge of right and wrong, secure that we make no mistake when we measure others by our own moral yardstick."

Mr. Lewis closes his discussion with an optimistic note, for he finds that the young people who have come under his observation "live by what they think is right, not by code," even while they are seeking new adjustments. Nor is he afraid to trust human beings to work out the problem for themselves, so long as they remember Christ's two great commandments, i.e., to do nothing which will destroy one's relationship with one's neighbor or which will make it harder to love God. For these alone are immoral acts, Mr. Lewis holds.

This was the paper which caused such a flurry of excited comment from coast to coast when delivered last July at the unofficial Church Congress held by the Episcopalians in San Francisco. Mr. Lewis was belabored to the right and to the left, Bishop Manning rising up in New York to denounce him for advocating trial marriage, whereas he had done no more than urge an open-minded attitude on the subject of present-day morals.

There are still other Episcopalian clergymen who are heartily ashamed of their Church's stand on divorce, and who privately do what they can to counteract it. They do not, however, dare disobey the canon regarding the remarriage of divorced people, for most of their bishops are watching them hawklike and would unfrock them in a minute. Furthermore, the Anglican group in that Church have twice introduced in the General Convention a revision of this canon with a view to forbidding divorce on any ground whatsoever, thus conforming with their conception of marriage as a sacrament; but they have not as yet been able to pass it. In the Methodist Church there are numbers of ministers who are disobeying its canon on remarriage, since in that denomination no penalty is attached to such disobedience; but these ministers heartily resent the anomalous situation in which they are placed, and for that reason they introduced in the last General Conference a more liberal measure, only to have it defeated by a close vote. In that Church also there are ultra-conservatives who hold that marriage cannot be terminated for any reason and that it is "as indissoluble a relationship as that between father and son!" In the Presbyterian Church there is a movement on foot to do away with the ground of desertion, as recommended

in Doctor Macartney's preliminary report, from which we have already quoted; for there is a strong feeling among the presbyters that their Church is sacrificing its dignity by joining in holy wedlock those Methodist and Episcopalian couples who have been denied a religious ceremony by their own ministers. The Congregationalists and the Baptists have no canons on the subject, but the former acknowledge such a leader as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman who firmly believes that "all divorce is carnal lust."

In short, no matter what individual clergymen may do and what they may think, the bishops and the high prelates reinforced by the conservatives, are in the ascendancy. Along with the Prohibitionists and the other forces of reaction, they are booming their big guns and are threatening to outlaw divorce by influencing all of the churches to pass canons against it. But at heart they are uneasy, for they sense defection in their own ranks, and they have the uncomfortable feeling that their moral preachments are going in one ear of the public and out the other. The fact that they make a practice of accepting back into the fold individuals who have flouted their ruling on divorce reveals the real weakness of their position. Indeed, their position as spiritual leaders of the people is so very weak that they are turning to the national government for support and are urging the enactment of a universal law which would do away with "easy divorce." But they are not likely to realize this fond dream within the near future, inasmuch as the country is in no mood to stand for any fresh infraction of states' rights.

VI

In the meantime shall we look to the clergy to continue the game of blind man's bluff by marrying people wholesale and castigating them bitterly when they drift into the divorce courts? There are such influential prelates as Dr. Caleb R. Stetson of Trinity Church, New York, who would save the face of the churches by the institution of two services, as in France—a civil and a religious one, the former to be obligatory and the latter to be administered to church members only. But many of the clergy would not be willing to limit thus their offices, because they consider it their duty to perform the ceremony for any couple who feel the need of it. And the interesting thing is that the great run of people—non-church-goers as well as church-goers—prefer to be married by some sort of a minister, for they have a superstitious feeling that otherwise they will not have been really married. For example, a forward-looking Episcopalian clergyman, the Reverend G. A. Cunningham of Stamford, Connecticut, tells us that his parishioners were quite horrified when he suggested doing away with the time-honored ceremony and in lieu of it having couples married in the church parlors by a justice of the peace, and afterwards led to the altar for prayers. Another clergyman tells of a young woman who refused for three years to live with her husband because they had been married only by a justice of the peace; while Dr. J. Randolph Ray, the rector at the Little-Church-Around-the-Corner in New York, that favorite haven for brides and grooms, says that numbers of people who never come to church at any other time want to have their marriages clothed in a religious or a symbolic guise.

It is interesting to note that the church just mentioned is one of the few which will not serve all who come. Not long ago, for instance, Doctor Ray found that a man had persuaded a girl to marry him before he was to leave for a long trip to South America. Thinking that the arrangement was hardly fair to the girl, Doctor Ray called in a friend of the latter, and together they prevailed upon her to wait. In another instance he pointed out to a girl that it was quite wrong for her to marry a man whom she did not love, even though she had

lived with him, and he assured her that she had nothing to fear if she remained single. She took his advice, and as a result there will be one less divorce to swell the percentage. It goes without saying that most of the people whom Doctor Ray refuses go to other ministers; but it is a fact—according to the city records—that there are proportionately fewer divorces resulting from the marriages performed at the Little-Church-Around-the-Corner than from those performed at any other church in the city.

It is evident, then, that a wise minister can exert a certain influence over marriages at their beginning. What a pity, then, that the clergy do not seize their opportunity to go still farther and help society build up an ethic of marriage capable of surviving in this day and age.

First, however, they would have to muster enough courage to throw out all that is antedated in the old Christian conception of marriage even as many of them have already deleted "obey" from the ceremony. Next they would have to attribute a new set of values to marriage. Let them teach, to begin with, that a happy sexual mating is a natural and right concomitant to every successful union. And in this connection let them anticipate a needed state law by requiring that both parties to a marriage present health certificates. Let them teach, next, that it takes something much more than emotional attraction—powerful as it may be at the moment—to constitute a lasting bond, and that a true marriage exists only when there is a "sense of mutual destiny," which predicates mutual responsibilities as well as the opportunity for individual development. Let them frankly admit that a religious ceremony casts no magic spell and that it can in no fundamental way affect the relationship between two people; and let them accordingly change the marriage service so as not to require the partners to make an absolute promise (to love, honor, and cherish each other until death them do part) which it may not be within their power to keep. Let them declare, surely, that marriage is "not to be lightly or inadvisedly entered into"—or terminated—but let them mince no words in teaching that for a husband and wife to live together in hatred and deceit is, as has already been suggested, no better than prostitution. Let them teach, too, that it is a sin for parents to bring children into the world unless they are relatively sure of giving them a sound inheritance and a peaceful home environment. Finally, let them eschew all hasty marriages and likewise refuse to marry people whose immaturity, whose patent disparity of interests and background, and whose lack of understanding of each other give slight promise of a successful dénouement to the union. Let them refuse—yes, even at the risk of sending these two people away to live together without the sanction of any church. For how can the institution of marriage attain any real dignity and importance so long as it is treated merely as the lesser of two evils? ("It is better to marry than to burn.")

If such a miracle should come to pass, and the clergy should once let the winds of social and medical science blow the theological dust out of their studies, they would, it is to be hoped, then entertain a more humanly understanding attitude toward divorce. For they would have learned that marriage between two equally developed and conscious individuals is a supreme challenge which has never before been attempted in any century, and which furthermore makes very little allowance for human fallibilities. Therefore, they would have only sympathy for those individuals who after an honest struggle have found it wiser to part and seek to build their lives anew than to live in misery and repression. For if our ministers would follow Christ's example rather than his literal and debatable sayings, they would recall that he was not in the habit of condemning his fellow-creatures to lifelong penance.

LITTLE MOTHER OF THE CHURCH

A STORY

BY ADA JACK CARVER

IT WAS Saturday afternoon, fair and fine, and old Aunt Crissie Witherspoon sat on the steps of the church in the sunshine. It was good, God's sun. Good on her face, on her wiry black body. She peered up the street and down the street.

Down the street at the picture-show an electric piano pulsed and drummed; and up the street at Betts's the young folks were dancing. Aunt Crissie was waiting for Yellow Joe. Every Saturday afternoon when she cleaned the church Yellow Joe on his way to town stopped by to give her howdy. As a rule their encounters would be like this:

"Howdy, mother."

"Howdy, son."

"You sho' is lookin' spry, mother." With bold eyes Joe would take in the old woman's finery, her strings of beads from the ten-cent store, the long gold hoops in her ears. And Aunt Crissie would primp and preen herself, sly as a girl. "Whut de news wid you, mother?"

"Ah don't know no news 'cep'n' dev'ment." And as she thought of the secret she shared with Joe, Aunt Crissie would giggle. The hoops in her ears swung and tinkled.

"De same hyeah. Hee! hee! An' is de devil still nice to you, mother?"

That Joe! The way he would up and out with it, so bold and free. He wasn't scared of anything, Joe. . . . She would look back over her shoulder, enraptured, uneasy. Her voice sank to a whisper. "As fur as ah is concerned, Joe, de devil he leaves me alone. Ah ain't got no crow to pick wid him."

That was the way it was at first. But now Aunt Crissie as she sat on the steps moaned a little under her breath. She had boasted too soon. How could she have known then that the devil was only biding his time? . . . It had all been so pleasant. Sometimes, at first, she would prevail upon Joe to sit a spell on the steps of the church in the sunshine. It was a nice place to hang out of a Saturday, for the girls from the cotton-factory had to pass the church on their way to town, parading with hats full of flowers. . . . Old Aunt Crissie and Yellow Joe would sit and talk of the devil. That long tall Joe and his crazy ways! He was company, though. Aunt Crissie was old; she had neither chick nor child; and it seemed to her that the church folks were always too busy to pay her much mind. But Joe was always gay and laughing, and had plenty to say. And Joe could sing, throwing his voice around same as a ball. Joe could make his voice come out of a tree, or right out of your apron-pocket. And he was always nice to the old folks. . . . They would sit and talk, but by and by she would send Joe away. "Go 'long wid yo'se'f, yaller boy, an' lemme git back to mah cleanin'."

Joe would amble away, whistling—it was easy-come and easy-go with Joe—and Aunt Crissie would stand on the steps and look after him. She would teeter and cackle. Then with a sigh she would hunch up her skirts and go back

to her work. There was always plenty to do in the church. She must mop the floor and scour all the benches. She must trim God's lamps so His light would shine. She must wash all the windows, so God could look through into sinners' hearts. She had been Mother of the Church for fifteen years. That is what they call her in the African Baptist churches, the old woman who for a pittance looks after God's house, who sweeps it and cleans it, and puts fresh flowers on the pulpit and around the white feet of Mary, who keeps the communion-cloth sweet and clean to cover the body of Jesus.

It was on just such a Saturday, one year ago, that Aunt Crissie had found the hiding-place, the abode of the devil. It was here, right here in the church, Lord. In God's house, His holy of holies. . . . Aunt Crissie was little and scrawny and spry. Her lips looked pious and full of prayers. Yet there was something elfish about her. Some said it was because one of her hands had only three fingers. Others contended that it was her eyes: one poor old mournful black eye and one as blue as a baby's. And a blue eye in a stark black face means you can talk with the devil, you can see him and hear him. Sometimes folks would send for her. "Mother, come an' he'p me out. De devil done cha'm me so ah's got de fits." Or, "Mother, de devil done atter mah chile. Come see what you kin do wid him."

Aunt Crissie could do a lot with him. It was sort of like this with Aunt Crissie: in the church she was held in high standing, and she worshipped the Lord. Also she loved and adored the Christ Child. Not so much the one who was grown and lived up in heaven. He seemed so far away. He sat so high. It was the little china Christ Child in the arms of his mother. That was the one. He sure was a pretty baby, too, so fat and fine. . . . Yes, Aunt Crissie loved and worshipped God. But she understood the devil.

And so on a Saturday one year ago she had found his lair, in the church right under the pulpit. She would never forget it, for at the time her thoughts were concerned with the devil. It was Brother Brown who had started it all. One day Brother Brown, the pastor, had called on her where she lived all alone in her cabin. "Good mawnin', mother. An' how is yo' health?"

Aunt Crissie bowed and invited him in. "Ah's well, an' how is you, brudder?"

Brother Brown sat down in a chair. "Mother, ah ain't so well, ma'am. Ah's po'ly, Aunt Crissie. Satan is in our midst, mother, an' de fo'ces o' evil is wukin' agin me."

Brother Brown had looked worried, and he had gone on to say that in the church as fast as he builded the devil destroyed. Well, it did look like that, for true. Young and old were forsaking the Lord, and thinking of nothing but pleasure. Down the street the devil had opened a picture-show; and up the street was the dance-hall, with that brazen Betts enticing the boys into sin and carousing. Brother Brown had looked sick and discouraged; and he said he didn't know how-come the devil had got such a hold on his people. He had done all he could. It made Aunt Crissie feel bad to see Brother Brown so low in his mind.

"Mother," Brother Brown had said, "folks say you kin talk wid de devil, you kin see him an' hyeah him. Well, ah wants you to he'p me to ketch him, 'caze ah b'lieves he's right da' in mah church. Yass, Lawd, right da' amongst us."

That was over a year ago. And the day after the pastor's call, on a Saturday, the little Mother of the Church had discovered the lair of the devil—in God's house, as the preacher had said, in His holy of holies. It was the sort of place a devil naturally takes to. It was dark as Egypt, and no one ever went near it now. In the days before the Sunday-school rooms had been built, the Daughters of Ruth used to use it. They had used it to keep their robes and

their crowns in, and the way you got to it was this: you went through the church, into a rear passage. And there right under the pulpit, partly hidden by some lumber left when the Sunday-school rooms had been built, was an opening about four feet high, with a door that was swung back now on its hinges. And from this door six steps led down to a dug-out, or basement. Six steps! How well she remembered them—for whenever there was a turning-out it had been her duty as Mother to unlock the door and descend those steps, and help the Daughters to robe themselves and put on their crowns. In those days she had kept the dug-out clean and tidy. But after the Sunday-school rooms were built and the dug-out abandoned, the lock to the door got rusty, the key was lost, and the place fell to rats and to rubbish. Why, no longer than one year ago she, herself, used to sweep her trash down those six steep steps! But not any more, Lord. No, Jesus, not any more. Not since that morning one year ago when she had discovered the devil. Would she ever forget it?

First she had heard something down there in the basement that sounded like someone a-breathing. She had stood at the steps and peered down into the darkness. She winked her blue eye. And then, bless God! she had seen him: horns and hoofs and forked tail, and two gleaming coals for his eyeballs! She ran out of the church and went and sat on the steps in the sunshine. And the first person who had chanced along was Yellow Joe. He came slouching along and whistling, like a bird in a tree.

But his eyes had popped out when she told him. "Fo' Gawd, Aunt Crissie! You's gittin' light-haided, fo' true. You mus' a had a tech o' de sun."

The little Mother of the Church looked back over her shoulder and pointed with her hand that had only three fingers. "Hit true as gospel, Joe," she said. "Ah hyeahed him down da', an' ah seed him. Hoofs an' horns an' a forked tail an' two gleamin' coals fo' he eyeballs."

Joe laughed, his enormous laughter. Then he too looked back over his shoulder. "Mother, you say yo' sight's gittin' dim. How-come you kin see lak dat down da' in de dark?"

Aunt Crissie giggled, wild as a girl. The hoops in her ears shook and glinted. She looked at Joe. "Is you fo'git dat mah blue eye got second vision?" . . . In the end, of course, Joe believed her, and it tickled him pink. Joe was a sight, and the very thought of the devil down there in the church was all that he wanted. He thought it a joke. How Joe had laughed and carried on! "Mother, le's lay low fo' a while, jes' you an' me," he suggested. "Us'll keep dat a secret. An' you better stay 'way fum dat devil-hole. 'Long as de devil don' meddle you none, best to leave him alone."

Well, they had kept it a secret, Aunt Crissie and Joe. It was nice, too, at first. But that was before the devil got poor Joe into trouble. It had been so nice, just at first; for it had not taken Aunt Crissie long to get used to the devil, to get on to his habits so that she could time his goings and comings. She had found, for example, that at dusk on Saturday evenings the devil was certain to be in his lair; and that if she stopped at the top of the steps and called, he would answer her. But later on, about nine or ten, he slipped out to see to his business—Saturday night is always a busy time for the devil. One moonlight night she almost caught him sneaking out of the church. She saw him as he climbed through the window in the little rear passage. He was tall, she could see, and skinny; and he carried a bundle under one arm. She ran after him, calling; but he got away before she could catch up with him, and she could have sworn that he climbed into a car at the corner. . . . She would laugh, thinking about it. He was slick as an eel, that devil, and he had funny ways. All that going and coming with bundles! At times, too, he made such outlandish noises down there in the darkness—curious, muffled, hollow sounds. What

could the devil be up to? But, as Joe would remind her, it was none of her business. And as long as the devil didn't meddle her none, best to leave him alone. She would stand at the door and peer into the darkness. "Yass, Lawd," she would mumble, "Gawd above an' de devil below, an' us po' folks in de middle."

It was nice as long as the devil let them alone. But the devil had gone and ruined it all. He got after Joe.

It was Joe's girl told her about it. She was a nice little thing, Joe's girl—cool and quiet with lift to her body and a skin the color of honey. She reminded you of honey, too, so sweet; and, like Joe, so nice to the old folks. Her name was Poinsetta.

One Friday morning she came to Aunt Crissie's cabin, and said she was worried. She couldn't sleep and she couldn't eat for thinking of Joe. It was Betts, Poinsetta said. She had Joe going and coming. Poinsetta had sobbed and had laid her head in Aunt Crissie's lap. "Mother, Joe ain't de same. He done change. Hit dat Betts, Aunt Crissie. Joe is always down at de dance-hall wid Betts, an' he rides her out at night in his car. Mother, dat High Brown Betts is a devil-woman. She wuks fo' de devil."

Aunt Crissie had shut her blue eye tight. Well, well! She had sat and considered. Yes, that Betts was a devil-woman. Poinsetta was right about that; and now Joe too had fallen for Betts's wiles. She was sorry to hear it. Betts was mean, she had a bad name. She would ruin Joe, for true. Joe was a nice boy, but no young man is trustable where a woman like Betts is concerned. And Joe was so young, he was easy led. Better get him out of Betts's clutches. . . . She promised Poinsetta she would talk to Joe, and see what she could do to bring him to his senses.

That was on Friday. And now on this Saturday afternoon Aunt Crissie sat on the steps of the church in the sunshine. She was waiting for Joe. She peered up the street and down the street. Down the street at the picture-show an electric piano pulsed and drummed, and up the street at Betts's the young folks were dancing. Aunt Crissie shook her head and sighed. If only the devil had let Joe alone! She looked up just as a battered old Ford jerked into sight round the corner. It rolled up to the front of the church and stopped. It was Joe and Betts.

Aunt Crissie watched them, her blue eye blinking, watched Joe get out and Betts drive away. But suddenly, as her blue eye blinked, Joe disappeared. Fo' Gawd, and where had he gone to? She got up and peered around her, bewildered, uneasy. And then as suddenly as he had gone Joe reappeared. He was there on the steps right beside her. It made her flesh creep, such goings-on.

But Joe only laughed and made fun of her. That Joe was a caution! "Whut ails you, mother? Whut de matter wid you?"

She told him. "Joe, ain't you 'shame o' yo'se'f?—come ridin' up to de church-house wid Betts, dat 'oman whut wuks fo' de devil! Don't you know de devil put Betts on yo' trail?"

But you couldn't shame Joe. He always had an answer for you on the tip of his tongue. "Ef de devil hisse'f kin live in de church, sho' Betts kin come fur as de do'way." . . . Aunt Crissie had to think about that. She sat and considered. That Joe had a head on his shoulders. But you couldn't think long around Joe. Joe was so gay. He began to throw his voice around, same as a ball. He made it come out of Aunt Crissie's pocket. "Look hyeah, Aunt Crissie," he told her, "don't you worry none 'bout de devil an' me. Us understan's one anudder."

When Joe had gone Aunt Crissie sat on the steps and considered. She was worried, uneasy. And then there was another thing: if the devil were after Joe, he might take a notion to meddle her next. Then what would she do? She

sat and considered: Let's see, to-day was Saturday. Now, how would it do to try and appeal to the devil? Joe wouldn't listen, but maybe the devil would. He was nice to her, and well-mannered.

She went into the church and stood at the top of the devil's retreat. "Good evenin'," she called very softly. "An' how is you, suh?"

The devil if he were in his lair never failed to reply to Aunt Crissie. He spoke in a low, deep, beautiful voice. "Ah's well, thank you, ma'am. An' how is you, mother?"

The little Mother of the Church confessed that she wasn't so well. She had Long Yellow Joe on her mind.

"An' whut de trouble wid Long Yellow Joe?" the devil inquired politely.

Aunt Crissie told him. "He's pleasurin' round wid dat High Brown Betts, dat whut de trouble. An' ah knows dat you is behin' it."

But the devil only laughed at her, just as Joe had done. "Don' you worry," he said, "'bout Joe an' me. Us understan's one anudder."

Aunt Crissie went home troubled. She couldn't out-talk Satan, it seemed, no more than she could out-talk Joe. The devil was guileful. She must try to reach him in some other way.

And then on the following Wednesday Poinsetta came to see her again, where she lived all alone in her cabin. The girl's shoulders drooped. Poinsetta was a good girl. She had a nice job at the factory, and she didn't put all she earned on her back. She laid aside a sum each week for the day she and Joe planned to marry. But now that day seemed a long way off. Joe was so changed, he had grown so sly and secretive. Poinsetta sobbed on Aunt Crissie's thin little shoulder. "Aunt Crissie," she said, "de devil is behin' dis; an' folks say you kin talk wid de devil. You kin see him, an' hyeah him. Won' you ax him to leave Joe alone?"

Aunt Crissie did not tell Poinsetta that in Joe's behalf she had already pleaded with the devil. She sat and considered. In her little front yard grew the flowers she used for the church: cape-jessamine for funerals; for christenings, pinks and forget-me-nots, and purple verbena. And then there were roses for weddings. No one in all the countryside could grow roses like hers. They were famed far and wide. She got up and gathered some and gave them to Poinsetta. They would bring her good luck, wedding-flowers.

When the girl had gone Aunt Crissie stood and looked after her. Poinsetta was like a rose herself, a pale yellow one that was wilting. She did not seem to know or care that the sun was high in the heavens, that there were scents and sounds in the air. This was bad, for true. Aunt Crissie liked to see young folks happy. She sat and considered. She must think of some way to appeal to the devil, to wheedle, beguile him. In the meantime she would take him a present, a bunch of red roses. The devil is just like anyone else, he likes to be treated human.

So the next morning early Aunt Crissie gathered her dewiest rosebuds. She put the stems in an old jar and filled it with water. Then she took the jar to the church-house and left it at the door of the devil's retreat. Later, when she met Joe on the street she told him about it. Joe laughed, great gusts of laughter. And he made his voice come up from the ground. "De devil don't take much to flowers, Aunt Crissie. He mo' of a he-man. Now, ef you's really aimin' to please him, better brung him some dice an' playin'-cards, an' some chewin'-tobacco."

That Joe was a sight! He always had an answer for you on the tip of his tongue. Yet for all his monkeyshines Joe had a head on his shoulders. He knew what was what. . . . When Joe had gone Aunt Crissie stood and looked after him. Perhaps Joe was right. She delved into her apron-pocket: one dollar and thirty cents, half of her weekly earnings. It was more than enough.

Aunt Crissie set off down the street.

She sought out a drug store, and when she was sure no one was looking she purchased some dice, a deck of cards, and a plug of chewing-tobacco. These she put in her basket. She would take them at once to the church and leave them there for the devil. But when Aunt Crissie reached the church she found no less a person than Brother Brown waiting to see her. She felt alarmed, uneasy.

"Aunt Crissie," Brother Brown began, "ah come to tell you dat dis week ah wants you to gib de church a extry overhaulin'. Ah wants you to git it ready, 'caze next Sunday mawnin' ah's gwi' hol' a special service an' decla' war on de devil. Somethin' is got to be done, Aunt Crissie. Things is come to a show-down."

Aunt Crissie stood blinking, clutching her basket. She shut her blue eye. But when she opened it she felt the parson's gaze on her basket. "Dis hyeah is mah somethin' t' eat," she explained. But in her confusion the basket dropped out of her hand, and its contents rolled on the floor. Brother Brown peered about him with amazement. "Yo' somethin' t' eat!" he repeated. "Well, since when is you eat dice an' playin'-cards an' tobacco!"

Aunt Crissie trembled. Her knees felt like water. "Well, now, ah didn't want to distress you, son, but since you done seed 'em . . . Well, whut you reckon, Brudder Brown? Ah done find dese t'ings in de church-house. Right hyeah in de church, whar some sinner done gone off an' lef' 'em."

Brother Brown shook his head and lamented. "Right in de church! Well, dat gibs me a text, Aunt Crissie." He stooped and picked up the dice and the playing-cards and tobacco and he put them all in his pocket. Aunt Crissie looked after him, troubled. To shield the devil she had lied, in God's house, His holy of holies. This could mean but one thing: the devil was after *her* now, he was hot on her trail. No wonder her basket dropped out of her hand!

That was on Thursday. On Friday at the peep of day Aunt Crissie was at the church again with her brooms and her brushes. She must give the church a good overhauling. She must mop the floor and scour all the benches. She must trim God's lamps so His light would shine, and wash all the windows so God could look through into sinners' hearts. She labored all Friday, and Saturday came. She was dog-tired now, but there was still plenty to do. There was the passage near the devil's retreat. It had not been touched in years. It was full of trash and old lumber, places to catch dust and rubbish. In the passage Aunt Crissie saw that her jar full of roses was gone. So the devil had taken her gift after all! Well, that was just like the devil: he took all he could and gave nothing. Nothing but trouble. She raked behind the lumber pile, pulling out paper, cobwebs, gray whiffs of dust. Her broom touched something that tinkled. What was it? What could it be? She stooped, picked it up.

The thing was a key. She stood looking at it, holding it in her hand that had only three fingers. She knew that key. Why, everyone knew it! It was the key to the door of the dug-out. Many a time long ago she had used it; for whenever there was a turning-out it had been her duty as Mother to unlock the door and descend those steps and help the Daughters to robe themselves and put on their crowns. She recalled just how the key slipped into the lock; the way it hitched and then snapped into place when you turned it. Funny she had found it now after all these years!

Aunt Crissie stood there a moment and giggled—the devil had better be careful now how he meddled with her and with Joe! Then she took the key and went and sat on the steps of the church in the sunshine. When Joe came she would tell him about it, about the key to the door of the dug-out. It would tickle him pink.

But the sun was getting low now.

Something must have happened to Joe; he was never this late. And then, swerving around the corner, Joe's battered old Ford jerked into sight. It was Joe and Betts. But the car did not stop. It batted from one side of the road to the other and rattled right on. Once Betts turned and waved to Aunt Crissie, and Aunt Crissie heard loud, mocking laughter. It made her blood boil. She knew what was the matter now: they were drunk, Joe and Betts. Aunt Crissie was troubled, uneasy. Well, she would stay just where she was for a while. Then maybe Joe would come later.

She must have dozed off, for at last footsteps aroused her. They stumbled and stole to the back of the church. It was now nearly dark, but Aunt Crissie got up and went inside; and she heard the footsteps muffled and hollow descending the stairs of the dug-out: one, two, three, four. On the fifth step the devil stumbled and fell. Aunt Crissie stood at the top of the steps and peered down into the darkness. She could hear him now. And with her blue eye she saw him: horns and hoofs and a forked tail, and two gleaming coals for his eyeballs. "Good evenin'," she called. "An' how is you, suh?"

But this time, instead of replying polite and well-mannered, the devil's voice came out with a roar. "Fo' Gawd, Aunt Crissie, go on away an' leave me alone!"

The old woman stood back, indignant, affrighted. Then, with sudden decision, she shut the door of the dug-out and fitted the key into the lock. The old lock was rusty, but the key hitched and snapped into place. And it held good and tight. Aunt Crissie stood there a moment and teetered and cackled. "Now, you stay da," she mumbled. "'T won't hurt you to keep out o' mischief, whilst ah learns you a lesson. Ah'll learn you to meddle wid folks, an' sass dem whut wants to befrien' you."

She tiptoed away. Outside, it seemed to her she could hear the devil a-calling, beseeching. But she couldn't be sure. She shuffled home, clutching the key.

The church was crowded next morning. Aunt Crissie sat to herself in a corner. She loved the church. The church was her child, her daughter. She loved every board and plank, every nail that held it together. She loved its steeple pointing up to God, and its steps leading down to the devil. It looked pretty, too, like a bride adorned for her bridegroom. It shone and it glittered. She looked about her. The women wore gay dresses, red and purple and yellow and blue. The men were in black, with cutaway collars. The young girls looked scared and expectant, and mopped at their faces with sponges trimmed in ribbon and lace.

But Aunt Crissie was tired and grieved in her soul. She was sleepy, too, she had had a bad night. First with God and then with the devil. The Lord had spoken out of a cloud, "Folks can't serve two masters, Aunt Crissie. Dem whut ain't fur me's agin me." And then in a dream the devil had coaxed and cajoled her, "Aunt Crissie, please, ma'am, come lemme out." It was hard to know what to do when God pulled you up and the devil down.

By and by Aunt Crissie saw Poinsetta slip into the church. She made room for the girl at her side. Poinsetta was dressed in black. Grief lay in her eyes. Time was when Joe would escort her to church, riding up in his battered old car. But Joe never came to church any more. Betts had him, going and coming. Aunt Crissie blinked and folded her hands. She mustn't go to sleep, Lord. Not to-day. She composed herself for the sermon.

Well, the Spirit was with Brother Brown, for true. He preached inspired. Sweat poured from his face. His voice was hoarse with emotion. "Brudders an' sisters!" he shouted, "Satan's a wolf in sheep's clothin', he wuks in de dark!"

"Amen!" Aunt Crissie mumbled.

"De devil he sets at yo' table, he sleeps in yo' bed."

"So!" This from the deacons.

"He takes de bes' seat at yo' fireside."

"Yass, Jedus!"

"He walks wid you an' he talks wid you! He follows you into de church-house."

Somebody nudged Aunt Crissie, and she came to herself with a start. It was Poinsetta. The girl motioned toward the window, her face bitter and drawn. "Aunt Crissie," she whispered, "las' night Joe never come home at all. An' ah knows now whut is de reason. Look yondah at Betts."

Aunt Crissie looked out of the window. And there was Betts, drunk and reeling, parading past the church of God. She was dressed in scarlet from head to foot, and in Betts's hands was a bunch of red roses. There was no mistaking those roses. Aunt Crissie felt dizzy, and a fury possessed her. So that's what the devil had done with her gift! . . . She turned back to the pulpit. The choir hummed now in a monotone. Around her repentant sinners were moaning. A young woman shrieked and began to shout. And Aunt Crissie saw that above the heads of his people Brother Brown held high the dice he had taken out of her basket, the playing-cards and tobacco. "Mah chillun, whut ah done tole you?" he shouted. "Satan's amongst us, right hyeah in de church."

Aunt Crissie moaned, "Hab mussy, Jedus." Right here in God's house, His holy of holies, Brother Brown held up her sins to her face! She giggled shrilly. An exaltation took hold of her. It sent a thread of flame through her blood. She pushed Poinsetta away and got to her feet. She spat the devil out of her mouth. Now was the time, Lord. She swayed and started up the aisle.

And high above her head like a torch she held a key. She held it in her hand that had only three fingers. "Amen, Brudder Brown!" she shouted and shut her blue eye. "Hyeah de key o' Hell, brudder. Take it. It prick me, it bu'n itse'f into mah flesh."

In front of the pulpit she stiffened and fell. Brother Brown caught her. The little Mother of the Church had fainted.

It was Saturday afternoon, fair and fine; and old Aunt Crissie Witherspoon sat on the steps of the church in the sunshine. She looked up the street and down the street. But the street was deserted. The picture-show and the dance-hall were closed. . . . Well, no use waiting for Yellow Joe. Joe was locked up now in the jail-house. It was bad about Joe, caught down there in the dug-out with thirty-eight quarts of raw whiskey. . . . Joe was smart, though. He was smart as a whip. Who but Joe, for over a year, could have hoarded and stored bootleg in the church—in God's house, His holy of holies?

Aunt Crissie shook her head, and sighed. Tears rolled down her cheeks. It was bad, of course, but she missed him. She missed Joe's enormous laughter.

And she missed the devil, too, Lord. Of course there was God. But God seemed so far away. He sat so high.

BUFFETINGS IN A SOUTH WIND

SOME MEMORIES OF NORMAN DOUGLAS

BY MURIEL DRAPER

NORMAN DOUGLAS has been part of my life since I met him at Capri on my first trip abroad in the year 1906. Brought to Europe under the vigilant chaperonage of Elizabeth Cummings, who was a friend of my mother, and a strange little old lady, Mrs. Webb, I arrived at Capri with them, and was installed in a villa which Mrs. Webb took for the winter months, called the Torre Quattro Venti. It belonged to old Elihu Vedder, the painter, and was just at the foot of the road that left Capri for Anacapri. In actual fact not only four, but the four and forty winds of Heaven and Hell howled round it day and night and must, I think, have affected the lives of those who lived in it. Mrs. Webb was actuated by the kindest impulses of wanting me to "see life," broaden my outlook, leave the desolate banks of the Merrimac River and the general provincial American scene, and live in the great civilizations of Europe. Laudable desire! So I left the home of the most distinguished people I have ever known, my mother and my father, and was taken to Capri. Well—I met Norman Douglas there, and he gave me a glimpse of Joseph Conrad, and the rest of life at Capri would put the Merrimac River standards of provincialism to shame. However, what are a few deprivations and provincialisms in the scales against a Norman Douglas?

I saw him for the first time one late afternoon at the foot of the villa stairs (there were one hundred and forty-four to be climbed) as he was walking down the Anacapri road. I was between those two good ladies, Mrs. Webb and Elizabeth Cummings, and they seemed anxious to keep me there when this rugged, sensitive figure greeted them in one of the most iridescent male voices I have ever heard. He spoke rapidly but very distinctly, with a slight shaping of his words on his under-lip that just escaped a lisp. The infinitely varied inflections of his voice rose and fell on a constantly sliding scale, so that even his pauses were a vibrating sound bridge between words. It was magic, and I was enchanted. To my youthful mind he looked old enough to make it seem a little unkind of those two dear ladies to keep me so buttressed.

There was, for instance, a young Count whom they had left me playing Chopin alone to. . . . And here was this one, with a terrifyingly intelligent humorous gleam in his eye, a nice Merrimac Valley kind of stick in his hand such as my father used to walk to early Communion with every Sunday morning of his life, an indescribably rich "know" flowing from him, and that voice! Something had to be done about it. So I did something. I said, from between those two virtuously flanking ladies, in a rather gasping voice, "Won't you come to tea?"

He looked at me for a searching moment. "Tea? No," he said. "But I will take you to see some trees—the only real trees there are on this hellish little island. Come along."

And regardless of the restraining arms and reproving voices of those two good

ladies, I just slipped out from between them and . . . went, never daring to look back.

"That's a good girl. You shouldn't sit up in that cold hole drinking tea. Tea, my God! Who let you come over here with those two old women? American parents don't know the first thing about bringing up children. Have you read *Plutarch's Lives?* Do you learn a column of the dictionary every day by heart? Well, you should. Tea, indeed! Come along. . . . I suppose you've met the Count? I might have known! My God!"

So we went, stumbling and scolding along the road. When we reached the little grand-opera piazza of Capri we struck off through some arcades and on to a stony path that went straggling up a hill. Everybody walks in Capri, and we passed several members of that motley crew of English, Danish, Polish, German, American estrays who people the island and chatter from tea party to tea party. Many of them I had met through the kindly offices of Mrs. Webb, and so I greeted them in passing. Each one brought forth some lively comment from Douglas, and ribald criticism of the social standards of Mrs. W. and E. C.

"So, you know that old thieving harridan, do you? I don't care if she *is* very well known in America. Look out for your purse and your lovers when she's about. Haven't got any? Well you *should* have. Oh! These American parents!" And when another passed, "Beware of that young Danish doctor, now. He is here because he just murdered his old uncle for a paltry one thousand pounds. Yes, he did too."

And still another.

"Frantic for three days she's been, that one, because she's expecting a new supply of drugs on the Naples boat, and it hasn't come. The captain is probably holding it up for blackmail. Nice place you've come to to finish your education! Where are your parents, if you have any, which I'm beginning to doubt? Where *are* they? I'll write them a letter and give them what for. No, I won't. Serve them right if you come back a murderer, a drug fiend, and a thief, to say nothing of . . . Ah, well, never mind. Come along."

And I came along.

Finally the stony little path stopped before a gate in a high wooden fence. Douglas took a key out of his pocket, put it in a lock of the gate in front of us, turned it, opened the gate, and pushed me in.

"There," he said. "There are some trees—the only ones on the island. You call all these orange stands trees? Go in there and look at these—I own them. They, and the land they grow on, are the only things I own in the world. I'll come back and get you when I think you've been there long enough," and he shut the gate in my face, turned the key in the lock, and started down the path muttering, "Tea, my God, *tea!*" as he walked away.

I went in to the trees.

That my first impressions of him are more easily conveyed in terms of his conversation than in physical description is possibly due to the tremendous word-association which I have subsequently formed about him, as his writings have developed into important contributions to English literature. At that time he was beginning to write for publication, his previous life having divided itself into separate eras of activity of about twelve years' duration. His first twelve years were spent in growing up. His second twelve years were dedicated to music. He is an accomplished and true musician. His next twelve were spent in diplomatic service which took him to many countries and acquainted him with many languages. His years between thirty-six and forty-eight were largely years of specific study and investigation of facts geological, zoölogical, and archæological, facts which formed a basis for certain erudite pamphlets he compiled in later years. These pamphlets are collectors' items to-day and very scarce, as they were written by

a scholar for scholars, and were never intended for a public who likes to take its science in the form of society column notes on the comings and goings of colonies of fish, the private life of whales, or the diseases of minerals. From these pamphlets he wandered into the paths of short-story writing, and so on to the works which have made him famous amongst English speaking and reading peoples, books like *Old Calabria*, *Siren Land*, and *South Wind*. The creating of books occupied a good twelve years from forty-eight to sixty, and will, I trust, continue to occupy his remaining ones. May he come to America before they close. His varied accumulation of knowledge of the past and present, of lands and seas, of flesh and blood, untainted by anthropomorphism, his satirical impatience with shams and shibboleths, and his steadily maintained scale of values would be salutary weapons to use against us in this, our critical period. His style and simplicity of language in using these weapons through the medium of the written word would be a grateful addition to the literature of our times. What a columnist he would make after a month or two spent in New York!

At the time I met him, twenty years ago, he was in the thick of his geological investigations and had built a fence around the few remaining trees of Capri to watch them die. He was also making his earliest essays in the field of short stories and had published a short volume of them. The first printed words of Norman Douglas's I ever saw were "But Alberique had fainted away." It was the last sentence of a story cut from a bound book and shown me in loose-leaf form. I remember thinking the story very wicked and sophisticated at the time, though I have only the vaguest recollection of its plot—something to do with a young man playing a violin to a fascinating lady, or a young lady playing a violin to a fascinating man. From his shyness in showing it to me (and Douglas is not a shy man, as you may have gathered) in spite of the fact that I had read neither *Plutarch's Lives* nor learned a column of the dictionary by heart every day, and from the fact that it was singled out from others, I imagine that he cherished it for some personal reason, but that his fine critical judgment had rejected them all.

I could stay for years locked up in his fenced-in property and ponder on his writing, but he did come back to get me. With a loud rapping of his cane on the high gate, he called out:

"American girl who hasn't read *Plutarch's Lives* and who asked me to tea, are you there? . . . Well, come along then," and he turned the key in the lock and let me out, and together we walked back to the Torre Quattro Venti. At the foot of the one hundred and forty-four steps I suggested that it were as well if he didn't accompany me to the door. "No fear," he answered. "I wouldn't face those two witches to-night for anything you could offer me! Mind you learn a column of the dictionary to-night by heart, and to-morrow I'll come take you for another walk." Then he waved his cane in the air and walked quickly away.

We will draw a curtain over my reception by the two good ladies. Dear unique Elizabeth Cummings was, I could see, secretly delighted that I had taken matters into my own hands, and only fictitiously stern because she felt it her duty to be, as my moral guardian. Too brilliant and discerning a person not to realize from my defensive description and her own observation of him, that he was a most unusual and rare person, she became mollified and curious at once, and said, "We'll ask him to tea to-morrow." "Couldn't we make it dinner or lunch?" I begged; "somehow, I don't think he likes tea." So it was arranged, and the next day a note was dispatched, but before it could have been received one arrived from him to me.

"Dear Mew (that is all I understood of your name), I can't come take you for a walk to-day. I must go see Conrad who is here and ill. He has learned his

dictionary and has excellent whiskey. I enclose the key to the trees, if you want to go by yourself. Yours—and Aunt Eliza's (which is all I understand of your duenna's name), in Jesus, N. D."

From then on through the months I spent in Capri he was my guide, philosopher, and friend. So he has remained through all the ensuing years, regardless of those which have passed without word or sight of me. Five of them had elapsed before I saw him again in London. He was at that time Assistant Editor of the *English Review*, a periodical that had passed through diverting and illustrious vicissitudes to come at last into the editorial hands of Austin Harrison. When I learned of Douglas's presence in London I sped him a note as follows:

"Dearest Doug: I have married, marrow, Mars, marsala, Marseillaise, marsh, marshal, Marchalsea, marsupial, mart, martello, marital, Martin Paul Draper and live at 19 Edith Grove, grovel, grow, growl, growth, groyne, grub, grudge, gruel, gruesome, gruff, grumble, grume, grummet, grumpy, Grundyism, grunt, gruyere, grysbok. Will you come to tea, teach, teague, teak, teal, teamster, teapoy, tear, tearing, tease, teasel, technic at once (I have got some excellent whiskey), and stay to dine, ding-dong, dinghy, dingle, dingo, dinosaur, dinothere, dint, diocese, dioptric, dioxide, dip—Yours, MEW."

He came that afternoon. The same rugged sensitive figure, his voice of an even greater flexibility, eyes more deeply humorous, and hair just beginning to silver at the temples.

"Well, Mew, so you're married and have a son! Where is he? Let me see him. If he has been bad to-day I'll give him a penny, but if he has been good I'll give him a sound smacking. . . . So this is he," and he looked down at Paul Jr. standing by me on tip-toe with excitement at this incredibly wicked and anarchistic grown-up. "Well"—looking him over with an appraising eye—"here's a penny for you. Any day you've been really bad come to me and I'll give you another. Never mind your mother. She's like all American parents, doesn't know a thing about bringing up children. Only now beginning to learn the dictionary. For God's sake! don't let her fill you up on tea. Run along now and play with some matches, and if you can't find any pick all the nice flowers in the window boxes. There's a good boy."

When we were alone we sat down and began to talk. We talked through tea, through whiskey, through dinner. Through the night. Italian newspapers, American glaciers, English letters, sexual relations in Sicily, blood relations all over the world, music, Russian Ballet (then in Paris), Russian Emperors, more music, Nietzsche, and back to English letters again. I spoke of a story I had seen by D. H. Lawrence in the *English Review*, called "*Vin Ordinaire.*" It was the first short story by Lawrence I had read and I was immensely impressed by its compactness, its emotional tensity, and technical expertness.

"A fine talent, D. H." said Douglas. "Don't forget that he has written one of the really good novels of our time, *Sons and Lovers.*"

Douglas scolded me roundly for my fanatical admiration of Henry James, just for the sake of scolding, for in reality he held him to be a writer of first-rate importance. I pointed out that he knew all there was to know of American parents, which in itself should have endeared him to Douglas. When they met in my house, as they occasionally did, the conversation between them was of the most desultory character. They were too fundamentally divergent in their approach to life and too diametrically opposed in matters of style and technic even to bring about conflict between them, to say nothing of agreement. After the salutary lecture he administered on the dangers of becoming hypnotized by the sheer pleasure of process to be derived from H. J., Douglas at last let me talk to him about himself and his own writings, by then become a structure immeasurably distant from "But Alberique

had fainted away." Working myself up into a frenzy of excitement, I made him listen until dawn. As the light began to cloud the clear blackness of the sky through the glass over our heads, he rose from the depths of one of the big armchairs and said, "Ah, well, my dear Mew, it's perfectly clear that I am the only person left alive who can write the English language and you the only person who can appreciate it. Run along to bed now, and mind you start that boy of yours off in the morning with a really sound thrashing. He has been damned quiet to-night."

This was the first of many nights of cherished discussions. Startlingly disrespectful was Douglas of anything but the best. Exceptional powers of destructive criticism, Spartan standards of intellectual discipline, and Babylonian standards of moral tolerance made his conversation stimulating and enlightening beyond that of most men I have known. Humor that ran the whole gamut from the subtlest shades possible to be conveyed by a pause to the most solid salacious outbursts that can be expressed in the splendid coarseness of the English language. Particularly adroit was he in the use of good old Anglo-Saxon words of one syllable. Servants were in a state of shocked adoration, even the two imperturbable English maids finding it at moments difficult to serve him in perfect solemnity. As for the Irish angel who flew out of a convent to take care of my son, she would snatch Paul Jr. into the safety to be found behind a locked nursery door, crossing herself as she flew upstairs with him the minute Douglas entered the house. But she would come down in an amazingly short time again, on some perfectly needless errand or other, and hover about the premises, her face scarlet with embarrassed delight and murmuring, "Glory be to God, madame, he's *terrible*."

This would bring a chuckle from Douglas that was the most satisfactory sound one could hear. I did not tell you about that chuckle? It was focussed in his throat, drawing into itself all the reinforcement that could be extracted from every different part of the incomparably complex mechanism known as the human body. His eyes would send gleams of merriment through nearly closed eyelids that became tears as they reached his throat. Ears would send the echo of every thing they had heard in life to add color to the solid gurgling bulk of sound that centered there. Quivering nostrils sent shafts of shivering light that played on it. The throat itself became a cylindrical container to hold this phenomenon. Hands offered memories of tactile experience that touched it into constantly changing shapes. Lungs bellowed to keep it inflated with the breath to live and a heart pumped it full of blood. Legs that had climbed mountains and wandered in valleys gave it rhythm. Such was his chuckle.

In need of its refreshment after a lapse of ten years, I crossed the ocean to hear it not so long ago. As it rang through a narrow Florentine street in which, at the entrance of one of the few civilized restaurants that city boasts, Douglas stood awaiting me, it gave to my ears the rich history of a decade of brave living and a fearless scrutiny of death. Standing in an English country lane, I have heard bells ringing out and up to a star-filled sky from a church tower of stone that have not done as much. I tried to tell him so, as I clung to those rugged sensitive shoulders in the glad excitement of seeing him again, but in rather pleased embarrassment he checked me.

"Come along now, Mew. A little food is what you need. Don't stand here laughing and crying in the street this way, for God's sake—talking about bells! The whole damned populace of Florence will collect around us if you don't take care. They'll think I have seduced you and am now trying to abandon you. I can't be bothered at this late date to suffer for a whole new

reputation. I've enough to keep me busy as it is." He chuckled. "Yes, I know, we've all had our bit of Hell these past ten years, but come along now, there's a good girl. The aspect changes with a little red wine!" And he pulled me down the two or three steps that led into the restaurant from the sidewalk.

The aspect did change with a little red wine and the excellent food that by dint of his threats, maledictions, judicious indiscretions, and visits to the kitchen, was finally put before us. He ate and listened in wise patience while my words tumbled over themselves in their endeavor to convey something to him of the events that had taken place in the world and my life since last seeing him. He commented on one occasion with an "Ah, yes, those two sons. I hope they are behaving badly. What hope is there for them otherwise, born of American parents? I suppose you are giving them a 'modern education.' God help them! They should be taught Latin, Greek, and as much natural science as they are capable of demonstrating—thrashed if they don't learn it, and simply murdered if they do. No doubt they are subjected to psychological tests and sex-charts, poor devils, and believe by now that George Washington and William James did more for civilization than Copernicus and Aristotle. Well, it's too late now. They never *see* a dictionary, I suppose?"

Murmuring some feeble protest, I questioned him about his own sons. "Don't know much about them, really. Archie, the eldest, is married, I believe, or about to be. Writes stories—sent me some the other day. I don't know what they are about, don't understand the new generation. He asked for criticism, but I had none to make. Not my game, you know—don't understand 'em," he answered, with a chuckle that began in derision and ended in pride.

A slender neutral-looking man came up to our table, hovered over it in a slightly drunken sway and, peering out from frightened, old, big, half-shut eyes, asked in a voice younger than his eyes, "What are you drinking, Douglas, and whom are you drinking it with?"

"Sit down with us and find out," Douglas replied and, turning to me, he said, "Mew, this is Scott Moncrieff, who is translating your friend Marcel Proust."

"But Douglas!" I exclaimed, "he was *not* my friend. Would to God he was, but I never even saw him."

"Ah, well, you admire him, I'm sure. Just the kind of stuff you would read, you know. I can just hear you discuss him. You know how you used to go on about Henry Ja—"

"Now Douglas, be a lamb, and don't scold me about that. Do let me greet Mr. Moncrieff. Let's all have some more red wine."

"Good idea," mumbled Scott Moncrieff and, having stood uncomfortably by us during this colloquy, he sat down with considerable relief. He was so knotted in on himself that he gave a false impression of age. He held his voice half closed, as well as his eyes; and when I began to tell him of my admiration for his translation of Marcel Proust, he closed his mind, too. In an almost unintelligible tangle of words, he plunged into a lengthy dissertation on what seemed to be the obscure technicalities practiced by ancient Scottish lawyers. He retreated into a Scotch mist of remote erudition and, when I tried to follow him, appeared suddenly just above me on some lowly hilltop. It became too tedious to interpret as fantasy, and finally, impatient, I called a halt:

"Stop this cumbersome intellectual coquetry. I am telling you that I think you have done a swell job translating a damned difficult book. If you don't want to unknot yourself and talk about it, drink some more red wine, and keep still, but don't flirt a conversational fan before the face of your mind. I can't keep on expressing admiration all night, you know."

He opened his half-closed eyes in bewilderment, smiled for the first time, and—drank some more red wine. Douglas was delighted. I was out of breath.

We all drank some more wine. A young English boy, a painter of sorts, came up to the table and carried off the by now friendly but utterly silent Scott Moncrieff.

Douglas and I sat on, discussing husbands, wives, children, education, writing, fighting, and—well, yes, we discussed that too, but I won't write that down here. Very sound, Douglas, about such things, though you might not think it. I asked for news of his wife. It had been clear to me, from the first mention of her in the early Capri days, that he had loved her deeply during the two years he had "followed her about all over the place," as he put it, and that the first years of marriage had not been unhappy; it was equally clear that the hurt and injury of subsequent years had engendered a resentment as deep, which time had not abated. Her whereabouts and life were subjects I seldom broached, but after ten years I ventured this inquiry. Douglas's eyes flamed for a second, his lips smiled into ashes, and he said, "Burned to death in a hotel somewhere in Germany. . . ."

So we drank some more wine.

The next day we met for lunch at what Douglas called the "other good restaurant," Scott Moncrieff and the English painter boy joining us. We drank white wine this time. Douglas reduced the good proprietor to tears by telling him the wine was a combination of orris-root and dead violets. I did not drink much of it. He had asked me to come to his apartment that afternoon and read twenty-odd chapters of a book he had begun some two years before and had been unable to finish. "Stale, you know, one gets sometimes—stale. Can't seem to finish it. Going off to Calabria for another walk in a month or two. Perhaps that will help, or perhaps I can't write any more. The twelve years are up, you know. I'm sixty. Have a look at it. Perhaps it's a rotten book. I don't know—stale." I was glad the white wine was none too good, else we should have sat hours at table, and I was eager to see that book. We left the task of soothing the outraged proprietor to Moncrieff, and walked away through the town, over a bridge, down an alley, and up the dark stone staircase to N. D.'s apartment.

I clamored for the manuscript as soon as I crossed the threshold, but he became obstinately shy and wanted to show me the apartment. The nervous apprehension he felt concerning this particular manuscript was doubtless due to the twelve-year myth he had built up about his life, and the fatigue of sixty arduous years of living. In any case, I had to inspect the pleasant sun-filled living room with its bookcases and fine Indian silk hangings, the tiny cell-like bedroom, the archaic kitchen, and the bathroom which he had bullied the Florentine plumber into accomplishing. It was good to find him installed in a certain degree of comfort, for I had known him when he was living under conditions that had imposed a sparsity and austerity scrupulously complied with. When I commented on this, concluding that *South Wind* had brought it about, in part at least, he scoffed:

"*South Wind*, indeed! Do you know what I got for that? Seventy-five pounds. I sold the book outright—too hard up to make terms. Never received another penny for it. Haven't made five hundred pounds by this damned writing you talk so much about since I first began it. Here, look here," and he opened a large account book on his desk, "look at this! Just forty-three pounds in the last year, that's what my stuff has brought me! *South Wind!*" he snorted. "*No.* But friends—that's another matter. Sometimes friends are kind, you know, just as sometimes God is not stupid. Go sit down over there and I'll bring you this book you are so anxious to see. Much better have another look at the bathroom. It is a good piece of work, you know."

Finally the typewritten pages were in my hands. Douglas made a pretense of sitting at his desk to busy himself with

letters and papers; but he rose at short intervals and walked about the room, keeping me well within sight as I read. I devoured the words. The work is a masterpiece. It is a history of the world as only Douglas could conceive it. He has invented a mythology of his own. Gods and goddesses adorn an imagined structure of Creation that bids fair, as all feats of real imagination should, to become an interpretation of fact a thousand years from now. Knowledge, satire, and wisdom are in the building of this structure, which gives it angles and curves that are as surprising as they are illuminating. And through it runs some of the finest lyric prose that he is capable of. The whole work flowers from his rich maturity and combines the essentials of his manifold gifts. Or so it was the day I read it. I told him so in no uncertain words, and for once he did not chide me for my frenzied exuberance. I threatened to remain in Florence until it was finished, but, alas! American parents are American parents, and sons—whether receiving an education ancient or modern—have a way of being missed. I came home. At the time of my departure not another word had been added to the book, but I had extracted a promise from Douglas that it would be finished before another twelve years elapsed. In a recent letter he writes modestly of a book he is sending me, "part of which you have read." So he has kept his promise.

I AM NOT ONE WHO HOLDS

BY HARRY KEMP

I AM not one who holds, in life's despite,
That it were better not to have been born:
Through all the long, interminable night
I wait the first, sweet bird song bringing morn;

And it is worth it—if but for the blush
Of transient loveliness that takes the sky
While tree and hilltop quiver in a hush
Of silent trumpets, as the dawn goes by.

TRIAL BY JURY: IS IT PASSING?

BY ROBERT H. ELDER

Former District Attorney of Kings County, New York

IF YOU should suggest to your neighbor that such a venerable institution as trial by jury is likely soon to be abolished, he would probably express surprise. If you should tell him that its abolition is not simply a matter under contemplation, but a process in actual operation; that this historic method of settling disputes has, all over the United States, already been abolished in many thousands of cases; and that the high powers which conceived and rather silently brought about that change, without most of us even dreaming what they were doing, are now contriving an "enveloping movement" (so to speak) which will sweep it away in hundreds of thousands of other cases, his surprise would probably increase.

Indeed, unless your neighbor has been a close observer of current events, he certainly has not noticed what has been going on; for the forces which have been, and now are, working to destroy trial by jury have not announced that it has been their target. If they had they might not have advanced so far to date. Instead of effacing trial by jury, they have been "doing justice to the poor workingman," "ending the law's delay," "abolishing congestion in our courts," "battling against the crime wave," and, under other attractive pretexts, valiantly waging a noble fight to free civilization of evils thrust upon it by the complexities of modern life. It may be that the vocal leaders in these maneuvers have been quite sincere in their protestations; it may be that they have been thinking so hard about those other aims that they haven't considered trial by jury at all. Indeed, it is certain that most of those who have made this movement attractive to the general public have not fully realized that they have really been promoting the abolition of one of our hitherto most cherished institutions. But the business men have known, or, rather, their leaders, their captains, have. These wise gentlemen—the men who have been compelled to pay the big and often unjust verdicts of juries, who have observed the jury prejudice against large wealth, who have given millions of dollars to charity and scientific research for the "social good" only to be compelled to pay, in spite of the evidence, unmerited verdicts in damage actions; the officials of public-service corporations, especially the railway lines, which can rarely win a negligence case, no matter what the facts prove; the officials of big insurance companies, which, in actions on their policies, rarely get an "even break"—these business men have observed the trend of events, and have not slumbered. They have realized that the jury system has been undergoing a decided process of curtailment, and they believe, and confidently hope, that it will arrive at complete extinction.

The first great step in the process took the form of the so-called workmen's compensation acts. Before the creation of these laws if a workman were injured through the negligence of his employer, or otherwise, he became entitled (under certain common law rules) to damages for his injuries. But he had to sue for

them. All such actions were of right, and mostly of "constitutional" right, triable by jury. No man could be amerced, as we like to say, "save by judgment of his peers." In this country hundreds of thousands of those actions were begun every day. In every case the defendant, generally an employer, had to contend against bias, class sentiment, and the predisposition of the plaintiff's "peers" to decide in his favor and award excessive damages. Every day unjust judgments were entered against them and paid under judicial compulsion. The toll thus put upon business far exceeded anything it has ever had to pay in taxes. It amounted to millions every year. Whether these large sums thus extracted from business were *really* unjust or not, those who had to pay them considered that they were; and they accordingly began to make plans for self-protection. Workmen's compensation laws, as they are called, were discovered as the solution. By them some rules of the common law that at times defeated the workman in his suit were abolished and the right to compensation was made more general; but at the same time rules were laid down *limiting* the amounts of recovery—so much for a leg, so much for an eye, for an arm, for complete or partial disability, etc.; and in every instance the all-important question as to whether any amount should be paid at all and, if any, how much and for how long, was referred to a "commission" for decision.

But the most significant feature of these laws, from the juridical point of view, is that acceptance of the "compensation" as awarded was made compulsory. In other words, in all these hundreds of thousands of cases, of daily occurrence in most of the states of our Union, the right of trial by jury was swept away. In some states, as in New York, constitutional amendment had to be resorted to in order to accomplish the result. In others the old right was circumvented with conditions and made so unattractive as to render it impracticable. Since these laws appeared to be an unselfish project to promote the interests of the injured workingman, the social workers, philanthropists, and professional friends of the laboring classes joined the ranks of the capitalists and their servitors, and thus enabled the movement—its real essence screened in attractive phrases—to attain success.

Just how extensively these laws have displaced trial by jury cannot be stated in positive figures. Inquiry at the office of the New York compensation bureau the other day brought the response that they could not tell how many cases they have adjudicated since the law went into effect, or how many they are now disposing of daily. "There are too many to keep count of," was the answer. Our federal government also has now a compensation law; so that it is not difficult to estimate that the number in the whole country reaches into millions each year. This was certainly a whopping blow for trial by jury. Under the administration of these laws the injured workman receives distinctly less than he did under the old system; but it must be added that he is far more certain of getting *something*, and that the "commissions" have acted throughout justly in their decisions and awards. They have given an excellent demonstration that such "judges" can be trusted without a jury to investigate the facts, finally to decide them, and impartially to award the damages, disguised as "compensation."

They have shown that the much feared "pull," or outside influence, has been ineffective to influence results. Moreover, the total effect of these laws and their administration has been to free the business interests of our country from the evils and uncertainties in this very large class of cases of trial by jury, and to liberate them from a tremendous financial burden.

It is natural that one great victory should suggest another. Even Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer.

So the mighty influences that brought about the workman's compensation acts are now working to bring about another change quite as sweeping. Just as then they said nothing at all about the desirability of abolishing or curtailing trial by jury, so now they say not one word on this momentous subject. Then the plea was for the poor workingman and his rights. Now they talk of the evils of "delayed justice," "congested calendars," "ambulance chasing," and "contingent fees." Again the proposal is to create a "commission" to determine and award damages; but in this instance the damages are those arising out of alleged negligence in the operation of motor vehicles. The center of activity of this movement, as before, is in New York State. It is now contended that this new "reform" can be accomplished without constitutional amendment. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the First Judicial Department has taken the lead in this matter. That distinguished court has designated prevailing conditions (with trial by jury) as "the present almost *intolerable* situation." It has appointed a committee, of which the presiding justice of that tribunal, Mr. Justice Victor J. Dowling, is chairman, which in an official declaration dated June 20, 1927, paints a deplorable picture of justice delayed or denied; and proposes the enactment of a law providing for "*compulsory* automobile insurance with a view to legislation similar to the Employers' Liability Law, by which damages for injury upon highways may be determined by an *administrative board.*"

This committee calls attention in its report to the fact that the great majority of cases now pending in the Supreme Court and the City and Municipal Courts of New York are negligence suits. It avers that it does not at this time recommend "any radical change in the jury system"; yet it proposes to abolish trial by jury in more than half of all litigated "jury cases" in the city of New York!

There are other signs of a widespread dissatisfaction with this cumbersome mode of trial. Accused persons appear to be increasingly willing to waive the right of trial by jury. As that committee points out, since the passage of the Connecticut law relating to waiver of jury trials, juries have been waived in seventy per cent of the criminal cases tried in that state; and in Maryland, where a similar law has existed for many years, ninety per cent of all criminal cases have been tried without a jury. The legal profession appears to share the prevailing dissatisfaction. It has been publicly announced that the Law Society (of London) has voted a resolution to advise the abolition of the jury system in England—the very home and breeding ground of the institution—and to substitute trial, not by commission exactly, but before professional triers of the facts, i.e., before law officers specially chosen for the task. The Committee on Criminal Courts and Procedure of the New York County Lawyers' Association is now actually considering resolutions to amend the constitution of the state of New York so as to empower the Legislature to abolish jury trials altogether in both civil and criminal cases. The committee has transmitted these resolutions to all the bar associations of the state of New York for study, with the request that they report back their opinion on the advisability of the proposals. Not long ago New York State amended her constitution so as to provide for the organization of Children's Courts on a modern basis; and the amendment was couched in such terms that now the Children's Courts have jurisdiction to try some felonies of the highest grade affecting children without the intervention of a jury.

Rapidly a sentiment is growing that in criminal, as in civil actions, important questions of fact were better taken away from juries. The proposal to do away with the rule that a unanimous vote is necessary for a verdict is nothing but a

marked manifestation of dissatisfaction with jury results. Only a few years ago in all "special session" courts defendants had the right to demand jury trials. This right has now been wholly abolished in the city of New York. Many states have followed suit by establishing similar courts in their large cities, where precision and promptness in the disposition of criminal cases are of the first importance. It has even been proposed to reclassify crimes, making misdemeanors of many that are now felonies, and thus circumventing constitutional provisions which award jury trials on indictments for felony.

In three of our states, North Carolina, Texas, and Wisconsin, an attempt to restrict the jury has taken a different course. In those jurisdictions the practice developed is to substitute a "special verdict" for the so-called general verdict. A general verdict is one which states simply "guilty" or "not guilty"; or "for plaintiff" or "for defendant," naming the sum of money to be awarded. A special verdict is rendered when the court submits to the jury only stated questions, to which when possible simple answers of "yes" or "no" are required. After verdict thus received the court studies the facts as determined, applies the law, and renders judgment for the deserving litigant. But this plan has inherent difficulties. The form which these questions should take has proved a great stumbling-block; and the experiment has raised in many minds the question whether such half-way measures are practicable.

Clearly, trial by jury is losing ground, and the pressure of opposition to it is steadily increasing. What justification is there for this momentous change in our American method of administering justice?

II

The faults of juries have hardly ever been more completely set forth than in a letter sent by the above-mentioned committee of the New York County Lawyers' Association to the bar associations of the state. The committee epitomized them as follows:

(a) In criminal cases: Women who commit murders are acquitted, though guilty, out of sympathy; men guilty of crime are acquitted because they happen to be World War heroes, or to have been mistreated by their victims, or for other sympathy; defendants are acquitted because the jury becomes displeased with the prosecution's witnesses, defendants are convicted unjustly because they have a bad record, or because the jury takes a dislike to counsel for defendant, or, maybe, to some of his principal witnesses; in times of public or local excitement, defendants are convicted on the slightest evidence, when, on the merits, there is great doubt of guilt. It is very difficult to get correct verdicts in cases having a political feature. Juries refuse to convict because they don't like the law, or think the punishment is too severe, or that "maybe, after all, notwithstanding the proof, it would be just as well as not, in this instance, to let him off"; or wish to give defendant "another chance."

(b) In civil cases: Wills are upset because the jury thinks some of the provisions therein are not as fair as they should be; juries discriminate, are prejudiced against corporations; plaintiffs get verdicts against public service corporations because the latter are trying to increase fares; a rich defendant, in most instances, has little chance against a poor plaintiff, especially if the latter can evoke sympathy; a woman is awarded high damages for breach of promise, not on the merits, but because she is a woman, or because of attractive personality; in divorce cases, it is almost impossible, except on proof which shows highly dissolute habits, to get a verdict against a woman, especially if she be a mother.

(c) In all cases: Juries are unable to remember the principles of law charged, or to remember them well enough to understand them and to apply them, even in simple cases; generally they don't apply the law to the facts; that jurors are not fitted by experience to size up witnesses, to analyze their evidence based upon credibility, separate good evidence from bad, co-ordinate it, draw logical inferences from the good, and thus adequately realize the merits; that they are prone to be led astray by dramatic

incidents, side issues, mud-slinging, wrangles between counsel, disputes between court and counsel, incidents arising between counsel and witnesses; that they are highly subject to propaganda, i.e., things said and done around the courthouse, in the corridors, and in the newspapers; that they fail to keep the exact issues before their minds and, therefore, never know whether they are deciding on the merits; that they are unfitted by experience and education well to comprehend the exact nature of the functions they are to perform, and to keep within the boundaries prescribed by the pleadings, principles of law, and court rules.

(d) More specific examples of the unfitness of juries to pass upon important merits are found in cases which involve medical issues of all kinds; questions of negligence, intent and fraud; and as well in cases that are close or narrowly debatable upon the evidence, and all cases that attract widespread attention, public comment or excitement. Generally it is admitted that jurors are not fit to deal with insanity questions. They are too technical and abstruse for the business mind. So, questions of the extent, permanence and general effect of invisible physical injuries are quite as difficult of resolution. Negligence is never a question of fact; but a complex of fact and law. Intent and fraud involve psychological elements, as hidden often as the *indicia* of insanity. Close cases can be solved only after analysis, comparison and synthesis of minute circumstances, by logical methods that are strange or unknown to laymen. Fine distinctions, so necessary in correct thinking, are unkindly received by jurors who may imagine them to be "technical," although a clever liar can seldom or best be detected in no other way.

(e) Incident evils: That most of the perjury committed, "grandstand plays," false logic, unprofessional trial tactics, appeals to bias, passion, and prejudice, exceptions to the admission of evidence, all the errors in charging the law, most reversible errors, the congestion of calendars, delays of justice, most of the uncertainty of litigation, are all the natural and unavoidable incidents of trial by jury, and would be swept away, at one stroke, with its abolition.

This is a strong indictment. To test its validity, walk through the corridors of the courthouse when an important trial is taking place and listen to the comments of the crowd. None of them expects the jury to decide the case on the facts. You will find them figuring the jury as likely to base its verdict on some side issue or sentimental consideration. For this reason lawyers prepare for trial as much on what *should not* be thought of as on what should be thought of. Each wishes his side to win. To be practical, he must recognize "jury psychology." He must stress the very points that the jury itself is most likely to stress or yield to. Unfortunately they often have nothing to do with the merits of the case. The determining factors are likely to be appeal to sentiment, mud-slinging, sneers; the success of counsel in confusing witnesses or intriguing them into apparent contradiction; quarrels between counsel, etc. The disgraceful outbursts between the lawyers in the McPherson trial in Los Angeles, in the Remus trial in Cincinnati, in a recent trial in Chicago, where the attorneys fought; in another in Brooklyn, where the assistant district attorney struck in the face his adversary who was out-thinking him: these were the natural results of intense struggles to win the emotional favor of jurors. Never has it been recorded that any such outbursts have occurred at trials before judges without a jury. The reason is that in non-jury trials the minds and efforts of all concerned are centered on the merits, not on side-issues and sentiments. The judge wants the facts, their rational interpretation, and their logical application under the rules of law. This application may also demand as intense concentration as play-acting before an audience of twelve jurors, but it is intensity in a logical mood—the struggle to think the thing out, instead of the struggle to coerce the emotions of others.

You will find, too, that after the verdict is rendered nobody in the courthouse hesitates to explain why and how the jury arrived at it. You will hear that it was because the jurors "thought"

this, or "figured" that—not because of the merits of the case. This courthouse gossip may often be wrong in its explanations, but, nevertheless, it has its significance; the significance lies in the fact that it universally recognizes the fallibility and unreliability of the jury process.

There is no doubt of what the bar of this country thinks of the logical capacity and efficiency of juries. Whatever they may say about juries in public statements, the lawyers make their true opinion abundantly clear by their actions in court: by the unvarying regularity with which they try jury cases on the non-merits. As for the courts, their decisions are replete with implications and insinuations of the incapacity of juries. An instance or two will illustrate the point. In the noted Eno will contest, where many millions were involved, and many eager fingers stretched out to clasp them, the jury found that Eno was incompetent when he made his will. The Surrogate had to set the verdict aside; the jury's ground for finding the testator incompetent was that it thought he had not acted "fairly" toward certain distant relatives. A few days ago the Court of Appeals of New York reversed the conviction of murder of one Caruso, assigning as one of its reasons therefor that the prosecution had called to the stand and made an exhibit of the widow of the deceased, although she knew nothing of the facts, the court saying that this was "an unseemly and unsafe appeal to prejudices." This comment signified that, in the view of that high court, juries are so illogical and disregardful of merits as to permit a pitiable sight like that of a forlorn and weeping widow to divert their minds from the facts and bring about a false verdict which would cost an accused man his life. The reports in every state in the country are replete with thousands of like rulings. No fault is to be found with them. The judges who so speak did not, of course, base their rulings on any knowledge of the particular juries overruled, but on their knowledge of juries in general and their performances. In this lies the deep significance of their words. These judges know juries. They know the jury mind, and when they overrule such verdicts they record a commentary on *all* juries. They recognize that juries in general are so likely to be misled that verdicts spoken under such circumstances must not stand lest life or property unjustly be forfeited.

III

Nobody who understands juries will think for a minute that any jury could have rendered a verdict on the merits—and be conscious that it was on the merits—in the recent noted trial of Sapiro *vs.* Ford. The dramatics of that trial—the moving-picture machines, the excited people running back and forth in the halls, the whispering and subdued animation in the courtroom, the deep-moving undercurrents of feeling, the realization that the whole world was watching, the mannerisms and contentious speech of boisterous counsel, their dwelling on the emotional values, their "acting" for the whole world, the activity of private detectives, inside and outside the courtroom, the crowding in and out of correspondents and newspaper writers, rushing their copy to all corners of the globe—these made it impossible for minds not trained in the methods of logic and practiced in the solution of problems of fact as they are related to legal problems either to see the merits or to value them.

The recent fiasco of the Sinclair-Fall trial must not be thought of as an exceptional case. Similar antics are taking place all the time, though in trials of less note, all over the United States. They simply happened to attract wide attention in the Sinclair case. In civil trials, as in criminal, jurors are constantly being influenced from the "outside" and receiving hints as to what verdict they should render.

In every trial which lasts over night there is danger that the jurors may be improperly approached.

In the Snyder-Gray trial, where a woman and her lover were tried together in Long Island City for the murder of the woman's husband, the conviction was affirmed. Those who understand the judicial process comprehend why. The two defendants, having been tried together, there was much evidence in the form of confessions and otherwise which was proper proof against one, yet was not proof but irrelevant and highly prejudicial as against the other. Could the jury solve the problem there? Could the jury really cast out of mind—as if totally forgotten—the things said by Gray, in his "confessions" condemning Mrs. Snyder, when they considered the question of her guilt; and then, reversing the process, cast out of mind the things said by her in her "confessions" about him when considering the question of his guilt? Can anybody believe that the jury in that case could and did analyze all the evidence placed before them during days of trial; separate the incompetent evidence from the competent, as to each defendant; synthesize the competent and relevant as to each; and then weigh each group of facts separately, uninfluenced by what they heard and must have been deeply impressed with, but were supposed to disregard?

No more difficult problem was ever presented to a jury in a criminal trial, and presented under circumstances less favorable to calm, unbiased thinking.

For that trial proceeded like a popular exhibition. Crowds besieged the court house, struggled to get in; the more favored of the sensation-seekers came to the court room with cards that admitted them to reserved seats; all "Broadway" was there. Before the jury were chosen they *knew* that both defendants were guilty; they knew what verdict was expected of them. Newspapers and picture sheets had told them before the trial began. Could the jury have said "not guilty" as to either defendant and then gone forth to face their neighbors and be sneered at? Nevertheless, the Court of Appeals had to affirm that conviction. That distinguished court is compelled by a certain governmental necessity to assume—whatever may really be the fact—that all the processes of legal administration, in the absence of positive proof to the contrary, are honest and *capable*, and that they efficiently do what they are set to do. For the purpose of their decision the court had no right to assume what we all (and they, too, possibly) know about that trial.

The recent Remus trial at Cincinnati is an interesting example of jury psychology. The defendant was accused of murdering his wife. That he was guilty nobody doubts. Nevertheless, the jury acquitted the defendant. The trial was marked by outbreaks of passion, hysteria, fights between counsel that almost came to physical blows, threats and other unseemly conflicts that even the judge could not control, frequent adjournments to allow the court atmosphere to cool, weeping, fainting spells, and what not, either natural or staged. The minds of neither lawyers nor jurors could have functioned normally under the circumstances. The jury were "all worked up"; they came out of the jury room after the verdict in a state of unusual mental fervor and remained so for hours. They even expressed regret that they could not have rendered a better verdict for the defendant than they did.

IV

The nature of the problem before the juror has never been stated better than by Professor Edson R. Sunderland of Michigan University:

> The peculiarity of the general verdict is the merger into a single individual residuum of all matters, however numerous, whether of law or fact. It is a compound made by the jury which is incapable of being broken up

into its constituent parts. . . . There are three unknown elements which enter into a general verdict: (a) the facts; (b) the law; (c) the application of the law to the facts. And it is clear that the verdict is liable to three sources of error, corresponding to these three elements. It is also clear that if error does occur in any of these matters it cannot be discovered, for the constituents of the compound cannot be ascertained. No one but the jurors can tell what was put into it and the jurors will not be heard to say.

Two of those elements, knowledge of the law, and how to apply the law to the facts, require special learning and experience—an equipment that cannot be expected of business men no matter how intelligent they may be in their own sphere. Likewise, the art of investigating and ascertaining the facts by courtroom methods can be acquired only by those trained in the work.

It has frequently been proposed that the problem be met by barring incompetent and unintelligent men from the jury; in other words, by making all panels "blue ribbon" panels, as they are frequently called. Chief Justice Taft himself suggested the advantages of such a plan when, in an address before the National Crime Commission last November, in which he implied many severe shortcomings on the part of jurors, he said:

There will have to be a further examination of methods by which jurors are selected. The method should not be such that worthy citizens could be excluded from the jury panel, leaving jurors of weak intelligence, of little experience, and subject to emotions easily aroused.

But this method has been tried and found wanting. In the city of New York, where "blue ribbon" juries have become quite a fashion in the past few years, particularly in sensational criminal cases, these "worthy" citizens have shown themselves to be actually men predisposed to convict, biased against all defendants, and quite as emotional and illogical about it as their less "worthy" brothers. And who is to say what citizens are "worthy" or of "strong intelligence"? By what method can their emotional, analytical, and ratiocinative qualities and their sense of proportion be tested? Furthermore, would not such a plan destroy the essential conception of the jury trial: that a man shall be tried by a jury who will speak not the thought, feeling, or bias of a particular class but of the whole community?

The intricate questions now laid before juries for decision must be presented for correct solution to persons who know the rules of decision, who are practiced in the art of using them, who are skilled in the rules of exclusion and inclusion and in the methods by which the values of testimony are ascertained, persons who, by experience, know the "tricks of the game": how the police operate and how unreliable they are, what motives lead to perjury, how falsehood manifests itself, both in manner of expression, and in the methods of construction of its testimony. They must be submitted to persons who by observation and practice have learned how to detect falsehood through analysis of the spoken words and comparison of relative values—in other words, by specialists, by judges. It is too much to expect ordinary laymen, men without special training, to do these things, just as it would be too much to expect them to solve chemical problems without having studied chemistry. If it be thought that there is anything mystical or effective in the number twelve, or in a unanimous vote it is not necessary to insist that these problems should be submitted to a *single* judge. Let more be called in, even twelve, if thought necessary; but by all means let us commit these problems to those qualified by study and experience to deal with them.

Can judges be trusted? Of course. The suggestion that judges in this country lack anything of trust or respect must not be taken too seriously. Judges are everywhere classed amongst the more respected members of their com-

munity. No matter what they were beforehand, just as soon as they are "elevated" to the bench they become objects of deference. Even the title of judge is sought as a badge of honor. Of course in some cases they can be "approached"; perhaps everybody, judge or layman, no matter what his position or his duty, whether ecclesiastical or lay, can be approached under *some* circumstances. But nobody would think of "trailing" a judge, or tapping his telephone wires to make sure that he is not tampered with. People who would think nothing of it in the case of a juror hesitate about seeking to encompass a judge. When the ordinary juror is so approached he has nothing to fall back on to protect himself but his innate sense of honor. A judge has not only that safeguard, but he is buttressed by those other safeguards—the rules of law, the principles of decision, the knowledge of correct methods, all of which are constantly appealing to him powerfully, impelling him to do the correct thing. It is as if some high influence were to ask a scientist to perform an experiment in an unscientific way, to ask him to proceed contrary to the precepts of physical, chemical, or biological laws. To the degree that he is a scholar, a real scientist, he would repel such a suggestion. "Impossible—it can't be done that way" would be his answer.

No, it is not mistrust of judges that makes many hesitate to transfer the function of deciding facts from the unscientific jury to the scientific court. It is rather two other principal causes: (a) a feeling on the part of laymen that this function of deciding belongs to them and that, if they are deprived of it, they will be losing a traditional right; and (b) a misconception of the history and social significance of the jury.

V

The jury occupies in this country a more important place than in any other country living under the Anglo-Saxon legal tradition. In Great Britain and her colonies the central figure of a jury trial is and always has been not the jury, but the judge. It is felt that the judges represent His Majesty, the King himself. They are *his* officers; they are there for life. They come into the King's own court of justice carefully garbed for their royal role. It is not the judge but His Majesty who speaks. Consequently, every syllable uttered by the judge has weight and dignity. He not only rules the court and lays down the law, but he discusses the facts in detail. He tells the jury how he would decide the facts and how they ought to decide them. He often makes clear his views on the case, and his advice, with its royal warrant, has a powerful effect on the minds of the loyal men who compose the jury. To be sure, the jury has the power to disregard him, and sometimes it actually does. But not often. As a rule the English jury does as it is told.

In the United States, however, the situation is different. Our judges have not been the spokesmen of a king. Priding themselves on their "democracy," they have mingled with the crowd —with the jurors themselves. In most parts of the country they still ascend the bench arrayed in no special costume to play the star role, but in the habiliments of the laymen themselves. There is no awe or mystery about the American judge. He is not the personal representative of royalty. He is regarded as the jurors' representative; chosen by them and their fellows to do their bidding. If jurors are, as the theory of English and American law provides, the exclusive judges of the facts, why—it is argued—should the judge have anything to say about the facts at all? The result of this relation between judge and jury has been that in most jurisdictions the judge is not allowed to express any opinion about the facts.

The partisans of trial by jury never tire of referring to what they call the

"historical basis" of the process. They tell us that trial by jury was preserved for us in Magna Charta; that it is "the palladium of our liberty" and the "glory of English law." None of those assertions is true.

The engaging picture of the Magna Charta transaction at Runnymede, as painted in our school books and amplified in Fourth of July orations all over the country, is that of the tyrannical John, surrounded by fuming barons making repeated demands for trial by jury, whereupon the King, terrified at the points of their gleaming swords, signs tremblingly on the dotted line. The passage in the document which is supposed to have enshrined trial by jury is as follows: "No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any way harmed, nor will we go upon or send upon him, save by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land" (*vide* Stubbs' Charters, p. 296, ch. 39). That phrase, "by the lawful judgment of his peers," we are told, meant trial by jury.

The fact is, however, that there was no such thing in England at the time of King John as trial by jurors who heard witnesses, passed on their credibility, faintly absorbed a few concepts of law out of a charge by the court, then determined the facts and rendered their verdict. The "jurors" were men called in to act and speak as the *witnesses*. Under oath they stated the facts, not on the credible testimony of witnesses listened to by them but on their *own* supposed knowledge of the facts. They were sent for *because* they knew the facts. Nor were they charged as to the law. They were witnesses pure and simple. Nor were they twelve in number. They were called in in any number, till the fact was ascertained. Nor did their "verdict" have to be unanimous. This assembly of witnesses was called a "jury" because they were sworn (*jure*) and their statement of facts was called a "verdict," because their oath was to speak truly (*vero*, truly; and *dicere*, to say) of the facts.

Indeed, at that time, the modes of trial that were in favor with the people, and for which they would have fought, were trial by battle and by ordeal. Those respectable ancestors of ours were a crude, warlike people, much given to superstition. Very few could read. Most of the barons and some of the kings had to "make their mark." They were not equipped by training or impulse to analyze complicated problems of fact. Their most important legal controversies arose out of disputes over the possession of land (the chief form of wealth at that time) and charges of crime. The King was accused by the barons, before and at Runnymede, of disposing of these issues arbitrarily to please his partisans, or as appeared at the moment most advisable, without first calling in the witnesses (jury) and ascertaining the facts. His subjects rebelled at this arbitrary method. They insisted that the facts, not the King's discretion, should control the right to possession or to liberty; and the facts had to be ascertained by calling in the witnesses. These witnesses were to be "peers" of the subject whose right was in question. The barons felt that they could trust their neighbors and equals to speak the truth (verdict) concerning them, when they might not be able to trust the King's judgment, or that of their inferiors, who might be swayed by class bias. Even as late as Coke's time (1552–1634) Englishmen were "very far indeed from having reached the modern conception of trial by jury," and it is plain that the passage in Magna Charta did not mean trial by jury as we understand it to-day.

But the American patriots who wrote for us our revolutionary declarations and constitutions believed that it did—because Blackstone made the mistake of saying so. His *Commentaries* were published in 1765–1769. They were thumbed and studied in this country. They were the "best sellers" of the

latter part of the eighteenth century. When Jefferson came to write the Declaration of Independence his head was full of Blackstone. So with his great contemporaries. Nobody could qualify for the bar then unless he had studied the *Commentaries*. The convention that framed our present federal constitution was dominated by these lawyers. Of fifty-five sitting members, thirty-two or thirty-three were lawyers. "They were the leading minds of that illustrious body. They ruled the most important committees" (Lounsbury, *Amer. Bar Assn. Jour.*, vol. XIII, No. 12, p. 721). They were all disciples of Blackstone and probably believed, as he wrote, that Rome, Sparta, and Carthage lost their liberties because they were "strangers to trial by jury." They were determined that no such fate should overtake the United States of America. So they wrote trial by jury in our *magnae cartae*—the constitutions of the original thirteen states and that of our federal government.

Since then the other states, as admitted from time to time, have written like provisions in their constitutions, following these early models as precedents, as lawyers follow forms with blank spaces to be filled in—a convenient method which saves the trouble of thinking. Hence the exalted position of the jury in America.

VI

The many advantages of trial by judges can readily be discerned. No jury has to be "packed." No jury has to be examined and "picked." That impossible attempt to differentiate between the partial and the impartial, the ignorant and the intelligent, is obviated. At the beginning of the trial, the court confers with counsel about the issues. Facts are conceded. Many disputes are thus disposed of by agreement, and the trial very much shortened. A few vital points only are contested.

The court frequently takes the witnesses in hand himself. He asks many questions. He sees just where the testimony is lacking. He asks that such points be cleared up. He is not interested in mud-slinging or catch questions, so there are none. It is a *thinking* trial. If necessary, he takes a recess to give opportunity to clear up doubtful matters. He is not interested in getting through, but in getting facts. If a witness makes mistakes due to nervousness, he understands and does not hold it against him. Nobody has to tell him the law. He knows it, or can find out. He has time to do this; he takes time. He asks counsel to aid him if the law is abstruse. The trial is not a dramatic performance to impress observers. It is a thoughtful, earnest conference and investigation into the facts. No lawyer is there trying to confuse the judge, or to "pull the wool over his eyes." All counsel on both sides are trying to help. They realize that that is the only practical thing to do.

If the case is difficult, close, and doubtful as to the facts the judge does not have to decide on the minute or remain in a locked room for hours till he decides. He can take his time. He can order the minutes of the testimony, study them, and make sure what the facts are. He will frequently find that when studied carefully, analyzed, and classified at leisure they are by no means what they seemed to be when the testimony was spoken. He can visit the neighborhood involved and study the physical conditions on the spot. They often reveal themselves much better than spoken words can picture them. There is, in short, no device that can be thought of for ascertaining the facts in their true light and relationships that is closed to him. When he renders his decision he will relate the facts, not in the form of general conclusions, but in their particulars, as he finds them to be credible, and upon these he will base his decision. Thus the justice, accuracy, and intelligence of his work may be known of all,

EPISODE IN A MACHINE AGE

A STORY

BY CAMBRAY BROWN

GEOFFREY LANE sat hunched over his typewriter. The keys flew. They beat a steady tattoo like a machine-gun, raking the paper from one edge to the other as letters massed into words and words lengthened to lines. He was working with a grim persistence, as he had worked for weeks, and must still work for weeks. A stern, inexorable task, without respite. He must go on and on for what seemed an interminable time. He was quite unaware that the tension mounting within him had reached its limit, that catastrophe was at hand, that it awaited him at the end of the very next line.

"*Then you really love me?*" *Eleanor exclaimed in a kind of awe. The starry light in her blue eyes deepened* . . . Geoffrey had typed. He had reached the big love scene in his story, and he liked to do these fervent passages at top speed, touching up any shaky wording afterwards. Now he shot the carriage back—

"*Love you!*" *Raymond's words were like a caress upon her cheek as he held her close.* . . .

Geoffrey paused for a fatal instant. He read the line over. It was terrible. Then suddenly something snapped within him. In a wave of utter revulsion he brought both fists down upon the keys in one tremendous, vindictive blow. The type-bars leaped forward and piled upon each other in a tangled mass.

He leaned back and surveyed the ruin. And then he laughed—loudly, idiotically. He felt five years younger.

So this was what had been fermenting within him for weeks, slowly gathering to a bursting point. At first, his writing had seemed only more irksome than usual. Serials were apt to take it out of you when you had to deliver an installment of ten thousand words every week. And this one had proved exceedingly recalcitrant and hard to get on with. He had lost his bearings more than once and let his story wander into impossible blind alleys, from which it could be extricated only by a tearing up of many typed sheets. Along with this wasted effort, he had come to feel a violent loathing for every character in the tale. Even the starry-eyed Eleanor, whom he had thought at the start to be a charming creature, and toward whom he had cherished a secret tenderness, now elicited nothing but his smouldering contempt. She was a brainless and ridiculous minx, whom he would have delighted to kill off in the story—had he dared. He was also heartily sick of the tall, virile, blond Raymond (who had Viking blood in his veins), and the dark and cunning Duplain—he was sick of the whole silly pack of them and this romantic tangle in which they had become preposterously involved.

There had followed a violent urge to chuck it all and take himself off to Atlantic City for a few weeks' rest. The sea air would soothe his nerves and dispel this jaded feeling. Even the sight of the typewriter revolted him. He had come to loathe its unfeeling mechanical complexity, its cold efficiency. Machines!

How he hated them! And this enforced slavery to them. If he could only escape from it all and for a few weeks breathe like a free man!

But with eight installments yet to be delivered under his contract, that was out of the question. He didn't dare pause, no matter how fagged out he felt. Every seven days he was compelled to have more copy ready for that inexorable magazine, which went to press every week. It, too, was like a monstrous, unfeeling machine, insistently demanding to be fed. He had once viewed its gigantic presses in operation: whirring underground rooms, endless bolts of paper speeding like fleet white ribbons through a vast complexity of rollers, an acrid odor of printer's ink filling the air. He, too, was a part of that great intricate machine; he must continue to revolve because all the other wheels were revolving.

He confessed his plight to the editor when he called with his weekly installment. Not that he hoped for reprieve or even sympathy from that overworked individual, whose eyes looked almost fishlike behind large spectacles. He, too, was merely a part of that diabolical machine, which couldn't stop, which never would stop. For there were numerous rival publications, each of them likewise a monster machine, in a life-and-death competition with one another. Together they all made a sort of monster super-machine, in a still vaster universe of machines. . . . The thought made one giddy.

The editor, shooting a swift glance at the dark rings under Geoffrey's eyes, had privately surmised that Geoffrey would manage to hold out.

"Feeling a bit seedy, are you? Why don't you get away somewhere? With your typewriter, of course. Do your work in some quiet place."

Geoffrey had acted upon the suggestion in a dazed way. He had packed a suit-case, gathered up his typewriter and fresh quires of paper, and had fled from the heat of the city in July. He shunned the enticing shore-places he was familiar with. Instead, he had gone to a town on the edge of the suburban zone which the editor had recommended. And he had quartered himself in the first boarding-house he had found.

Immured in a second-floor room, there had issued therefrom, day after day, the unremittent clack of Geoffrey's typewriter. He emerged only at meal times and at irregular moments of respite when he visited the town center to purchase tobacco for his pipe and more aspirin for his bedrugged head. He made no effort to get acquainted with the other boarders, who adjudged him a morose and unsociable person. They could never have comprehended that this thin, tired-looking young man was in reality a part of a machine—a vast, pitiless machine, which had come to fill all the universe, and which must go on revolving endlessly. They, too, were a part of that same super-machine, even if they didn't have sense enough to know it. . . . Geoffrey smiled superiorly to himself at the thought, and the boarder watching him across the table wondered if he might not be a little queer in the head.

Three weeks dragged by. It seemed to Geoffrey that he had lived for months in that square, shabby room. His depression darkened and deepened. His head felt queer and light, and it frequently ached. The story went forward by sheer mechanical effort. At times he sat inactive and gloomed at the typewriter. It had become a symbol of that greater world-machine, of which he was a helpless part. Its swift response to his touch only irritated him. Now, when the story stalled and words refused to come, it seemed to mock him. For the first time he observed the entrails of its mechanism. He peered down into all the queer jointed parts which he didn't understand but which miraculously integrated into activity at a mere touch upon the keys.

And he had to keep hammering at those keys, unceasingly hammering at them. He was no longer a free man but

a slave. The typewriter, for all its sleek responsiveness, was his master. It had become a grim and exacting presence. Whenever he entered the room, there it was, waiting for him. When he loafed for half an hour, stretched on the bed with pipe and newspaper, he could feel its silent rebuke. He could even imagine its fiendish glee in knowing that he had to crawl back to it, tear out the messed up sheet and begin again. . . .

And now at last, in a swift instinctive moment of rebellion, he had struck for liberation. A queer sense of release immediately swept over him. He leaned back and surveyed the havoc he had wrought by a simple impulsive act. He laughed at the sight of the tangled, piled up type-bars. He had put an end to the machine's cursed domination over him. He gloated over its stricken helplessness.

He got up from the chair and stretched his arms. At last he was a free man. What time was it? Nearly six o'clock. He put on his hat, pulling it down to a challenging angle over one eye—a gesture indicative of his new estate. He observed the effect in the glass, and laughed again. Then he swaggered blithely forth.

He walked several blocks in the glow of his new-found liberation. It was as if he trod on air—his feet felt as light as his head. He had struck at the infernal scheme of things, and found it surprisingly easy. Why didn't the whole human race rise up and smash once for all this intricate linkage of machine with machine which held them enslaved? He couldn't feel really free until everyone else was free. And no one but himself as yet realized how easily it could be accomplished.

The blast of a whistle smote his ears. He looked up to take note of his surroundings: grimy brick walls, topped by smudgy smoke-stacks, and a white wisp of steam escaping with reverberant sound. It was a factory of some sort, and this was the moment of shutting down. Another humanity-enslaving machine! They had spread everywhere, even to the outskirts of these suburban towns. The great octopus of mechanized industry was insinuating its tentacles into every locality, snatching more and more people into its maw of senseless, endless production.

Above the windows of the detached office-building, large gilt words caught Geoffrey's eyes: COMMENDABLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

The letters seemed to dance before his astonished gaze. His own machine, a "Commendable," had come from this very plant. He halted to stare at the gloomy buildings, all his animosity toward his own typewriter now intensified and concentrated upon this place where thousands of other typewriters just like it had been manufactured. All these men and women who now streamed forth from their prisonlike confinement had been making typewriters. Helpless victims in the toils of the machines they tended, they were compelled to make still other machines, which would enslave still more people. That was the insidious feature of the whole diabolical scheme of things in a Machine Age.

Geoffrey felt his gorge rise. He wanted to halt the drab, tired throng around him, exhort them to stop making machines, open their eyes to the silly enshackling chain they were all endlessly weaving for one another. Carried along in the crowd, he began to compose to himself dramatic, ringing sentences. He imagined himself lifted above this crowd of workers, who listened to his ringing words and repeatedly interrupted him with cheers. . . .

Someone in the crowd jogged his elbow. He noticed at his side a short, beaten-looking man in rather shabby clothes. He was wearing a cap over thin, grayish hair, and his eyes, set in a dark, furrowed face, were a palish blue. His mustache was gray, formidable, and unkempt. Suddenly he spoke:

"It's a bloomin' shame!"

He had not addressed Geoffrey. He was merely muttering aloud to himself.

"It's a bloomin' shame!" he repeated. "I won't stand it."

Geoffrey's interest was stirred. This sounded like the true note of rebellion.

"That's the way to talk!" he said approvingly.

The man lifted a tired stare and inspected Geoffrey.

"I won't stand it!" he said again.

"*Don't* stand it!" urged Geoffrey.

They had halted, while the crowd streamed by. The workman was regarding Geoffrey with suspicious eyes. Some inarticulate doubt within him seemed suddenly dispelled.

"Let's go and get a drink."

"The very thing," agreed Geoffrey.

They moved off across the street toward a small shop which contained a lunch-counter. Passing through to the rear, they sat down at a table.

"Two real ones, Gus," said Geoffrey's companion to the red-faced German in a soiled apron who had followed them into the room. The latter departed to return a moment later with two unlabelled bottles. A dark brew foamed in the thick, heavy glasses.

"It's a bloomin' shame!" said the workman in his lugubrious tones, wiping flecks of froth from his ragged mustache.

Geoffrey nodded agreement over his glass. He divined in the other a soul ground down by the heartless tyranny of the established industrial order.

"I'm an expert mechanic, I am," went on the other. "My name's Kent. I've earned good pay for nigh on to forty years, and now they've got machines that do everything."

Machines! Geoffrey felt a thrill go over him. Here was fresh damning testimony as to what was wrong with the world and would eventually wreck it.

"They don't need men like me no longer," Mr. Kent continued to pour forth his woes. "All they need is wops or just kids, to stand and feed their bloomin' machines. No use for brains. All the brains has gone into the machine. You just stand and feed it."

"Now you've said something!" Geoffrey agreed. The sting of the beverage was already mounting pleasantly within him. He felt his kinship with this aged toiler who had lived on into the evil days of a degenerate age. Geoffrey beat on the table with his glass to emphasize his words.

"Down with machines! That's what's the matter with the world. Too many machines! We're just slaves to them. Can't the human race see that? Can't they see what it's all coming to?"

"People are just fools," observed Mr. Kent pessimistically. "Now I'm an expert mechanic—"

"We've got to wake them up!" Geoffrey announced with conviction. His head no longer ached. Instead, a strange glow and an eagerness to liberate his fellow-men infused him. "We must start a drive or something."

"It don't pay to start anything." Mr. Kent shook his head with the conservatism of the disillusioned, and stared despondently into the depths of his glass. His own unhappy plight still filled his thoughts.

"I always feel this way around six o'clock," he explained. "I've made good wages, I have, for nigh on to forty years, and now I'm just feedin' a machine."

"That's too bad."

"Too bad?" Mr. Kent sniffed. "It's worse than that."

"Have another drink," suggested Geoffrey.

Mr. Kent turned to speak over his shoulder. "Two real ones, Gus." His mournful eyes again fastened upon Geoffrey. "I'm tellin' you. All day long. . . . It ain't a man's job."

"Monotonous, eh?"

Mr. Kent considered the word for a moment, and his lips curled in disgust. He bent over his refilled glass for a long moment, and came up with the inquiry: "Ever see a Commendable Typewriter?"

Geoffrey replied that he owned one.

"I've often wondered where all those fool machines went to," said Mr. Kent,

as if the mystery of their distribution were now explained. "Well, you know there's a lot of parts in one of them machines. Type-bars, rocker-bars, escapement arms, levers, ratchets—"

"Yes, I know," said Geoffrey.

"Well," said Mr. Kent, working up to his climax, "what part do I make? Anything that calls for skilled work?" He paused for emphasis. "Nothin' of the kind. I stand and feed a sheet of metal into a machine that at one crack stamps out the spacing-bar—the one part of a typewriter that ain't nothin' at all. Just makes the gap between words."

Mr. Kent's look of disgust was suddenly occluded behind his lifted glass. "I'm an expert mechanic, I am," he resumed, wiping his ragged moustache, which drooped like himself. "And that's what I've come to. Spacing-bars! Good for nothin' but to make a sign of nothin'!"

"That's too bad," murmured Geoffrey.

"You said that before," Mr. Kent pointed out gloomily, and then drained his glass. He turned his head and called in his melancholy voice: "Two real ones, Gus."

Geoffrey contemplated the degradation to which Mr. Kent had been reduced by a Machine Age. He was the ignominious slave to a pulseless machine, for whose product he could feel no respect. Spacing-bars! "Good for nothin' but to make a sign of nothin'." Geoffrey felt hot revolt growing within him at all the outrages which mechanical tyranny worked against life. And he was in a mood to do something about it. At one blow he had struck off his own shackles, and his further duty seemed clear. Revolutions that had changed the history of the world had started from beginnings as inconspicuous as this. The thought sent new and unsuspected strength coursing through his veins.

"Every night at six o'clock I feel this way," went on Mr. Kent. "I ain't going to stand it another day. I'm through!" There was a savage vigor in the sudden resolve.

"I'm through, too!" Geoffrey warmly agreed. He pounded his empty glass upon the table. He felt like the initial signer of some new Declaration of Independence that would shake the world. He and Mr. Kent would go forth and fight the universe, if need be, to a bitter but triumphant end. "Let's shake hands on it!"

They shook hands on it. Mr. Kent turned again to call over his shoulder. "Two real ones, Gus. And make it snappy."

But the aproned figure in the background shook his head. Mr. Kent seemed dashed. He looked aggrieved.

"Let's go somewhere else," suggested Geoffrey.

"I'm an expert mechanic, I am," came the words, like a familiar refrain, but now in tones of bellicose assertion.

Geoffrey had lost count of the number of times Mr. Kent had advanced this declaration. He had lost count also of the hours that had elapsed since their fortunate meeting with each other. He recalled, as if through a haze, the various places they had visited. But they were now sworn, inseparable friends, and Mr. Kent was fired with Geoffrey's spirit of revolt against the existing social order, which had allowed machines to become the masters of men. The precise steps to be taken in liberating mankind had not yet been worked out—there had been interruptions in the discussion as they abandoned one place and moved on to another. But these future considerations were only matters of detail. Of more immediate importance was the fact that Mr. Kent was done forever with the degrading task of stamping out spacing-bars and Geoffrey likewise was done forever with the ignoble drudgery of hammering upon one.

Spacing-bars! . . . "Good for nothin' but to make a sign of nothin'."

The ignominy of it had seared the soul of the now liberated Mr. Kent. He spat vindictively. The future boded ill for machines. Mr. Kent itched to come to

grips with the issue in some immediate tangible way. In each place they entered he looked challengingly about for adversaries hostile to the New Day, and from time to time, as his eye fell upon some unsuspecting individual, he confided to Geoffrey in an undertone, "I can lick him."

"Not in here," cautioned Geoffrey.

"Then tell him to come outside," breathed Mr. Kent heavily.

The place in which they now sat appeared to be a sort of restaurant, but the hour was late and only one table remained occupied. A birdlike little man, with bushy eyebrows and a nose like a curved beak, still lingered over his coffee. He was too insignificant to arrest Mr. Kent's wide-ranging regard. Geoffrey, eager to spread the new gospel, caught the little man's eye. He lifted his glass.

"Won't you join us?"

The little man seemed to hesitate, then brightened at the glass held invitingly aloft, and got up from his table.

"This is Brother Kent," said Geoffrey to the newcomer. "I am Brother Lane. And you are—?"

"My name is Fletcher."

"Sit down, Brother Fletcher." Geoffrey rapped for the waiter.

"Down with the tyranny of machines!" Mr. Kent boomed aloud, and then turned challengingly to the newcomer. "How about it—you?"

Mr. Fletcher blinked uneasily. "I'm in the barbers' supply business, but I guess I know what you mean." He took up his glass and tasted it. "But my chief work—my avocation, I might say—for fifteen years has been a definitive study of compound words."

"Here's to compound words! And none better!" Geoffrey lifted his glass to the stranger.

Mr. Fletcher seemed pleased with the compliment, and ventured a bolder drink.

"You gentlemen may not be aware of the chaos which the English language betrays in this respect—"

"I'm an expert mechanic, I am," Mr. Kent informed the newcomer.

The latter nodded an amiable assent. "But what may have escaped the attention of both you gentlemen—indeed, the general public is almost criminally ignorant of this vast problem in English orthography—"

"Listen, brother. For nigh on to forty years—"

"But I want you to get this point. Take a familiar species of bird. Do you write *blackbird* as a single word, or *black-bird* with a hyphen, or *black bird* as two separate words?"

"Precisely right!" agreed Geoffrey. "The public is criminally ignorant. It's the tyranny of machines—"

"To illustrate my point," Mr. Fletcher persisted, "won't one of you gentlemen mention a compound word—any double word you happen to think of?"

"The bee's knees!" was Geoffrey's sudden inspiration.

"Excellent!" Mr. Fletcher beamed and consulted some manuscript pages of notes which he drew from his pocket. "But *beeswax* is a single word!" He looked around triumphantly. "Could anything be more inconsistent and illogical?"

"Something's got to be done about it!" Geoffrey declared warmly. He lifted his glass but discovered that it was again empty. He rapped for the waiter.

Mr. Fletcher had turned to Mr. Kent. "Now you think of a word."

But Mr. Kent drew back suspiciously. "Hell's bells!" he began in disgust. "Say, you—"

"Again excellent! *Hell's bells*—two distinct words. But you write *hell-bent* with a hyphen!"

"You've said it," agreed Geoffrey. "Hell-bent. That's what we are—all the world—unless we do something. Get rid of the machines—"

"Are you with us or against us?" Mr. Kent leaned intimidatingly toward the newcomer.

"Why, with you, heart and soul," Mr. Fletcher flutteringly assured him. "Gen-

tlemen, I have given fifteen years to the study of this involved subject. I have come to realize that the space or lack of space between words is often more important than the words themselves."

"Just think of that!" said Geoffrey.

"And hence the spacing-bar, which this other gentleman mentioned a few moments ago, is to an enlightened and discriminating public the most important adjunct of the modern typewriter."

Mr. Kent turned his eyes upon the speaker as if now beholding him for the first time. "Just say that again."

"Upon the spacing-bar," the other went on, "depend all the ultimate niceties of correct writing. For without the spacing-bar how could you discriminate between the familiar *blackbird* and a *black bird*—that is, a bird that is merely black?"

Mr. Kent straightened up, as if upon a peak in Darien.

"Why, if there wasn't no spacing-bar to make spaces between words, the letters 'ud all run together!" he announced his private discovery.

"That is correct," Mr. Fletcher assured him. "Just imagine!"

Mr. Kent struggled to imagine the resultant chaos in a world bereft of spacing-bars. And suddenly his face darkened with new grievance against the Machine Age.

"Here I've been making spacing-bars —thousands of 'em!—for their bloomin' typewriters—and what credit did I ever get? Will you tell me?"

Mr. Fletcher was soothingly optimistic. "We must look forward to a more appreciative and enlightened age—"

"We're starting it here and now!" declared Geoffrey. "Here's to the New Day!"

Three lifted glasses, after some wavering quest of one another *en plein air*, effected a clinking contact.

"If it wasn't for spacing-bars—" Mr. Kent muttered, with a sense of personal injury, and seemed to collapse inwardly at the thought. "What a helluva mess!"

"Gentlemen," began Geoffrey formally, as if taking the floor for a speech. "In this unhappy age humanity has become the bond-servant of machines—"

"Ah, yes, take the word *bond-servant*," Mr. Fletcher eagerly put in. "You might think the formation the same as *bond salesman*—"

"Let's have a song," proposed Mr. Kent. He cleared his throat and began quaveringly, "For it's always fair—" and then abruptly desisted.

"I have rarely had the pleasure of such intelligent listeners," said Mr. Fletcher, who was fast warming up to the spirit of good-fellowship at the table. He lifted his glass and beamed upon the other two, with eyes that seemed to be slipping a little out of focus.

"Intelligent! I'll say we're intelligent," declared Mr. Kent. "We're free men. We're mancipitated — emancipated. Who says we ain't?" He glared belligerently around for dissenters, but encountered only the stony eye of the waiter. "I'll lick anyone that—"

"That's the spirit!" Geoffrey applauded. "Let's go forth and face the world!"

"I'll lick anyone that—" Mr. Kent repeated, eyeing the waiter, and then broke off, for the waiter was approaching and eyeing him.

Mr. Kent had inadvertently brushed with his elbow Mr. Fletcher's manuscript notes on compound words. Some of the sheets fell to the floor. In stooping to recover them, Mr. Fletcher lost his balance and pitched forward.

"Time to close up, gents," announced the waiter coldly. The set of his chin and the muscles of his jaw indicated that the statement was not open to debate.

"I can lick—" began Mr. Kent, but Geoffrey caught him by the arm.

"Let's go forth and face the world!"

And after Mr. Fletcher had been assisted to his feet, they did so.

The cool night air blew upon their faces.

Along dark and silent streets the trio proceeded, with arms linked together in a common brotherhood. They formed a solid if somewhat wavering phalanx. A custodian of the law, making his midnight round, regarded them with indifference. He did not dream that here stalked the advance guard of a New Day, with whom the Machine Age had soon to reckon.

Softly, insidiously, the cool night air blew upon their faces. It filled their lungs with slow, imperceptible effect. There fell a silence broken only by the tread of feet in unison upon the pavement and an occasional snort from Mr. Kent as he sniffed the ozone.

After a dozen blocks Defection suddenly lifted its head. Mr. Fletcher's steps began to lag and he disengaged his arms from the linked triumvirate. "I shall have to be leaving you here," he announced weakly. "This is where I turn off."

Geoffrey halted sharply. He gazed in indignant surprise upon the craven figure of Mr. Fletcher, and abruptly he envisaged him in a new light. The custodian of compound words seemed to have dwindled to a timorous, shrinking creature. After all, Geoffrey appraised him scornfully, the New Day could expect nothing from so insignificant a little shrimp.

"Good night, sir," said Geoffrey in curt dismissal.

"Night," echoed Mr. Kent.

The little band, shorn of one-third of its forces, bravely pushed on.

Nevertheless, it was a setback. Geoffrey, clutching his lone companion's arm, felt his ardor dampened. It was as if something had gone out of the evening, as if the spirit of the occasion was evaporating beyond reclaim. In heavy silence the two proceeded for several blocks.

The cool night air continued to blow upon their faces. Mr. Kent, imbibing the ozone, at every tenth step expelled it forcibly like a hoarse exhaust.

Suddenly Geoffrey remembered his story. It popped into his thoughts out of nowhere. And at the same instant a different turn to the love-scene flashed upon him. He felt a thrill. He began to dramatize the new action; the dialogue came leaping to his mind without effort. He experienced a familiar, old-time glow. This was great stuff, which would almost write itself. The story would be a "wow" yet! In the feverish throes of renewed creation he began to quicken his stride. He must get back to his typewriter at once while the thing was alive within him and quivering to be written down.

They were almost at Geoffrey's door when Mr. Kent drew back and came to a halt. Geoffrey had completely forgotten about Mr. Kent. Now he discovered that the boarding-house next to Geoffrey's was Mr. Kent's modest place of domicile. The latter took off his cap, and began to inspect its lining.

"Got to be at the factory at eight o'clock sharp," he mumbled. It was a lame and labored farewell.

"Of course you have," Geoffrey agreed, eager to reach his own door.

He mounted blithely to his room. It was after midnight, but time was no matter. He must get forward with this smashing new turn to his story. And then, as he switched on the light, he beheld the typewriter—the type-bars piled up in a hopeless mass. Damnation! Now he remembered. He must have been crazy! Vainly he strove to extricate the tangled mechanism, but it resisted all his efforts—and the story was boiling within him! Damnation! . . .

Suddenly he had an inspiration. He went to the window and looked out. Yes, there was a light, on the second floor, gleaming from the darkened house next door. Geoffrey caught up some small object to hurl at it, and whistled sharply.

The shade was raised, and Mr. Kent peered uneasily out.

"I'm goin' to bed," came a protesting voice. "I gotta be up early."

"You're an expert mechanic, aren't you?" Geoffrey reminded him. "Then come over and fix this typewriter!"

LIONS FOR LADIES

BY LLOYD MORRIS

IT WAS a French novelist who, in discussing his first visit to the United States, expressed some perplexity about the American woman. "One type of American woman," he remarked, "has no equivalent in any other country. She has wealth, leisure, and prodigious ambition. She is insatiably eager for mental distraction. She makes a cult of the intellect. She pursues writers, lecturers, and artists with indefatigable persistence. As a European I supposed, when first I came in contact with her, that her object was flirtation. It did not take me long to learn that her usual object is conversation. In America, it appears, talk takes the place of infidelity. Your women seem to be becoming a race of restless, predatory Amazons. What is the explanation of this strange state of affairs?"

Before undertaking to answer his question I asked my friend to tell me about his American visit. His experiences resembled those of other foreign authors whom I have known who have come to the United States to lecture or to travel. My friend came to New York immediately after the publication of one of his books in an English translation. Although the book had met with substantial success he was unprepared for the aggressive hospitality of his reception. He found innumerable invitations awaiting him, principally from women whom he had never met. Within a few days after his arrival his time was booked for weeks in advance and his correspondence had become unmanageable. A large proportion of it was from women who had read and admired his book. Most of them desired to meet him, and many of them poured out in their letters autobiographical revelations of an exceedingly intimate kind. He observed one striking fact about these letters. Almost without exception they were written by married women.

After a few weeks in America my friend began to be curious about the husbands of his hostesses and correspondents. They were conspicuous by their absence from the functions to which he was invited, where he met authors, journalists, editors, lecturers, and artists. Were the husbands bored by the preoccupations of their wives? Did they find the conversation of these intellectuals tedious and retreat to the comfort of their clubs?

He never had an opportunity to discover. He was invited to spend a week-end at a palatial home on Long Island; all the other guests were writers. The husband of his hostess appeared for dinner on one evening, was introduced to his guests, and departed with vague apologies after the meal.

On another occasion my friend was invited to a literary party at the home of an eminent banker. Toward the end of the evening he drifted to the buffet and was engaged in conversation by a man to whom he had not been introduced. After a little while, his new acquaintance asked him his name. My friend mentioned his name and inquired whom he might be addressing. "Oh," replied the man, "my name is Blank. I am the husband of your hostess."

II

The conclusions reached by my French friend may be incorrect, but the condition to which he referred is obvious to any observer. It is true that in America the "intellectual" acquires an influence of extravagant proportions with an exclusively feminine audience. In the Victorian era women indulged their romantic propensities by decorously sentimentalizing the local clergyman or worshipping, from a safely remote distance, the charms of a handsome actor. But the day of the admired clergyman and the matinée-idol has passed, and in the United States the intellectual has fallen heir to the traditional perquisites of the pulpit and the stage.

The author of a successful novel, for example, is likely to discover that he has been invested with a glamour of which he had been serenely unaware. Probably he begins by considering himself an average person. He writes because he enjoys doing so or because he prefers writing to selling bonds or hardware. It does not occur to him that his conversation is exceptionally stimulating, and he is certain that the conversation of other writers is not especially remarkable. He is, therefore, surprised to learn that he is supposed to inhabit a world in which ideas flourish and talk is continuously brilliant, in which everyone is endowed with vivid personality and the air is electric with flashes of creative genius. This romantic picture of the literary environment at first surprises him. Gradually he becomes accustomed to it and finally he may come even to believe in it himself. At this point in his progress he usually takes to the lecture platform. His feminine readers hasten to attend his lectures; if he speaks with any charm, or wit, or intelligence his popularity is assured. It becomes increasingly difficult for him to avoid the conviction that, quite apart from his work, he is a romantically attractive personality. He has become a graduate lion; and a lion is a man of talent who has lost his perspective and his sense of humor.

Why is it, as the French novelist inquired, that the intellectual, especially the literary man, has acquired such prestige with American women? It can be accounted for by various causes. One is that in the United States interest in ideas is confined almost exclusively to women. It is the women who read new books, attend lectures, and enroll for extension courses in universities. Modern ideas and modern skepticism have had, in general, almost no direct effect upon the mind of the American man; abstract ideas usually fail to interest him. But the attitude of American women, as anyone who has lectured to them will agree, is one of extreme hospitality to all ideas, however abstract or remote from their actual experience of life. It does not require a long apprenticeship at lecturing to discover that for a large number of intelligent American women living has failed to satisfy their curiosity about life, as it has likewise failed to occupy their imagination and emotion. Books and ideas offer them a kind of vicarious experience, a satisfaction of their curiosity, and an outlet for their emotion and imagination. Modern literature has produced one significant effect upon them: intellectually, their attitude toward life is that of skepticism, but emotionally they cherish a profound belief in the validity of all the traditional dogmas which their intelligence questions. This dissociation between their minds and their feelings is something of which they are usually conscious, because in contact with new ideas they find it disturbing; and one of the reasons why the intellectual enjoys prestige with them is their hope that he will somehow help them to aquire a stable philosophy.

Another reason for the prestige of the intellectual is that, in general, there is singularly little mental companionship between American wives and husbands. This is a fact which we prefer not to acknowledge, and often fail to realize,

but which seldom fails to impress foreigners who gain an acquaintance with our domestic life. In so far as the American woman attempts to gratify her desire for mental exercise, she is apt to do so alone or in association with other women. Her husband is indulgent to this desire as to most others; he may even exhibit some pride in her activity; one thing he consistently refuses to do, and that is to share it. His business or profession absorbs all of his imagination and most of his intelligence, and he is likely to avoid, whenever possible, an additional strain upon either. He has not much time for reading, but he enjoys a good detective story. He has not much interest in general ideas in any field other than politics and economics; discussion of them, therefore, seems to him to be only so much useless talk. He sees no reason to be seriously interested in the problems which fire his wife's curiosity about life; most of them lie outside the range of his personal experience, as of hers. What are his opinions about companionate marriage, the new psychology, the still newer morality? Well, why worry about them, since life will settle these questions in any case? As for skepticism, the point of view is totally alien to him. In all likelihood he would be sincerely shocked by the flavor of skepticism which characterizes his wife's opinions. God and marriage and the Republican or Democratic party and the protective tariff are all equivalently eternal, and he doubts one as little as the other. At this point a divergence in attitude between husband and wife becomes evident. For the wife, despite a profound desire to believe in the eternal verity of these several institutions, despite an emotional conviction that all is well with them beyond possibility of question, occasionally finds herself doubting that very fact.

In general, then, the conversation of her home circle does not completely satisfy the appetite of the American woman. Certain additional resources are open to her, and usually she cultivates all of them. She can, and does, talk with other women. She usually attends lectures, and frequently she takes extension courses at some university. These, if they are in any way good, give her the illusion of listening to, if not participating in, the stimulating talk which she craves. A well-organized machinery of education and entertainment brings before her most of the novelists and critics and journalists whose books she has read and whose articles she follows as they appear in the periodicals. They speak informally at subscription luncheons, and more formally at various forums, or as professional lecturers. Usually their subjects take her into fields which excite her curiosity and stimulate her mind. Often they shake her convictions or assail her prejudices, and after the first time she finds the sensation agreeable. In any case they provide her with a temporary escape from what she considers the materialism of her environment, and give her the illusion of contact with a world in which she assumes that her curiosity and ambition would meet with an appropriate response.

III

It is probably because she feels herself to be excluded from this world that the American woman invests it with glamour. She confers an excessive prestige upon authors and other intellectuals because they constitute the only group of men whose interests, in her opinion, coincide with hers. In this, of course, there is implicit a criticism of the American husband of which she is by no means unconscious. The printed column or the published book accomplishes for the intellectual what the pulpit formerly accomplished for the clergyman, and the footlights for the actor: they interpose between him and his audience an interesting barrier. And barriers, depending upon one's point of view, may be warnings against trespass or incitements to jump. In either case they are provocative.

The consequences of this situation are more interesting than its causes. For the intellectual and spiritual restlessness of the American woman, given the additional impulse of a romantic illusion, often leads to strange incidents. I once knew a young novelist whose first book had received rather high praise from the critics. Being temporarily short of funds, he hit upon the expedient of offering his services as a teacher to a certain school which specializes in giving individual instruction to students for college examinations. One day he was requested to give a series of fifteen private lessons to a young and attractive married woman. Her reason for undertaking the lessons was, she stated, that she had never received systematic instruction in English literature, and wished to repair the omission. The young novelist drew up a reading list for his student and prepared to give her the required instruction. Somewhat to his surprise, he found that after the first lesson his student was doing no reading and had no interest in the instruction for which she had registered. What she apparently wanted was someone in whose intelligence she could have confidence, with whom she could discuss her personal problems. Marriage had been a disappointment to her; she possessed no special aptitudes for any work; social life had become tedious to her; what should she do? During fifteen hours the young novelist listened attentively to her intimate history and presumably dealt with her perplexities as competently as he could. For this strange service his student paid the school which employed him a fee in four figures.

This incident is perhaps exceptional in its details, but is by no means exceptional in its general import. Anyone who has ever given a course of lectures before a women's club is familiar with the somewhat wistful eagerness for private conversation displayed by members of his audience. A casual allusion to some significant problem of personal relations will touch the intimate experience of one or more members of the audience, and at the conclusion of the lecture they will remain to discuss the matter further with the lecturer. If he has any sympathy with human nature confronted by a predicament, he is likely to find himself listening to autobiography and offering such advice as he may feel capable of giving. The range of problems upon which he may be consulted is illimitable, and for many of them he has probably no adequate preparation. How can he be expected to know the best method of winning back a notoriously unfaithful husband, the best substitute for a lost faith in God, the best panacea for inescapable loneliness, the best way in which to satisfy an unslaked hunger for experience? Yet these, and not the subject of his lecture, are the questions which vitally concern a certain proportion of his audience, and they come to hear him because, unconsciously, they hope that he will clarify their perplexities. If they have any confidence in his capacity to do so it is founded upon the belief that, because he writes books and is interested in ideas, his competency to solve the problems of life is necessarily exceptional. That confidence is merely another expression of the romantic attitude toward the intellectual.

Occasionally the romantic attitude takes another direction. I recall a dinner party some years ago at which one of the guests was a distinguished American novelist; the other guests were his intimate friends. During dinner the conversation turned upon the subject of the correspondence from unknown people received by men whose names are familiar to the general public. One of the guests expressed some doubt about the number of love letters sent to such men. The novelist smiled quietly but said nothing until the question was put directly to him. Then, with considerable embarrassment, he confessed that the number of love letters which reached him from unknown women was decidedly in excess of our estimates. It must be added that, although an eminent artist,

the novelist is neither young nor handsome. By his own confession, he never replied to any of these letters, yet one correspondent had written to him weekly over a period of five years. When we asked him how he accounted for these and similar letters, he replied that from his point of view it was inconceivable that any of his correspondents should be in love with him. They were, he thought, admirers of his work. He supposed that many of them were lonely or disappointed in their lives or merely eager for contact with a world unlike that in which they lived. Many of them, he intimated, confessed as much, turning to him as a possible refuge from the appalling tediousness of their environment. Because they liked his books they assumed that association with him would gratify their desire for the stimulation which their environment failed to supply. They were, in his opinion, incurably romantic about the intellectual and his world and pathetically eager to taste its hypothetical delights.

IV

The romantic cult of the intellectual has produced at least one notable change in the surface of American social life. We are less than half a century away from our age of innocence, when the writer and the artist were considered slightly disreputable and socially ineligible. There followed a period of literary and artistic bohemianism in which the intellectual made a resource of his neglect by society and, foregathering with his kind in dreary French or Italian restaurants, attempted to maintain the illusion that he was living in Montparnasse. These periods seem fantastic to us now, if not entirely legendary; for we have reached the opposite extreme. In no European country is the society of the intellectual as persistently cultivated as it is in the United States. With us, to have written a successful book or play is the social equivalent of having inherited a title. In our more chauvinistic moments we like to believe that we are a nation which recognizes the aristocracy of talent. But there is probably an element of snobbishness in our attitude; probably talent has merely become fashionable.

To the visiting foreign writer the American woman's interest in the intellectual is often bewildering; usually he has not encountered so much flattering attention at home. I recall the amazement of a British author who, invited to be the guest of honor at a literary luncheon, found himself in the presence of five hundred amiable ladies who had gathered to hear him speak. Although he is not without honor in his own country, he was convinced that in London no similar function would have been possible. In England his books are admired, but his audience manifests no special curiosity about his personal attractions. I recall another incident of his visit which impressed him as being characteristic of the United States. One day he was called to the telephone by a woman whose name was unfamiliar to him, who invited him to dine at her home on an evening for which he had no other engagement. Perhaps his hesitation was perceptible, for the lady hastily remarked, "You have never met me, Mr. Blank. Neither have my other guests. I am inviting the five men whom I consider the most interesting men at present in New York. I hope that you will consent to be guest of honor." On the appointed evening the British novelist arrived and was introduced by his hostess to the four other guests. "As I expected," he remarked to me, "every one of them had recently published a book. When we went in to dinner, our hostess asked us to waive formality and take whatever seats at table we desired. Only afterward did I learn that she had invited every one of her five guests to be guest of honor at her party."

The literary party has become both an institution of our social scene and a menace. Formerly the function would have implied a reception to a single dis-

tinguished guest, probably foreign, and would have served to introduce him to the friends of his hostess. But to the fashionable hostess of to-day a single lion has become negligible; she requires, for the success of any function, several lions and innumerable cubs. Celebrity has been traditionally regarded as a lonely state, but the current literary party suggests that it is a state in which no solitude whatever is possible. At such parties the hostess is likely to have present a chosen few of her women friends. The rest of the gathering is made up of writers, critics, journalists, and editors. Frequently the hostess is unfamiliar with both the work and the names of a majority of her guests; it is sufficient for her purposes to be assured that they are people of consequence in the literary profession. Usually her guests are well acquainted with one another, if not with their hostess, and can talk without discomfort, as they have previously done on many similar occasions, as they will do again on many others. But precisely what satisfaction the hostess derives from her hospitality it is often difficult to imagine. Perhaps she has an illusion of being surrounded by people whom she considers "creative." Perhaps she feels that she has penetrated into the unknown world inhabited by the writers whose books her friends discuss, whose lectures they attend, and whose interviews they read. Perhaps she merely is pleased by the belief that some good conversation has taken place in her drawing-room. Whatever her satisfaction, she continues to pursue it with irresistible generosity and extraordinary persistence.

The aspiration to maintain a literary salon has become a commonplace of American social life in circles where women are equipped with both leisure and wealth. No doubt it is as valid an ambition as any other, but in one aspect it is open to criticism. I remember the comment of a young banker, looking on with amusement at a party in his own home. "What does Mary get out of this?" he asked. "She fills the house with people whose books she has no time to read, and with whose minds she has only the most superficial acquaintance. She has no really serious interest in them or their work or their ideas; but she fancies that they lead amusing lives, more unusual and more exciting than ours. She wants to enter into that life, and this is her way of doing it." He looked around the room and smiled. "She's restless," he said, "like all American women. I suppose that this is as good a release for her energy as any other. But some fine day she'll decide that she's bored with this, too. And then she'll invent another imaginary world to explore. All the worlds she wants to live in originate only in her imagination. That is why she is invariably disappointed in every new world with which she comes in contact. But she'll continue, indefinitely and hopefully. There's only one thing which she will not do — she'll never look straightforwardly at reality."

Perhaps he was not altogether wrong.

DAYTONISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRAYER BOOK DEFEAT

BY GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

THE voice of the people has spoken in England as erstwhile it spake in Tennessee. But this time the rebuff has been not to the impious experts in bones, but to the pretensions of the experts in theology itself. The theologians had agreed upon a formula, the bishops had declared for it, the Revised Prayer Book was passed by the learned Houses of Convocation and by the House of Lords, which is distinguished, if not for intelligence, at least for cultivation of mind above the average. In a few hours the labors of a decade were swept on one side by the Commons and, in enthusiastic response to a cry of "No Popery," the layman asserted his right to defend the theology of the Church of England against the compromises sponsored by Premier, Primate, and Bench of Bishops. Welshman and Scotsman, Irishman and English Free Churchman (and, added the peevish, Mr. Saklatvala, Communist Parsee) voted to fix the Elizabethan yoke again, firmly and without alternative, on the neck of the Church of England. But the Old Guard of the Anglicans voted with them. The Bishops had only the ecclesiastically minded Churchmen and the atheists in the ranks of their supporters. Those who believed in Protestantism and No-change, allied with those who believed in Protestantism and Disestablishment, utterly routed those who believed in Reform by Compromise and those who believed that Church and State should each manage its own affairs within the bonds of a decorous, if rather meaningless, association. It was a great victory for Protestantism. And it may well end by intruding the question of Disestablishment into English politics for a generation to come to the exclusion of attention to social reform.

The so-called "Deposited Book," that is, the original alternative Prayer Book, which, it was proposed, should be used at option instead of the Prayer Book of Elizabeth, revised in 1662, has been rejected with emphasis by the Lower House of Parliament. It was rejected by lay religious conservatism in reaction against an attempt of the ecclesiastically minded to "force the pace." It was rejected on the ground that, especially in such matters as the reservation of the sacramental elements for the sick, if it was a compromise, the bishops were being evasive when they declared that the alternative Prayer Book involved no change of doctrine; if it was not a compromise, there was no reason to anticipate that such a practical advantage would ensue as a readiness of the Anglo-Catholic section to observe, in return for concessions, the new formularies where they had declined to accept the old formularies. On the one hand, the Bishop of London rejoiced that the Anglo-Catholics and High Churchmen had at last obtained that for which, for a generation, they had been fighting. On the other hand, many an Anglo-Catholic vied with extreme Protestants in opposing the Deposited Book, having no more relish for it, with discipline and enforcement, than for

the old Prayer Book, without enforcement.

The possible courses left were for the Church of England National Assembly to accept the rebuff over the measure proposed by it and do nothing, or to revise their measure. As matters at present stand, the latter course seems likely to be preferred, and the Bishops have already issued their proposed changes for the consideration of the Church Assembly. The Amended Deposited Book, however, still retains the clause under which the Sacrament may be reserved for the communication of the sick. For those who, though from afar, follow Zwingli, this clause must remain anathema; at the most, if there is to be all this much-ado about the communication of the sick, the bread and wine, it has been suggested, might be kept in a cupboard in the vestry. For the Catholicizers who follow Cyprian, the Consecrated Elements, which may be urgently needed for administering the Viaticum of consolation to the dying, should be kept in a tabernacle in the chancel, and the place marked by the unextinguished flame of the red sanctuary lamp. To ignore how this clash rings throughout the world of thought, as much as to underestimate the tenacity with which Protestant and Catholic clings each to his own peculiar objects of reverence, leads to a failure to comprehend the importance of the issues involved and the difficulty of compromise on externals without a discussion of fundamentals.

When the Bishop of Durham urged that the compromise of the Revised Prayer Book should be accepted as a basis upon which discipline could be enforced and as a method of clearing disputes on ritualistic trifles out of the way, he was in fact guilty of taking too lightly these emotional differences. He was only aware of the importance of the English Church being able to concentrate its united efforts upon the social and moral problems of the day. Staunch Evangelical that he has been, he endeavored to silence the more unruly and vituperative of his own party by sarcasm at the expense of "the army of illiterates led by octogenarians" and of "the Protestant under-world." The right reverend prelate reckoned, as intelligent statesmen will, without the vulgar. The mass of laymen were not prepared to treat trifles as trivial, or to accept the word of the experts that those forms and symbols were mere pretty adornments which their grandsires had taught their outraged eye to see as rags of Popery. Having listened for an evening, they voted in ten minutes, out of the fullness of their convictions and the completeness of their ignorance, on the nature of the Eucharist, the Real Presence, Receptionism, and the Objective Nature of the Sacrament—doctrines cast into shape by the subtlest brains of the Hellenic world and hammered out by the nice reasonings of the Schoolmen and of the divines of the Reform.

One of the most distinguished of English journalists has recently acclaimed as English Daytonism the challenge of heresy given to Bishop Barnes, after preaching "gorilla sermons" with allusions to sacramental "magic," by one Canon Bullock-Webster. The worthy Canon, before his voice had been drowned by the boom of the organ, with bellows creaking in haste to be busy with divine praises, had solemnly adjured Randall, by the grace of God Archbishop of Canterbury, to summon before him Ernest, Bishop of Birmingham, "to try the said bishop for heretical and profane utterances." The Canon, accompanied by his little band of followers, marched out of the cathedral church of St. Paul, desecrated by the Modernism of Bishop Barnes and of the Very Reverend Ralph Inge, to sing a Mass of Reparation in the church of St. Michael Royal, Barking-by-the-Tower. The Bishop, in his turn, published a volume of sermons which confirmed his reputation among the scientists for being a theologian and among the theologians for being a scientist. They have gone their ways. No one seriously thought that the Canon thun-

dered with the voice of general popular beliefs against a humble student of science; it was an eccentric ecclesiastic baiting an agreeably shocking and earnestly vague pulpit orator, the novelty of whose sermons yet seemed allusively to recall the Age of Reason and of Bishop Talleyrand. The episode was a nine days' wonder and then forgotten, save by a legislator here and there in the Commons on the December evening when the Fathers in God, the Lords Bishops of England huddled in the gallery, with strained ears, to hear what their master in law under the Erastian English constitution would decide upon the Alternative Prayer Book. And it was then that they heard back from this master, using the authority which the dissolute Henry conferred, the dissimulating Elizabeth improved, and the more dissolute Charles confirmed, a voice last heard in Tennessee. It was certainly not the tones of Canon Webster and his clique raised in pained recrimination. It was the authoritative and authentic voice of popular fundamentalism.

"Religion," says Professor Whitehead, "is what the individual does with his own solitude. . . . Collective enthusiasm, revivals, institutions, churches, rituals, Bibles, codes of behavior are the trappings of religion, its passing forms." It is a remark which Mr. Aldous Huxley criticizes with justifiable vigor. The "passing forms" are for many—although not perhaps for Professor Whitehead—what gives heat to their religion. The insertion of this ceremony or the leaving out of those words is what can stir them to anger. There is an idolatry of the ear as well as of the eye. A worship of the Word can be as insistent on precision of detail and rite as the worship of the Host. There are, moreover, negative ritualists, of whom the shibboleth is the omission of certain signs and ceremonies. Many a Protestant is agnostic in all but his devout dislikes, but where those are touched ritual assumes for him an horrific importance. Like the Turks, he will suffer a Gazi to change about or to ignore the precepts of his religion, but sooner than that idolatrous dogs should venture to reoccupy his mosque of St. Sophia, he would blow it up sky-high. In such fashion the ritualists and anti-ritualists rage together in their war about ritual: those who care nothing for these things are of a rarer species.

II

There is every sign that for some time men of intelligence and scientific teaching, after wandering in the negative aridities of agnosticism and in the sulphurous places of atheism, are in search of some tolerable form of expression for the religious spirit, which their science itself teaches them is a permanent impulse in human life. The religion of the nation, outside Italy, and the religion of the class, outside Russia, the religion of art and of business, fail to satisfy. Not to speak of Mr. Julian Huxley and of Mr. Aldous Huxley, even Mr. J. B. S. Haldane tells us that what perhaps we want is a new religion. Or we must revive the old one, and thereby avoid the crudities and precocious dogmas of a new faith, born from an intolerant mass enthusiasm. At least it can be agreed that we need some system of devotion which will give discipline and stability, without pharisaical self-sufficiency, to our lives, while not narrowing our intellects. Mere sociality ends in an empty-headed extroversion. The intense worship of place or country ends by debasing truth to the level of propaganda, and goodness to the level of group-selfishness. The religion of self-respect can only be saved from insane egotism if corrected, as by the Stoics, by the broadest of all religions, that of pantheism. Nor does a religion of humanity do ill if it remembers to curb the pride of man by reflecting on his dependence upon the vast non-human universe. One of the most interesting speculations of our age is to reflect upon what form this religion of the intelligent will adopt, and what symbolism and social expressions of worship it will find congenial.

The fault of Tennessee is its inadequate comprehension of the fact that religion cannot be successfully attacked, and its fanatical over-compensation of doubt. Trained in intolerance of strange ways, it beats its breast when it hears that its own ways have been challenged. And yet one does not become angry with a man for not being hungry. One waits. So, too, those of faith might confidently wait for the appetite for religion, as a natural human craving, to return. But it does not satisfy the Tennesseean that it should return. He would rather that it should not return than that it should appear in some other form than his own—whether this be the form approved by the *vox Dei* speaking through the electorate of Tennessee or it be the unrevised and untampered Prayer Book, handed down from God by the fathers and annexed as a schedule to the Acts of Parliament of Elizabeth and Charles II. Above all, the religious Tennesseean objects to that form of religious conduct christened by Professor Kersopp Lake by the name of "experimentalism." He wants to be sure that the experiment will come down on the side of his beliefs and, still more, not on the side of those things to the disbelief in which he has pledged his name and credit. One may believe anything, test all things and enjoy complete freedom of conscience, but one must not believe in Transubstantiation, or in the iota which divides semi-Arianism from Athanasianism, or in whatever may be the opposite to the "ism" of the worship of one's own particular brazen serpent. That the iota may be important is true enough. What is disturbing is that those who shout loudest understand least its importance. That Luther would have damned what most of our Tennesseeans believe, and that few of them believe what Calvin believed, matters nothing. The most ignorant of them knows that Transubstantiation is the great Wrong Answer. As Sir William Joynson-Hicks remarked, in leading the opposition in the House of Commons, it is an "idea abolished by us at the time of the Reformation." Sir William knows that ideas can be "abolished." And incense, such as the High Priests of Judah used, and rites such as the Greek Fathers of the Church used, are accursed things because they may symbolize Transubstantiation or may betoken Rome and its works.

Instead of using noisy phrases, let us examine for a moment this fell doctrine. The doctrine of Transubstantiation, whatever were in effect the beliefs of Cyprian, or of Gregory, or other of the Doctors of the Church, grew up slowly, as the work of subtle reasoners, and impregnated with an Aristotelian philosophy. It would almost seem as if the Commons at Westminster knew it to be false because it led Guy Fawkes to try to blow up the Houses of Parliament and was opposed by John Hampden who so gallantly resisted the collection of Ship-money. Let us, however, admit that no irrelevant consideration of national history, but the force of religious conviction was the deciding factor in their vote. It does not follow that this conviction is an intuition of what is true for all men and for all time. To the man of naturally mystical consciousness, to whom all things are in reality divine, the declaration according to a certain form, in due seasons and at fit places, that the common things of bread and wine (or it might have happened to have been olives and water or some other food and drink) are divine, is neither obviously superstitious nor patently false philosophy nor peculiarly repugnant. It so happens that the Catholic Church would probably condemn such a mystic, but that is no reason why the mystic should condemn the Church. And that Luther happened to reject Transubstantiation in order to substitute, by a fine but not peculiarly philosophical distinction, his own peculiar doctrine, erroneously called Consubstantiation, which most Protestants do not now accept, is an historical fact of no particular contemporary importance.

The whole topic of foundations of religious belief needs to be brought out

into the light of day and to be treated with frankness. The refusal to discuss current beliefs involves, in part, an assumption that they are not worth discussing and, in part, a failure to recognize that they are indeed matters of taste and individual æsthetic appreciation. *Et de gustibus non est disputandum.* Dean Inge has remarked that "it is a slander to call Catholicism a religion; it is a social system." The Catholic may resent a sneer not less gratuitous because characteristic. But a third position is possible. It may well be that the social system and its continuity of tradition are more important than any particular religion. The association of human beings to satisfy a natural, social, and important impulse and to continue a tradition which lasts back into the earliest history of man may be far more imperative than any particular form of religion.

It was the intensity of belief which inspired adherence to the detail, and not the detail itself, which has enabled the religion of Moses to hold the Jewish people together. And that religious form which most completely summarizes the religious experience of the race, which is not afraid to couple the Sibyl with David, to take the Yule feast from the Druid, the image of the Good Shepherd from Apollo, the title of *Stella Maris* as an adornment for the Virgin from Egyptian Isis, and whose chief priests trace not only from Judah but also from the chief bridge-builders who said their incantations in ancient Rome, may well satisfy to a singular degree the religious consciousness of the race. Its virtue is not its purity but its wealth. It was not for nothing that Justin Martyr included the pagan philosophers among the Christians and that others counted Virgil among the prophets. That imperial Rome has contributed to the organization of Christianity, that pagan Greece and neo-Platonic Egypt, as well as Babylon and the Old Covenant of the Jews, have contributed to its theology, and that the infidel Stoics have supplied no little of its moral doctrine is a cause for congratulation, not for regret. It may be objected that this is equivalent to saying that Catholicism is more important than Christianity. On the contrary, it would be fairer to say that the strength of Christianity lies in the degree to which it can prove itself to be the summation of religious experience. And the chief objection to any new religion is that painful centuries would have to elapse before it would have lost its primitive crudity and have become assimilated to the traditional religious background of the world's history.

This is probably not an age which can tolerate the monolithic uniformity of the papal system, with its confident regulation of things doubtful. But it is an age which needs temples and a simple symbolism which recalls, amid the stress of life, the divinity which lies in common things and the audible silence of eternity to be apprehended behind the noise of occurrence. To some of our contemporary philosophers, such as Benedetto Croce, all is flux, no problems are fundamental, no answers permanent, no peace abiding. It is a philosophy which seems peculiarly apt for those who have ears for the more obvious message of American civilization, with its demand for adaptation, adjustment, efficiency. Nothing indeed can be cheaper than talk about the superficiality of "mere" activity and the need for an "end" or "purpose." An efficient civilization has its end in itself, not only in the avoidance of pain in its members but as a thing of beauty in its dædal articulation. But, if we leave mere individuality-for-its-own-sake and selfishness behind, if we find ourselves in the co-ordinated work of such a civilization, if we labor for the joy in the very exercise of the energy required for the labor, we are still left with a question. As men, like May flies, spend a day and a night, perform their work and are gone, so, too, civilizations pass and their pomp is gathered to that of Thebes and Knossos. They are imperfect while they last, and before they

are perfect they are destroyed, and the work of the tools of the laborer becomes dust with his dust. In moments when the imperfections of our age and of our society depress us and give no consolation to compensate for personal misfortune, we are left to ask whether devotion to this civilization, this country, this hive, this community is not a dupe by which we dupe ourselves. We need to rely upon more fundamental assurances than any which a piece of social engineering can give us.

No answer will, perhaps, be found if it be not in an appreciation of the glory of life in its flight, a belief in the total worthwhileness of things, a faith, blind but not absurd, that the universe, so far as we can know it and establish touch with it, is divine and not devilish. The answer comes, indeed, from no farther than from within ourselves and from our individual experience; but the belief, projected upon the world, practically alters that world for us. The belief, however, becomes dim at times, and from the fount of religious experience can it, in the less prosperous hours, alone be replenished. For the chief fruits of religion are a sense of proportion between ourselves and the rest of things, a quiet acquiescence in what that proportion implies, and strength to do our work as part of a greater whole, which gives the talents and to which, not to ourselves, is returned the usury. We need something which we know to be greater than ourselves to which to devote ourselves and this, as Doctor Bosanquet declared, is of the very definition of religion.

Without a sense that what abides is Beauty, and not a chaos of ignited gases and of myriads of celestial cinders strewn over immensity, upon one of which grows a fungus of vegetation and humanity, it would be true, as Solomon said, that he who increaseth wisdom increaseth sorrow. There is something which protests, stupidly but obstinately, against the cogency of any clever reasoning which would show men *tels qu'ils sont en effet, des insectes se dévorant les uns les autres sur un petit atome de boue.* The little pathetic drama of the forty years or so of hopes, joys and pains between the unconsciousness from which we come and the unconsciousness into which we go, "pallid and stark and bare," becomes intolerable unless Nature, Life, God is something to which we can return, knowing that there is that which is greater and more lasting, not only in bulk but in value, than we. We need to know that our smallness is not the measure of the poverty of things, and that our best acts and the graciousness of good men are but single manifestations of the glory of the Father of Lights, in whom is neither change nor shadow of alteration.

"The things of the Gods fade away into dimness and no man knoweth aught thereof clearly." Towards the agnosticism of Sophocles, the poet, Protestantism was, unwittingly, the first overt step back from the rational completeness of the Catholic social and theological system. It is not a step which is likely to be retraced. Rather, steps will be taken farther away and, in the opinion of Professor Kirsopp Lake, if the Protestant is justified in placing the Catholic dominance in the category of the historic past, so Protestantism itself is an historical movement upon which we are becoming able to look back. Both these systems have had their day; but, of both, parts will live on. It is, perhaps, not mere empty guess-work to suppose that, of the two, the contribution of the Protestant secessionists is likely to be particular and limited and that of the ancient spirit of Catholicism more general and more profound.

If there is at present little evidence of this in England, it is because England, culturally, is an island, and was even more of an island when that intensely conservative thing, its religious tradition, was formed. In fact, however, evidence even here is not lacking. The Anglo-Catholic movement, although still able to fill its churches better than other and less church-going sections of Angli-

canism, is perhaps declining. The mass of the country knows its traditional ritualistic dislikes better than its likes. But the recent questionnaire in the London *Nation* shows the large number of educated men who disclaim at once materialism and a belief in a personal deity, and who appear to lean to a mystical pantheism. To such a faith Catholicism of the more austere and Quakerlike kind is more sympathetic than the moralism of Protestantism, with its oscillations between a revivalism disconnected from order and a tendency to treat the Bible as though it were a copy of His Majesty's Army Regulations.

This movement among the better educated classes is highly significant. The pantheism of the Stoics was not a vague sentimentality and an unreasoned faith. The mysticism of the more pantheistic mystics, of Meister Eckehart and of Jan van Ruysbroeck, even, in their different ways, of à Kempis and of St. John of the Cross, was not a wistful agnosticism and a building of altars to unknown gods. It was the very gnostic affirmation of a personal knowledge. The intensity of their knowledge is not one that the ordinary man of science or of affairs can, or might even wish (not having the religious melancholy of a Pascal), to experience. But a direct apprehension of something of the same kind (although he may modestly call it merely "a bit of poetry in his make-up") he has. And it is this which makes the basis of his personal religion in times when he rises above the level of banal experience.

III

The impertinence of the English Tennesseeans is that they propose to dictate to every man "fundamentals," and to tell him that, since the tenets of their sect do not happen to square with, or admit of his personal experience, it is his experience which is to be excluded. And, although they do not belong, many of them, to the Established Church themselves, they insist that, in this Established Church, only what is helpful to them shall be tolerated. The conclusion of their argument is that the individual conscience and the individual experience must give way to the rule of the majority. From the mouth of a Catholic, who believes that the first fruit of religion is the preservation of the unity of the community of the faithful, the argument has cogency. But it is the denial of Protestantism. The sole virtue of an Established Church is its comprehensiveness. It maintains temples where those may worship who will, according to a constituted form but in the freedom of a multiplicity of interpretations. As a Church of all the citizens, it is not a propaganda institution for one set of tenets. Or, alternatively, as a Church recognized by the State for certain purposes, but not a Church for all the citizens, there is no ground upon which citizens, not members of it, should interfere in the development of its faith and ritual. It is anomalous that members of a secular Parliament, the majority of whom are probably not active members of the Church of England, should have rejected the Revised Alternative Prayer Book of that Church, in the name of Protestantism, in a country in which (if statistics count for anything) far more than half the population are not enrolled members of any Protestant church. But, although anomalous, the event is perhaps not important at this time when, not denominational "fundamentals" or the disestablishment of churches, but the basal assumptions of Christianity itself are being doubted.

What is important is that we should be able to see our way in the religious chaos of our time. We cannot ignore the existence of religious experience. In the long run we shall probably find that we cannot afford to dispense with it. But we cannot be certain that this experience will be what is called, in the hitherto accepted sense, Christian. Still less can we permit it to be cramped to suit the traditional "fundamentals" of this or that sect which, some time in the past,

rebelled against discipline on a point of doctrine or on the interpretation of a text such as appealed to the sixteenth-century mentality. Nor is there any good in pretending that we have got the orthodox brand of experience, when, in fact, we either get some other brand or none at all. The remedy seems to lie in having the courage of our convictions and the modesty to admit what they are, and that they are no more than they are.

At present many men are non-practicing members of churches, and must be classified as of that feeble species, the religious Mugwump. A better alternative would be to be a practicing non-member. He who finds help in a good sermon will go where good sermons are to be had. He who finds the Reserved Host a symbol richer in religious significance than any quarter hour's talk by a cleric will go where he can get his satisfaction. The churches may be expected to come slowly to adapt their beliefs to their congregations as they cannot do to the beliefs of absentees, instead of expecting their congregations to conform their beliefs to the unhelpful theories of churches. At least those churches which persist in their ways will be judged by their fruits in dwindling congregations; it will only be wisdom not to change where not to change shall be shown to be wisdom.

But what action the churches may take is not the primary concern of the individual. For the churches were made for man, and not man for the churches. What matters is that men of modern education shall have the opportunity for partaking in the heritage of a religious culture of far more than twenty centuries' duration without perjuring their consciences. If anybody wishes to believe, with Spinoza, that extension is an attribute of God, that all things are in God and that He is the immanent cause of all things, he should be free to do so, and to express his belief not in a private conventicle but by sharing in such public worship as he finds most appropriate. He should be able to find room, if there is to be a church of the country, for worshipping according to his belief in that church, without being gainsaid by some Secretary of State for Home Affairs. And if, in days when the varieties of religious experience exceed anything which Thomas Arnold contemplated, a national church must be regarded as an anachronism, it does not follow that educated men should permit themselves to be frightened away from religious observance by the roarings of the obscurantists. For those of a modern spirit are as much partners in this ancient religious heritage of the race, and have as much right to a share in its resources, as any Sunday-school teacher in the hill townships of Tennessee or Methodist itinerant in the mountain chapels of Wales.

THE FOOLS' PARADE

A CHRONICLE OF ESCAPE

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

Author of "Black Majesty"

PART II

IV

THE tide of the river was running in. It filled LeBrun's pause with a sound like faint laughter. Occasionally a fish leaped in midstream, but its splash merged quickly into the vibrant monotony of the night noises.

The old man, now half invisible in the shadow of the porch roof, was leaning forward, his frail fingers snarled tight in his thin white hair. He had stopped without warning. He began just as suddenly, jerking his head up to stare out into the shadows.

"Fate was not done with yet, it seemed. Our crazy raft came to land on the side that was safe from the prison. They might even see us now, but we were free. Our journey was beginning.

"All that night and the next day we lay asleep like dead men hidden in the sharp grasses of the marsh. We were urged again to movement by the unremitting pangs of hunger. The little red crabs that climbed in and out of the holes in the soft ooze of the riverbank became our food. Each of us selected an area, crouched, slowly sinking into the mud, until the crabs had forgotten their alarm and came creeping forth. Then we would pounce, catch them, and break the shells. The tiny morsel of meat was oily and bitter. It took us all day long to get sufficient to appease our hunger.

"We knew well enough that we must not linger on the way no matter how tired we were. In the jungle the struggle for existence is too hard, the odds too overwhelming for one to survive there long. . . . We were on the left bank of the Marowyne River. From that point to the first inhabited Dutch settlements on the Cottica River was a distance which well-fed men on a known trail could walk in thirty hours. We knew that. But we also knew that there was no trail, that the way led through a great uninhabited district of swamp and jungle that at this season of the year stood breast high in places in black, stagnant rain-water. We should have to cut inland to higher ground and run the deadly risk of losing our sense of direction. The point where we had beached was in the middle of an endless tangle of mangroves.

"You have seen the mangrove, M'sieu. They border the sea-front and hem in the marshes everywhere. Their twisting stalks sometimes stand ten feet or more above high water, and the roots squirm out and down to foothold in the bottom mud. This mud is so porous it is like a quicksand. It is almost impossible to cut mangroves with an axe. They bend and lash like angry snakes. We, with only our bare hands, had to go through it though. We were surrounded.

"Have you ever dreamed a nightmare, my friend, in which you have found yourself at the bottom of some

dank well? Have you tried with bleeding fingers to seize upon something by which you could lift yourself out and away from terror—and felt nothing but the slime of cold, straight walls? Then perhaps you will understand. There was nothing for it but to wade blindly among the roots, find fingerhold and, like monkeys, draw ourselves up. Gruelling work. The blazing sun combined with the moist air to sweat us like steam. The roots were slippery. When we had reached to the upper level where the main stalks grow, a full eight feet above the ground, we worked our way forward by stepping carefully from root to root. Time and again we missed our grips and slithered down into the greasy mud.

"That night, with our arms caught around the stalks, we rested sleeplessly till dawn. Then the nightmare began again.

"An experience like that is a test of character. Abbémon and Brierre, who kept ahead, clung like master apes to stretch out helping hands a thousand times to the rest of us. Even Gallay aided where he could. I remember the lawyer Acquarone as always reaching forward for help, never back to those behind. In the prison I had admired him for his energy of mind. The forest showed a different man. Because he recognized he now could never go ahead, could never issue a command which we should heed, his face grew sullen, and cruel anger mingled with the fear that had come to dwell forever in his eyes. All his life Acquarone had been accustomed to being served by others. Now he must help himself or die. He resented the weakness that made him stretch out his hands for aid, hated us when we gave it him. . . .

"That night we built a sort of camp on a strip of dry ground. We were approaching higher land. But we got little sleep. Convicts from St. Laurent might fancy they were used to mosquitoes. We knew nothing! Here in the silent swamp they were so thick they—I speak literally M'sieu!—darkened the air so the very moon was hidden. We by now were all but naked and without protection. We took turn about. While one slept, another stood above him and swirled a broom of grass about himself and the man on the ground. It helped a little. We drew lots. My turn to sleep came last thing at night.

"When I awoke Gallay stood above me. He was reeling with exhaustion, and his fair blue eyes were red with want of sleep; yet his arms moved slowly, and the grasses flayed like whips of twisting smoke about himself and me. Beyond him, massive and still against the sun, I saw the big priest Abbémon like a sturdy, ancient tree whose limbs sway in the breeze.

"I got up and kicked Acquarone and Brierre awake. I took with a tenderness new to me the grasses from the stiffened fingers of Gallay and bade him lie down and rest awhile. We crouched there in the clearing of the marsh as the mists floated up into the reaching fingers of the sun and held a council.

"We knew the Dutch settlements were to the west and north of where we were. Our only guide was the knowledge the sun rose in the east and set in the west. We could not go on through the bottom lands. We should have to get to the forest itself, although it stood out of our direct path. We could see it, not very far away, upon a rise: green, primeval, still. We must get to it.

"I say, M'sieu," LeBrun spoke with a queer, deliberate exactitude, "that we could see the forest. It could not have been more than two miles away. On the evening of the fourth day we reached it. We had to find food—crabs, molluscs, roots, even leaves, all eaten raw. Then, too, we were broken, withered with a mortal weariness, and we had to rest. The swamp itself set up a barrier which no men could pass but those who had learned that death is an elusive thing.

"You have seen swamps in this country. I do not mean mangrove swamps.

It was not wet enough where we now were for them. They have a quiet and easy look. The clumps of sword grass stand close together across a level plain. The sharp pale grass sways gently in the wind. Set foot on such a plain and you find it is a devil's trap. The grass clumps seem firm. One might fancy he could walk from one to other as he crossed streams in childhood over smooth stones. But try that. For a second your foothold seems firm, then like a live thing, it trips you and throws you into the black mud at one side. That mud is like nothing else in the world.

"Do you know the clinging, frightening feel that tingles up your nerves when you thrust your bare arm into a sack of grain? The swamp mud is like that, but the difference is that when you draw your hand from the grain it comes away. When you try to haul your feet from the marsh mud it clings the tighter and draws you down. . . . To-day, with stout boots and a stick I would not attempt it. Then, barefoot, we flung ourselves upon it and grappled with it in our nakedness. We moved forward just a little each day.

"It was a wordless time. We did not speak. We felt we were men set against an enemy who would surely conquer if we wasted precious breath in talk."

LeBrun turned toward me. "That is why I lighted a lantern to-night, M'sieu. There in the marsh, there came to me the sense that all nature down here —and I suppose it is so around all the vast hot belly of the world—is a thing that lives, that seeks sly means to destroy all men who trespass upon its silence and its ancient power. Nothing will rid me of that state of mind. For nearly eight months in every instant of every hour of every day I saw with my hurting eyes, sensed with my mind, that enmity. It is a thing—a thing that never forgets. . . . The jungle may seem a place of magnificent life. But I tell you it is not. It is death itself. Why do those trees out there reach thrice the height and girth of trees in France? It is because they kill and keep on killing.

"I have seen, beyond there in the forest, a monster shaft of wood a hundred horses could not budge. But a tender little vine had grown about it, spread from its topmost branches across the high ceiling of the jungle, and torn that tree like a weed from it roots and set it gently swaying far above the ground.

"On our bellies we came across the swamp, clutching with our hands, thrusting with our legs like wounded frogs. We were slimed and caked with mud. But we got through. At last we stood at the high closed doorway of the jungle. For good or ill we now must venture in."

V

"In the bush we discovered a new difficulty. We could rarely see the sun. In a trackless wilderness where one may never go more than two paces in a straight line, keeping one's direction is hard. When trees and vines grow so dense that one cannot discern so much as the region of the dawn it becomes an impossibility. It is like standing in a quiet mysterious cave within the womb of the world, gazing vainly up for a hint of sky to show that men still live. The jungle is a shut crypt that will surrender nothing.

"We were lost. God knows why we did not starve. Food became a passion, a dominating, dreadful desire. We ate leaves and roots like hogs. Our stomachs grew swollen with the stuff we gorged and still we were hungry. Bulk but no nourishment, you see.

"Each night we tried to find a mora or silk-cotton tree between whose buttressed roots we could find shelter. The brambles are not so thick between the buttresses. It was shelter of a sort, if not security. In the day the jungle is empty but with the dark all the beasts and snakes, all voices and dangers, come to fullest life.

"Once Gallay, who dreaded the dark like a child, put out his hand in his sleep and touched the smooth muscles of a snake. When it had gone he huddled in a knot till dawn crying with fear. After that Abbémon always slept beside him.

"The priest and Brierre did not know, I think, what fear of this kind was. Abbémon told me that sometimes Gallay would put his hand into his and so sleep.

"Those two became fast friends. During pauses in the day they would whisper to each other. Gallay read his sonnets to the priest. He took them from me for the time and then returned them again. Abbémon would praise the verses and they would go on to talk of other, endless things I could not understand. More and more Gallay learned to live within his mind. His body, never very strong, had become like a pale, gaunt skeleton. As he walked he seemed almost to float, as they say ghosts do. But always his red lips were moist and his blue eyes smiled. Now his yellow beard had grown quite long. His curling hair fell down behind his head like a waterfall of sunlight. It gave him with each succeeding day more and more the look of some pale, outcast Christ come for a little while to learn the sufferings of men.

"Abbémon had grown thinner, but the muscles beneath the loosening skin of his bare arms and shaggy chest were still like cables of quick steel. His narrow lips had grown kinder, and his hands learned a new gentleness. A hundred times I caught him giving Gallay some morsel of food, perhaps a warm rat or a fish he had caught. He always said he had been fortunate and found enough for two—and always I knew he lied.

"Brierre had forgotten something of his silence but his strength and great serenity stayed on. It was he who gave to each his share in a common task, who went ahead to break the way.

"Our chief dependence for food became the little cavies. You have seen them, no doubt? They are pretty little ratlike things with brown eyes and fat, awkward hairy bodies. And they are as smart as the devil. We would have to lie on the ground by their holes sometimes for hours on end before they would come out and we could seize them. . . .

"We were men who had known the fair things of life, warmth, softness, sometimes beauty. But all that was before we came in the convict hulks to the prisons of Cayenne. Now to all of us the warm blood of a rat on our lips was a caress. Nor did we yet feel an instant of regret. We had come to a hell, but it was better than the cells of St. Laurent, and we were together. We were explorers, exploring new recesses of our souls.

"Once Brierre came upon a snake. He was in the lead. He thrust aside a branch and tripped forward over a vine that caught his foot. He saw too late to save himself. His arms, head and shoulders pitched straight within a loop made by a boa constrictor that hung festooned from the branch of a tree. It was, I think, asleep, but to this rude awakening it responded to the instinct of its kind. Like a pile of rope the dark coils fell around Brierre's struggling body. For a fraction of a second he threshed stumblingly about, then became master of himself. The constrictor was already once about his waist, its flat head hovered angrily before his face. Brierre's breath came like the sound of a band-saw striking wood. But his hands were free and he seized the thing about its neck and clung there.

"Abbémon and I leaped forward. The priest tore at the tightening folds while I struggled with its thrashing tail. Still Brierre's fingers pressed into its throat. For a full four minutes we struggled soundlessly there in the pale green twilight of the jungle floor. Then the powerful coils relaxed, slipped down to the ground and Brierre stepped free. But he did not let go. In spite of my own stress I can remember how the veins and bones, blue and white and

hard, stood out along the big man's hands.

"I found a rock and in a moment it was dead.

"That night, for the first time since I had known him, Brierre talked and laughed. He made us feel the muscles of his arms. He had killed a great constrictor, he said, with his naked hands. He forgot the parts Abbémon and I had played. He had found pride —pride in the hands that strangled his baby because he loved it, the hands that helped the poet Gallay, who was weak, through the tangle of the mangrove swamp."

VI

The old man methodically filled and lighted his pipe. He did not look toward me, seemed to have forgotten my existence, to have forgotten everything, the little whitewashed bungalow, the screen of mango trees, the big house asleep in the darkness. It was evident he told his tale not for me, but as a certain precious ritual of memory. Earlier in the evening a quality of fierceness, of bitter anger, had pervaded his voice and mood, colored every topic we had touched upon. Now there was no trace of fury in his tone.

"The forests of Suriname," he continued at last, "are broken here and there by open stretches called savannahs. They are curious. You may work for days through thick, rank jungle and then without warning stumble out upon dry, sandy desert. In the forest the earth is black. In the savannahs, with no apparent transition, it is white, dry, crystalline, and incapable of supporting any growth less hardy than sparse grass, stunted bushes, with here and there in rain-water bottoms a few moriche palms. In the jungle it is hot enough, God knows. But on those desert plains where there is nothing between your bare head and the vicious glare of the tropical sun, the body of even the hardiest droops with fatigue within an hour, and the brain seems to teeter on the verge of madness from the white cruelty of light the sands send up into your eyes. Upon these savannahs the Carib Indians live.

"Only three times did we come upon their villages. And three times they saw us from afar, recognized us for what we were, savage escaped convicts from Cayenne, and fled. They could see us from a great distance across the plain, and they are a shy and fearful people. By the time we had blundered to the grass huts of their town they had taken refuge in the bush. What was worse, they had taken all their possessions with them. I mean that exactly. It is a way they have. The huts stood about an empty clearing. Within them the fresh coals of little fires showed they had been lately tenanted, but the most furious and heart-sinking search failed to reveal so much as a sour discarded lump of cassava bread or a knife or tool or garment of any kind. At last, our eyes wet with the bitterness of disappointment, we would go away and resume our never-ending journey. Three times this happened."

LeBrun abruptly stopped again. "You must forgive me, M'sieu, if I neglect the device of exact chronology. Those eight months in the forest stay in my mind like a well-remembered dream. I could relive for you each moment of each day of all that time, but then my tale would have the unreality of a dream. You know how it is when one ventures far abroad in sleep? Time seems to cease to be, yet when you awake you know you have slept but a little while. My memory is like that. Twenty lifetimes passed, but now I know it was only a little while, a dream of death between quiet days of life on either side. It will be best, I think, if I only tell of special times and fates and things that came to us.

"Where we were now the Indians had roamed for food for generations, and the few wild creatures left had learned uncanny wiliness. Even at night the forest was almost quiet except for the

eternal shrilling of the insects, and sometimes far away the hoarse bark of a jaguar. The problem of food became, if possible, increasingly difficult. It was Abbémon who proved the most skillful hunter. He could lie still longer, snatch more quickly than the rest. Thank God, he was sometimes generous. Armadillos and the ground rats were our most frequent diet.

"A change had come over us. By this time nearly four months had passed —four months, and the first Dutch towns were only thirty hours of walking from the mangrove swamp where we had beached! Strangely, we had lost the sense of haste. All but Acquarone.

"The rest of us had come unconsciously half to accept the jungle. We never talked any more of what we would do when we reached civilization. That hope was receding every day, and the agony of its fading was too deep to find more than increased pain in words. We were men doomed, we felt. But there was no use whining. Meanwhile there was the quest for food, talk, the long dreadful nights, no longer terrible because we lay together, and freedom. We had quit Cayenne and we still lived. We had had courage to escape, courage enough to carry us thus far. . . . All but the lawyer Acquarone.

"Little by little he began to slip away from us. Now we knew him for a coward, a man ridden by a silly vanity that tied his hands and strained his lips. He was clever, a schemer. But the jungle wanted neither cleverness nor schemes, only strength, patience, and no whimpering. But he would not give up. He still tried to play the lawyer and the fraud. Rather than hunt for himself, he would offer to buy what we had found, buy with promises payable in Paris. He would not admit he was ridiculous. Once or twice he dared to steal food from us. If I read his mind right, he had somehow the thought that we, the men he'd led, owed him, the leader. He never dared voice the thought, if he had it, it is true. We spoke to him seldom. We despised him. He slept a little apart from us, walked behind after the path was broken.

"But once he made a dangerous mistake. On the few occasions he had snatched food from me and from Brierre we had been too weary, too contemptuous to touch him, content that he cringed and avoided us for a little while afterwards. Then one afternoon when big Abbémon had just caught a water rat by the bank of a stream, Acquarone, brave with hunger, snatched it and ran away.

"Abbémon was up and after him in a single bound. The rest of us lay partly concealed in the weeds, waiting too for rats, and we saw the priest seize the lawyer by the throat, drag him back to the brook, and with no more effort than a giant shows when he swings an empty sack, drop to his knees, fling the screaming lawyer in and hold him under. The dark water in the shallows was lashed to a white froth. Abbémon, his long black hair falling forward over his eyes, lay flat on the brink, his knotted hairy right arm thrust straight down, the hand still around the throat of the drowning man. Gallay, Brierre, and I were on the opposite side. We rose to our feet and watched. We said nothing, scarcely felt. Gallay trembled and covered his eyes with his white, long fingered hands. One great bubble broke the surface. Down there in the dark water the little clever fraud was dying.

"Abbémon laughed. I have said he was loud. His sudden full voice was startling, terrible in its humorlessness. He got to his feet, but did not let go Acquarone's throat. He was still struggling, but more feebly when Abbémon dragged him up the bank and flung him into the long grass. We caught our breath. Somehow this was a more terrible gesture of contempt.

"Abbémon turned on his heel and walked away. He did not once look back to where the lawyer lay panting and coughing from the water in his lungs. One by one the rest of us crossed the

creek and followed the priest, our eyes avoiding Acquarone. He rejoined us at the camping place at twilight. We did not speak to him nor he to us. But I have never seen a man whose face was so seamed and lined with fear and fury mingled. His shifty eyes glanced constantly upon our faces. He had found room among his crowded fears for a new and overmastering fear.

"Cowardice, M'sieu, is a most extraordinary thing. It will sometimes lead men to venture more bravely, more madly than all the hopes of pretty ribbons that adorn the coats of Maréchals of France. . . .

"The next morning when we crawled from our separate cabinets between the mora roots we found Acquarone had gone. During the night he had made up his mind. We could see from the bent-back twigs of the broken path by which we had reached the tree that he had gone back the way we had come. We never saw him again.

"Abbémon shrugged his shoulders, Gallay shook his head, I spat upon the ground. Evidently his intention was to retrace our path until he had come to Cayenne. It was a magnificent hope, the magnificent hope of a coward who turns his backs to the guns of the enemy to flee to court-martial behind the lines. I have never known what happened to him. He never reached Cayenne. Perhaps a snake or a jaguar dined. Or he may have reached the marshes and the mangroves and there lies deep down in a wet, black grave of mud. . . . But my friend, is it not much in this life of ours once at least to achieve grandeur? A gesture? What matters more? I never have and I have envied Acquarone!"

VII

"It is like the rhyme of the blackbirds. 'Now we were four.'

"We had no notion where we were. We still directed our course as best we could toward the west, bearing a little north. But for all we knew, we might be far inland, might have already passed *behind* the settlements. Do you understand? You know that along the Guiana coast only the region nearest the sea is inhabited. We realized a terrible possibility. If it was true that our wanderings had taken us too far inland, it was entirely possible that we might go on for years, always toward the west, always through impenetrable jungles and swamps—a perpetual great wilderness—and never, till we reached the Pacific two thousand miles away, come upon a living mortal soul!

"We had crossed several rivers, but none large enough to make us think we were upon one of the main water highways at the mouths of which there are cities. Our hope that we would come out alive became—what shall I say?—academic. Yet we were not miserable. We were congenial. The talk of Gallay and Abbémon opened new worlds and new philosophies to me. I listened to them now, stored away dreams and words which have companioned me ever since. . . . Those two had become such friends as one may rarely see. The priest did not shout any more, did not bully. He had found—for the first time in his life—a use for strength, and it gave him peace. He watched over that pale boy like a mother over a firstborn child.

"Brierre still talked of his hands and the snake he had killed with them. He still walked ahead and broke the fiercest resistance of the undergrowth. Though privation had greatly diminished his strength he would not admit it. Often his eyes would start out and his face grow scarlet with the effort of strains he was no longer capable of bearing. Nothing we could say made him cease. He scorned our pleading and showed us his hands.

"The rainy season had begun. No day passed without a thunderous downpour from which the forest offered no possible shelter. Beside discomfort—and we were connoisseurs of discomfort—it brought a new danger. The tigers, as the spotted jaguars are called down

here, had grown incautious. In the time of long rains the hares and ground-hogs hide deep in their burrows most of the twenty-four hours, coming out only for an hour or two at dusk to nibble the wet-softened roots, so the carnivora have a hard time of it. Until now our man-scent had warned the jaguars off. Now the contrary was true. Hunger makes a hero even of a Guiana tiger, especially in virgin districts where they have had no experience of men. Often we heard two or three in the low branches near to where we lay, barking with curiosity and anger. Several times they were so near we stayed awake till dawn and shouted to frighten them away.

"We crouched back to back, shivering in the rain, and sent out our cries. One would have thought us four ghouls of the jungle clustered on the grave of a god we had slain. The last vestiges of our canvas clothes had long since been torn away. The incessant rain matted our long hair and beards till they dripped and glistened like dank seaweed on a black rock shore. Our cheeks were hollow, and the vines and leaves we tied about us for protection gave us more than ever the look of forest demons. Two succeeding nights we sat and shouted hoarse curses between coughs the rains had racked our throats with. As we grew agonized with want of sleep we grew angry with the ferocity of impotence. The third night the tigers still crackled the branches and howled in the dark but we could no longer postpone our need for sleep. The rain came down like water gushing through a monstrous sieve but we huddled there and snored.

"I awoke long after midnight to find the rain had stopped and a moon was out. By its light I saw what had roused me. Brierre, who slept beside me, had risen and stood bathed in a patch of moonlight with his back toward me. I opened my mouth to ask him what the devil he was about; then I saw and the words choked in my throat. On a low branch not ten feet away crouched a golden, spotted jaguar, its eyes gleaming with an inward fire. Brierre was facing it, a stick in his hand. He was quite still and he looked at the tiger. Both were poised. I roused the others with a jab of my elbow.

"We did not know what to do. For what must have been two long minutes we crouched upon the ground and stared with eyes of terror. Brierre stood still, and the tiger crouched. No one of us uttered a sound. Then Brierre took one step forward and raised the mighty arm that held the stick. It was the signal. Like a bolt of yellow thunder the beast sprang through the moonlight. With a cry we three upon the ground leaped up. Brierre struck down with the stick. With a groan we heard it snap rottenly and scatter on the ground. It had stopped the creature's leap but it came again in a flash of snarling fury. Brierre met it with his hands, the hands that had killed the snake. Together they rolled on the ground.

"It seemed like an age. But it must have been soon that we saw the writhing, bloody body of Brierre begin slowly to grow still. His hands relaxed their grip. The tiger with a snarl buried its teeth in the man's throat and at last, and not till now, did we three dazed fools come to our senses. We sprang forward with a shout of fury. The beast started, and its heavy head turned toward us. We could see dark slobber dripping from its mouth. Then, with a crash of snapping twigs, it bounded into the darkness and was gone.

"There was nothing to do. For the hours that intervened till dawn we sat like dogs upon our haunches there in the clearing beside the body of our friend. And in the morning when we had dug with sore fingers a hole in the black wet ground to receive him we took him and tenderly laid him in and upon our knees shoved back with trembling hands the earth to cover him. The tiger's

victory had been complete. It had scratched and torn Brierre until we could not have recognized him—but for one thing. Above his wounded chest we crossed his hands. They were white and clean and strong and the bones shone through. They were still clenched, held in death as he had shaped them when he strangled the great snake and, so late, discovered pride."

VIII

"Now we were three.

"Weeks passed and a change, a change difficult to describe, came into the mood of our life. When we had fought for place upon the sinking raft, when we had struggled through the mangroves, each had thought only of himself. We had shared common tasks, yes, but with no thought of comradeship. Now Abbémon would find food while Gallay and I rested. Or I would stay on guard all night while those two slept. It became a habit for each of us to work only for the other two, to trust to them to care for him.

"Sometimes we came upon a tree that could be climbed. This became my duty. I would scramble like a monkey up through the vines and branches till my friends below were lost to sight. At last, if I was lucky, I would reach a topmost limb from which I could look out across the great high level of the jungle roof. It was another world up there, an endless, soaring meadow of soft green. Here and there a taller tree would break the expanse, or a shadowy line would indicate where a river lay. But that was all. No clearings, no smoke of friendly fires, no blessed glimpse of the sea. At least I was able to report that it was plain we had come too far inland and would have to direct our course more to the north again.

"Eventually we found a narrow creek and followed it. We knew a little of the configuration of the Guiana district, knew that the country rises slowly from the level coastal plain into great mountains several hundred miles inland; so it was evident the stream must somewhere flow to the sea, or to a river that led to the sea.

"The going was the easiest we had yet experienced. The creek was in many places so shallow that we walked down the middle of it.

"Occasionally crocodiles sunning themselves on flats of odorous mud would scurry away as we splashed into sight. Perhaps we had followed that backwater for a week, or maybe two. I cannot recollect exactly. It cannot matter. Then the God who had watched over us so close"—once more LeBrun's agile hands cut the shadows with that gesture of furious irony—"played one last dirty trick.

"We came to a wide, deep pool around which we were forced to make our way through the coarse weeds and bushes on the bank. The ground was treacherous and sloped sharply down to the water. We were ahead a little when we heard Gallay slip. With a graceless contortion he fell into the pool. I remember he laughed at his own discomfiture as he fell. But the laugh froze to a scream. We turned to see that Gallay was caught round the middle by the coil of a huge snake. We knew what it was, an anaconda, the most monstrous reptile in the world. This one was five times as long as a man is tall. It had been lying half in the water, half in the long grass and Gallay's stumble had startled it, no doubt. It had responded by throwing a quick loop around his body.

"Thank God we did not hesitate. Once before our stupid indecision had cost Brierre his life. Abbémon and I were down on our bellies in the mud at once struggling with that snake. We hauled at its slippery muscles like sailors pull at rope. We kicked and wrenched and as it moved were now in the water, now in the mud; we shouted and cursed like drunken drill sergeants. And we won.

"To judge by great bulges in its body,

it had dined recently and well, no doubt wanted nothing more than to be left in peace to sleep. With a mighty twisting lunge it was gone to the dark depths of the pool, and Gallay, still screaming, was safe in our arms.

"But he would not be comforted. We could not tell him he was safe. He fought us like a frightened animal. We carried him to the shelter of a great tree not far away and all night we clung to him and kept up an incessant murmur of helpless reassurances that he was with us, his friends who loved him. Toward morning he grew quieter from sheer exhaustion and at last fell into a troubled sleep.

"Fearful lest the delirium should come back if when he awoke he found himself so close to the place of the encounter we carried him through the forest all that afternoon until we found a quiet clearing remote from the stream. It was quite away from the course we had resolved on, but that did not occur to us, or if it had, we would not have cared. It was upon the top of a little rise where the trees were open around like the corner of a park that has been forgotten.

"Here we nursed our friend, I know not for how many days. For some time we had noticed that at night Gallay shivered and we had dreaded fever. Now we knew we were right. The shock of fright had simply served to scatter his resistance so the fever could have full sway. His skin grew so hot and dry it seemed to burn our fingers. Often he shook so with chill that Abbémon and I would lie naked on him to warm him with our bodies. He was no longer delirious, but was so weak he could scarcely make his lips move to form words. However, it was evident the fever had driven from his mind all remembrance of the snake that had so nearly driven him mad.

"Abbémon and I took turn about sitting near him and while one watched the other worked to make the resting place more habitable. We made a proper camp. It was the first we had had since our escape into the forest. Till now we had been driven by senseless haste toward our elusive destination, had begrudged the time it would have taken.

"We wove vines and laced them over forked sticks driven into the ground with stones and in that way constructed a bed upon which Gallay could lie in comparative comfort. We thatched a canopy above him with the enormous leaves of the bush cabbage so the rain did not drive through, cleared the ground of thorns and leaves and pounded it level with our hands, climbed trees to break off orchids and hung the rotted branches on which they grew so our friend could see them from his bed. We knew he would like that. And at last we made a fire. It was a business of days to find dry wood, powdered pith, and make a bow with which we could whirl one stick against another until a spark flew out. But we did it. After that we tended the fire continually and cooked the meat we caught. Twice Abbémon returned to the stream and brought back vine-nets filled with fish. Soon the clearing on the hilltop had become a home to us. We had stones and sticks in fortunate shapes that comprised our store of tools, we made snares for birds, and were happy. For Gallay was slowly mending.

"We pulled him through. The fever grudgingly cooled away and though it left him gaunt and prostrate he lived. Gradually he learned to walk again, to talk with us, even to help a little now and then about our crude camp. His old gallantry and his gift of laughter had not gone.

"That white, tremulous boy with his mane of golden hair and the pale blue eyes that shone with so deep a luster when he looked at us—that is a picture cut deep in my mind. . . . During his illness Abbémon had made us all queer coarse shirts of woven palm bark. Gallay wore one of these and at night he would sit cross-legged close to our red fire, there in the great dark forest, would

throw his head back, and recite two triolets he had conceived during the time of his sickness. He spoke them over and over again, made us say them after him, for he said we must remember them till we could write them down. Even I knew they were not good. They compared not at all to those he had written at St. Laurent. But we praised them more than if Villon had written them. I could say them over now. It is curious that they are the only verses of Gallay's that I remember.

"*We* must later write them down, he said. Not he. It was that old conviction of his that he would not reach home. His cowardice, he said, lay in a fear of life, a fear greater than most men's fear of death. Abbémon and I laughed at his doubts, assured him that since he had come this far safely he would of course go on with us the little way that must remain. But we did not believe the things we said. . . .

"We did not go back and attempt again to follow the bed of the stream, though we were certain that was the safest guidance we had for reaching the coast. When we went on again Abbémon and I led back *toward* the creek but not to it and tried as best we could to follow the direction in which it flowed. Each night when Gallay was asleep either the priest or I would slip quietly away through the darkness to find the waterway and verify our course. Our progress was heartbreakingly slow. Gallay could scarcely walk unless one or the other of us was near to extend a supporting hand when he had need of it. We rested twenty times a day. We did not mind at all, but Gallay blamed himself, regretted that he had become a brake to our progress.

"At the end of a week we came to a steep rise that took us to the summit of a hill that rose abruptly from the surrounding level ground. I had been to the stream the night before and believed we would shorten our path by cutting directly across its summit. Besides, an eminence was to be welcomed for the opportunity it gave of permitting a survey of the surrounding country across the treetops. We reached the top at dusk and slept that night in clean cool air.

"In the morning the sun rose with vivid radiance and through gaps in the branches we saw the blue and cloudless sky. A short search revealed a spiny sand-box tree on the very highest bit of land, and the vines around it gave handhold of a sort. I wrapped my feet with grasses and began to swarm up. In a few moments I clung precariously to a bending limb that jutted far above the level of the trees. I could see for many, many miles in all directions. My eyes strained till they hurt to discover some break in the monotony that would give me an inkling of where the towns lay. I was rewarded. Far, far to the north I could discern a stretch of clearing. From this great distance I could not be sure. It might be a savannah. I did not think so. The borders of the open place had a regularity which must be man-made. My heart pounded. To see better I climbed still farther out the branch till my weight caused it to crack ominously where it joined the tree. I did not heed. I now saw a tiny fleck of white glaring in the sun and knew it must be a house. I cast up in my mind the faint recollections I had of descriptions of Suriname and craned for verification of a special memory. I found it.

"Beyond the clearing I faintly discerned a slowly winding cleft between the trees, such as a river makes. However, the cut was narrow and I knew that only the widest rivers are open to the sun. The giant trees roof over narrow watercourses. That dark line I saw could only be one thing, the railroad!

"In another moment I was on the ground and Abbémon and I were dancing a tarantella of shouting abandon at my news. It was a great moment, I assure you. More than seven months had passed since the night we filed quietly

down the corridor at St. Laurent and out into the concealing dark. Now, at last and for the first time, we knew definitely where we were. Though the railway lay many days' journey farther on, we could surely reach it. There, there would be white men, shelter, food, clothes, and the beginning of life again. We could easily verify our direction by again observing from trees.

"We were impatient to be off. We laughed and joked like schoolboys. Tears started with the hysteria of our joy. All the sufferings of the past and the agony of our cruelly tortured bodies were forgotten. Privation had thrust us to the grave's brink. We stood there then. But we knew we could leap over. We began to plunge and stumble forward. Gallay interrupted us.

"He stood leaning against the white trunk of the sandbox tree in that graceful, actorlike pose of his I had seen so often. One hand was on his hip, the other gestured a little. One foot was flat upon the ground, the knee of the other leg a little bent.

"'My friends,' he said, 'listen to me. Listen very carefully and please do not interrupt. I did not sleep well last night. I was cold. Colder than the night. This morning, therefore, I am tired, and should like,' he paused an instant, 'and I should like very much indeed to rest a long, long while. The fever . . . I think . . . has come back again. And it wearies me. You must not wait for me. I have held you back too long already. Besides, the rest . . . the rest I want will take more time than any have. You, my dear friends, least of all. Don't argue with me. Talk wearies me, wearies me and makes me still more tired. I want . . . please . . . to say good-by. You, Pierre, still have my sonnets and my triolets all safe?' I nodded dumbly. 'Yes? Then everything is quite, quite well. Good-by, my friends!'

"He extended both his hands, white, long-fingered hands, and with a million words of contradiction crowding to our lips we leaped forward to take those hands in ours. He stood not ten feet from where we still stupidly paused as when he had called us. Before we reached him the bent knee had crumpled down, the flung-back golden head tipped forward and he fell limply in our arms.

"For a ghastly instant we thought he was dead. But he was not. His fine heart, though it was slow, still beat beneath his gaunt breast. When we touched him we knew, though, he was right. The fever had come back. His flesh burned with dry, consuming flame.

"We did not start that day toward the railroad nor yet the day after. We knelt on the summit of that hill beside our friend and bathed his body vainly with cool water from black puddles on the ground.

"Toward twilight of the second day, when the eternal shadows of the jungles thickened and the quiet of that long day slowly grew into the chaos of the sounds of night, our friend's moist lips grew dry. When the night came up at last, he was dead. Just for an instant before he died consciousness had come back. With a lovely smile he opened his blue eyes to look into ours. We had time, Abbémon and I, each of us, to lean down and kiss him on the mouth. Then he was gone.

"In the utter blackness of the jungle night we groped in silence on the ground and with our fingers dug a hole and laid him in. We did not want the ants and beasts to reach him first.

"There was no sleep that night. Abbémon, the giant and the blasphemer, perhaps because he was weak from long fatigue, wept like a woman. His sobs came in stifled coughs from his great lungs.

"When the next day came all enthusiasm had gone out of us. It was with heavy feet we turned into the forest tangle to make our way to the little white house that but a few hours before had held such glorious promise.

"For the first time since the escape I took the lead. Abbémon walked behind

me like an old man in a dream. He had changed utterly. For the first time I realized he was no longer young. His dark, straight hair that hung to his shoulders was almost gray. The tangled beard that covered his throat was grizzled. His mouth that had always laughed and been so ready to bellow his precious Latin songs and the dirty ditties his ladies taught him in his chapel at Toulouse, had loosened and was tired. He towered above me and his hairy chest was barrel-like, but I felt I could have struck him and he would have fallen and not risen again.

"All that day he lagged behind me. He was so spiritless that once he did not lift his hand to catch a whiplike bramble I had pressed aside to make the way. It struck him angrily across the cheeks and he did not know, I think, that it had struck him.

"You must not think that I was callous. I made our path, ploddingly, because it was my business to make the path. It was my business to live, even though my friend had died. Late that afternoon I made some remark to Abbémon. When he did not answer I turned around. He stood with his back toward me in the shadow of a tree. He did not seem to hear me when I called. I went to him and touched him on the arm to rouse him. Then he looked down at me.

"'Pierre,' he said, 'I am sorry. You must go on alone. I am going back there—to the hilltop, to my friend.' With that, with some of the old activity, he whirled about and strode away.

"For a moment I stood speechless and then began to call. But he did not stop. I had lost sight of him at once in the matted tangle and the gathering gloom. But I could hear the crackle of the branches as he walked. I ran after him. But the way back was no less hard than the way we had come, and my strength had gone out of me in this moment of last despair. I tripped and stumbled and fell and called aloud. But he did not answer and in another moment the last sounds he made had faded away and it was dark.

"All that night I roamed about, heedless of the beasts I knew were all around. All night I called my friend. But there was nothing but the night, the silent trees, and emptiness. Toward morning, I think, I called Gallay. I had forgotten he had gone, I was so tired. At last I lay down and slept. When I awoke the sun was straight above the green branches overhead and I knew I should never find my friend."

LeBrun's pipe was out. He held it limply in his hand and stared moodily to where the river flickered palely with the coming of the day. The night had passed.

At last he roused himself again and lifted up his head.

"There is no more to tell, M'sieu. You see me here. . . . After that I climbed a tree, saw the white house much nearer and the dark line the railroad made where it wound downward toward the town. I reached the house and a kind black woman took me in. She forgave me my nakedness, my snarled and dirty hair, and took pity on the caverns in my cheeks. She took me in and fed me. She nursed me through three long weeks of fever and delirium when I talked aloud in the night and declaimed the triolets Gallay had told me I must not forget. She clothed me and helped me to find work . . ." LeBrun's voice trailed off and he was quiet.

"It is nearly dawn, my friend. You have been most patient to hear me through. Perhaps now you would be glad to go up to the big house and rest awhile until the others are ready for breakfast."

The old man rose and extended his hand. Then he turned and stood staring to the high, black wall of the jungle beyond, where the pearl of the dawn streaked it. He stood there very quietly for a long time, gazing straight ahead.

And so I left him. . . .

THE END

"STAY LITTLE SONGS . . ."

SEVEN POEMS

By

ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

TAKE CARE!

WHEN we lived together
Our days were sharp and bright,
But now I've handled them so much
That they are smooth and white:

Whenever I go out to walk
I carry them about—
The days we had, they were so few!
I must not wear them out.

JOY, HE WAS A LIGHTSOME LAD

O JOY, he was a lightsome lad!
On windy moor and hollow
I followed him till one gold day
He turned and said,
"Good-morrow!"

"I cannot live alone," I cried;
"Whose footsteps shall I follow?"
"If you can't live alone," he said,
"Why you can live with
Sorrow!"

IF—

IF God should come and tell me
I could have you for an hour,
If I'd give up the forty years
That's left to me for dower,

I'd put my airy gown on,
Re-light the dying fire,
And burn up all my nights and days
And have my heart's desire.

WHEN

WHEN the bright red rose has climbed
To the second story
Where, O where will you be then—
In what stage of glory?

When the bittersweet high up
To our chamber's striven
Won't God let you stay away
One whole night from Heaven?

PERHAPS

I NEVER see the postman
By his load of romance driven
But that I think, "Perhaps to-day—
Perhaps I'll hear from Heaven."

I never turn a corner
To some hushed and lovely place
But that I think, "Beneath that tree
Perhaps I'll see your face."

The orange tulips on your grave
Are beautiful to see—
Because a thing has never been
Can it, then, never be!

RENDEZ-VOUS

SICKNESS overtakes me
Like something sweet and bright,
I breathless lie in bed all day
And stay awake all night.

Then when sweet danger's over
The dark world looks more fair—
As though I'd seen you on the street
Or passed you on the stair.

BLOWN HAIR

STAY little songs, long after we are gone,
When dried are all our tears in a new dawn:
For I'll trail westward where the wild winds flare,
My feet will follow where my heart has gone;
But Thoughts, fly backward from me like blown hair,
Sing others' sorrows, others will go on—
Though love be bliss, and parting be despair—
We'll not be there.

POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

A MORE or less distinguished British author, having toured America under the auspices of a lecture bureau, was holding a final reception in the smoking room of the liner that was to take him back to his native shores. Shortly before the vessel sailed one of the New York newspaper men who cover the departure of ocean liners dropped in for an interview. What had impressed him most about the United States? What of prohibition? What of the American girl?

The Englishman made the answers that departing authors always make under such circumstances. But then, slightly hesitant as though afraid that it might be a breach of good form, he asked whether he might ask a question.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, "why it is that you Americans seem always to be abusing your politicians and still keep on electing them to office?"

He had, I think, noticed an interesting paradox. To an increasing extent one hears—on trains, in club lobbies, and at other places where Americans gather—the public men of the country subjected to bitter criticism. It is widely asserted that most of them are either fools or knaves and that many are both. Congress is portrayed as a place where a collection of imbeciles assemble all too frequently to harass and bother President Coolidge and Mr. Andrew Mellon. Even more heated denunciations are directed against state legislative bodies. These are held to be utterly ludicrous and their members little better than morons.

A chance visitor to this country might logically assume, upon hearing such discourse, that the people had concluded democracy a failure, and that inertia, alone, prevented a revolution and the creation of a monarchy. But certainly he would be puzzled—and this is the most interesting phase of the paradox—were he to examine the country's newspapers for evidence of a dissatisfaction that had seemed general enough to merit reflection in the press. He would find, I venture, little or nothing. Republicans might be liars, but only according to the Democratic newspapers. The Democrats might be thieves, but only in the journals supporting the Republican Party. For this there are three possible explanations: first, that the disparaging remarks concerning politicians are limited to a small, if vocal, section of the public; second, that the contempt is shared by all the people, but no one cares enough to take action; third, that the public has small chance to learn the facts because the newspapers do not tell the truth about politics and politicians.

In all three, no doubt, is to be found the complete answer. But the third, the failure of the press to be realistic concerning public men, is by far the most important. Newspaper editors frequently recall with delight and pride that Edmund Burke praised the "Fourth Estate" as greater than the other three estates: the lords temporal, lords spiritual, or the commons. This means, they hold, that the press is more powerful than political parties, mightier than legislatures, even more powerful than the government itself. They like to assure themselves that the press guards the

interests of the people, sits in judgment, admonishes, corrects, and advises. Actually, most of the men who write the political news have become mouthpieces (without being paid by them, of course) for politicians whom they view with amusement or contempt.

Anyone who has had even the most casual contact with the inside operations of political parties is aware that in no other group are to be found so many timid men, so many greedy for money or for personal advancement, so many whose philosophy of life is to work for themselves without giving a thought to the welfare of the country. Anyone who has enjoyed the dubious privilege of witnessing the private lives of public men knows that, by and large, they are nearly illiterate and universally lazy. Is this an exaggeration? Ask any bookseller in Washington whether congressmen buy books. Examine the type of magazines they read. Glance at the *Congressional Record* for their manner of speaking in public. Drop into the Senate or House office buildings and see how many of these notables are at their desks before eleven o'clock. Check up on the rarity with which either of the legislative bodies convenes at its scheduled hour. And yet these men are treated solemnly and at length in despatches to 'newspapers throughout the country. They are permitted to air their views, often anonymously so that they can back out if protests are made by their constituents. Arriving in their home communities, unless these are cities of the size of New York, Chicago, or Boston, they are puffed in the local newspapers, and their speeches to the Chamber of Commerce and to Rotary are greeted with columns of respectful reporting.

All this might be expected in rural districts where a state senator is viewed as a statesman. But even in the metropolitan dailies the average political story is less reliable, because it is less factual, than almost anything else in the newspaper. Among all those at fault for this, however, the men who actually write the political news are probably the least to blame. Even their superiors, the managing editors, can escape full responsibility. More than anything else, it is the system whereby political news is gathered and published which is at fault. Because of this system the American people have little knowledge of the truth. They are suspicious that all is not well and a few utter loud protests from time to time. They are, though, without leadership and can express their disgust merely by staying away from the polls on Election Day.

II

American newspapers congratulate themselves, and with reason, on their accuracy. It has long been fashionable, of course, to speak with scorn concerning "just newspaper stories" and to intimate that everything is exaggerated. The tabloids and a few of the more sensational standard newspapers deserve this reproach, it is true. But the majority of the country's newspapers go to infinite trouble and great expense to verify all details of the stories they print. They often, incredible as it may seem to the layman, err on the side of conservatism when some big disaster has taken place and refuse, in their early editions, to accept their own reporters' estimates of the dead and injured. An afternoon newspaper, with editions going to press each hour, must occasionally print rumors of what has happened; but these are swiftly replaced by substantiated accounts.

No reputable newspaper, for example, would permit publication of an unverified account of some prominent citizen's death. It would decline to describe an accident by hearsay. Its writers are under strict instructions to keep their own opinions out of their stories in so far as this is humanly possible. But even the most dignified, the most respectable, and the most conservative of our newspapers print political news based on nothing more reliable than gossip.

Political writers are permitted to state "on high authority"—a phrase covering anyone from the janitor of a district club to the President of the United States—that events of the utmost importance will, or will not, take place. After Mr. Coolidge announced that he did not "choose to run" in 1928 the newspapers continued for weeks to print, "from sources close to the White House," despatches assuring the nation that he did not mean it. Governor Alfred E. Smith's views on prohibition have been set forth, on similarly nebulous authority, with interpretations both contradictory and ridiculous. One journal exceedingly friendly to Governor Smith reached a high point of absurdity during the fall when it ran on its front page a disclosure that "friends of the Governor are disturbed over his growing disinclination to accept the Democratic presidential nomination if it is offered."

What the newspapers do with political writing is, in brief, to dignify rumors and dress them up as though they were facts. This is, obviously, bad journalism, but its evils are even more serious. It permits the politician to send out a "trial balloon," to learn by means of an inspired but anonymous statement the public drift toward a possible policy. If after a day or two he finds that it is meeting with opposition he is able to issue a formal statement denying that he had ever contemplated anything of the sort. Whereupon, the chances are ten to one, the newspaper will publish this denial. I was once covering a local political fight in New York City and was told by a prominent politician that he intended to go over to the insurgent element in the row. He said that I could write a story to that effect as long as I agreed not to reveal my source. This I did, stating that "friends of Commissioner Blank" had been advised of his intentions. The next day the commissioner was summoned to headquarters, soundly lectured, and ordered to stay on the reservation; whereupon he gave an interview branding as "wholly without foundation" the rumors concerning his treason. My newspaper published this interview instead of pointing out the exact facts in the case. It preferred to protect the politician rather than give its readers the truth.

Any political writer can give a score of examples of this practice, limited in no way to ward contests. A presidential candidate granted an interview some years ago to the correspondent of a hostile newspaper. It was distinctly understood that anything he might say was for quotation, and the interview proceeded on that basis. After the correspondent had returned to his office he found a message asking him to telephone the candidate.

"Are you going to print my remarks about the tariff?" the nominee asked.

"Why, certainly," answered the correspondent. "We agreed that I could quote you."

"Well, I've been thinking about it since you left, and it was an unwise thing for me to say. I don't wish to have it used. If you do I'll give out a statement denying that I said it."

And the correspondent, aware of the probability that his paper would publish the denial, did as he was told.

What chance, I submit, has the public of learning the truth about politicians when the vaunted "Fourth Estate" permits itself to be ordered about like a valet?

III

It is a fundamental thesis of journalism that the news columns are free from prejudice and that policies are expressed on the editorial page alone. But I venture to say that not a single newspaper in the United States consistently follows this ideal. No one will deny, of course, that it is the right, sometimes the duty, of a newspaper to declare itself in favor of a particular candidate. It may conscientiously believe that the city, the state, or the nation can be saved only by the success of the Republican (or Democratic) ticket and may, therefore, ex-

coriate the opposition in its editorials. Unfortunately, though, few journals stop at this point. On the contrary, they give undue prominence to the speeches of their favorites and ignore, or distort, those of the candidates running against them. As Election Day approaches they publish optimistic, and usually imaginary, accounts of "a swing to Our Candidate." They send staff writers on long journeys to talk with politicians who are illumined by similar hopes and who utter glowing predictions. The press gets just as silly, in other words, as do campaign managers. These gentlemen, no matter how black the outlook, invariably state on the eve of an election that their candidate will romp into office.

I recall a mayoralty campaign in New York in which a well-meaning but ineffective gentleman was running against John F. Hylan. He did not have the ghost of a chance and was well aware of it. His managers were at heart resigned to his defeat and merely went through the motions of staging a campaign. But the anti-Tammany Hall newspaper on which I was working printed each morning a statement that he was "making excellent headway," was "seriously disturbing the Hylan advisers," and "had a fine chance of becoming the next Mayor of New York." He was defeated, as everyone knew that he would be, by one of the largest majorities in the history of New York municipal elections. But the identical thing happened the next time Hylan ran; and I am fairly sure that this particular journal has not yet learned the impossibility of rising in the air by tugging at its bootstraps.

Obviously, the newspaper reader gets very little reliable information during a campaign. Do his chances improve after the shouting has died away and the successful candidate has been elected? Not very much, I think. Political affiliations are not terminated by the close of a campaign. If a newspaper's pet candidate has been elected he thereby becomes a man to be supported. His acts are given first-page treatment in the news and are editorially praised. His misdeeds are rarely emphasized, for this would mean a confession that the journal had erred in calling upon its readers to support him. I have known of cases in which newspaper editors have stepped, like actors from their parts, out of their pages to take part in political conferences. They have succumbed to an urge to be "Mayor-makers," "Governor-makers," even "President-makers," and they are unwilling to trust merely to the force of their pens. Naturally, having selected their man and having been instrumental in his rise to greatness, the editors adopt a motto of "Our Candidate—In his official life may he always be in the right; but Our Candidate, right or wrong!"

Many a small-town newspaper editor, incidentally, is influenced by the promise of so-called "political advertising." Some of this may consist of campaign announcements, but in the majority of cases this type of advertising is made up of legal notices such as announcements of sheriffs' sales, specifications for bids on public contracts, and summaries of the election law. In some counties in various states the party in power may vote to spend large sums, obtained from the taxpayers, in this way. A struggling country editor is likely to "listen to reason" if promised such subsidies.

IV

But all this has failed to explain, in full, the fundamental complaint so often voiced in Pullman cars and club lobbies that American politicians are a scurvy lot no matter what their political affiliations. And it does not entirely explain, either, why no hint of this creeps into the newspaper supposed to mirror life. Some light can be shed, perhaps, by the recital of another incident which occurred in New York newspaper circles.

An important state commission was holding a special conference in a suite at

one of the hotels. The matter under consideration was of the utmost importance to the citizens of New York and involved the expenditure of millions of dollars. A group of political writers waited in the lobby for the conference to end in the hope that one of the members would tell them what had gone on. Long after midnight a friendly clerk telephoned from an upper floor that the session had adjourned and that two of the officials were descending in an elevator. In a moment they made their appearance, so intoxicated that they were barely able to stand erect. One of them, made infantile by alcohol, proceeded to slide down the marble banister of the hotel's main staircase. The other stood by applauding. It was apparent that neither was in condition to report on their conference; if, indeed, there was anything to report except the number of bottles of gin consumed. And yet the reporters pressed them with questions, obtained from one a confused remark that "progress had been made," and solemnly wrote articles in which they said that the commission was "on the road to a satisfactory solution of the problem." I was one of the reporters who did so.

On the surface this would seem inexcusable on our part. Here were two state officials who had met to reach a decision in which the public was deeply interested and had spent the night in a drinking bout. Why were they treated respectfully in the newspaper columns next morning and their drunken mutterings translated into a semblance of news? Was it because the reporters feared libel suits? Not entirely; the antics in the lobby had been seen by many persons who could have been called as witnesses. None of us, as far as I know, even considered writing an accurate account. The basic reason for our action was that we all faced the necessity of going to see these men in the future. Had we attempted to give our papers the truth (a course in which we should probably have failed) it would have been impossible for us to have obtained news from this source in the future. More than that, we should have become objects of suspicion and resentment among other politicians, and our usefulness as political writers would have been dissipated.

The illustration is important because it is so typical of the relations between the politicians and the political writers. It is not only the partisan prejudice of his newspaper which keeps the reporter from giving the truth to the public; it is also the power, fancied or real, of the politician to force a friendly attitude. Privately the writer may despise the dishonesty, timidity, and greed of men in public life, but he has persuaded himself that unless he is in their good graces he is likely to return to police-court reporting, a far less genteel branch of journalism. He consequently hesitates about offending them unless, of course, he works for an opposition newspaper. Then he can be critical as long as he limits himself to politics, for this is considered part of the game.

The system has made of the American politician a privileged character, a man whose private life becomes sacrosanct and inviolate unless he is so clumsy as to be drawn into a lawsuit or arrested. Even then, in part because of influence with court attendants, but chiefly because the reporters are friendly, he often escapes notoriety. I know one high official in a mid-western community who was involved in a particularly nasty scandal while a member of the state legislature. All the reporters knew about it, yet not one of them published even a paragraph about it. To-day only a few intimates have the slightest notion of the man's past.

It is "common knowledge"—that is to say one constantly hears comment to the effect—that members of Congress are addicted to violation of the Volstead Act. Every Washington correspondent knows this to be true and sometimes he writes a humorous but vague story about the "dry legislators who are personally

wet." He never mentions the names, however, of the men who vote to uphold prohibition and then hurry to their offices to inspect the latest bootleg shipment. Liquor was even served in the Senate restaurant—brought from the lockers of the honorable members of the Upper House—until a careless waiter dropped a bottle of whiskey on the floor while a score of visitors were present. The American politician could become intoxicated nightly, beat his wife, use snuff, write free verse, or indulge in any other vice, I maintain, with slight danger of exposure. Private citizens and their private lives are legitimate sources of news. But the politician hands out news, or its semblance and, therefore, the reporters dislike antagonizing him.

It matters very little whether one looks for examples at Washington, at some state capital, or at a city hall; to a large extent it is true at all of them. On the morning when Col. Charles A. Lindbergh arrived in Mexico City last December the New York newspapers dwelt at length on the significance of his flight as a bond between Mexico and the United States. One or two of them also printed, in an obscure corner of an inside page, a despatch from Washington setting forth that while Lindbergh was on his way a daughter of President Calles, chancing to be in Washington, had called at the White House to pay her respects to President Coolidge. She was not permitted to see him, because custom decreed that a foreign citizen must first obtain endorsement from his country's embassy. Some underling at the White House so informed the Mexican President's daughter, and she left after being further told that Mr. Coolidge was "busy having his portrait painted." It would be interesting to know whether she wrote home about this official snub and what she said.

Here was an example of bureaucracy operating at its worst, yet none of the correspondents covering the White House took the trouble to learn what official had been responsible or to treat it as anything but a routine matter. Why? Because the men assigned to the White House prefer amicable relations with the attachés and other attendants. So it is with the other government departments. Washington correspondents share with the rest of mankind, of course, a fondness for leisure. The veterans have learned, and soon initiate new correspondents in the custom, that life is sweeter and easier if one accepts such news as officialdom desires to give out and worries as little as possible about anything else. Some of the correspondents become virtually special pleaders for the departments that they cover. The men detailed to the Senate or the House of Representatives view themselves, after a year or so, almost as members of those august bodies. There are, naturally, exceptions, and some of the Washington correspondents are men with keen, independent, active minds. But the critical faculties of many of them have been dulled by expediency. It is not only the men who attend the President's Press Conferences who do what they are told. Probably seventy-five per cent of the news that comes from Washington is news that some politician desires to see in print. Whether it is true or false, propaganda or not, is seldom even a matter for idle reflection.

The situation at Washington is paralleled at nearly every state capital in the land. Again, the political correspondents are valuable to the extent that they can obtain news; and the system seems to be devised to handicap honest, capable reporting. For years the legislative sessions at Albany, N. Y., concluded in what were actually drunken debauches. Pianos were trundled into the Assembly chamber and liquor was served on the floor. So notorious did these finally become that the correspondents could no longer entirely ignore them, but their descriptions were greatly softened and spoke only of "good-natured merry-making as the legislative year ended."

V

The newspapers continue, however, to flatter themselves that it is their duty to instruct their readers on the political questions of the day. Knowing, as their editors must know, that much of their news is either false or inaccurate, they presume to urge the election of a particular candidate and the defeat of another. But there are signs that the people are beginning to take editorial omniscience less seriously. Tammany Hall can win any election in New York City in the face of united newspaper opposition. The Kansas City *Star*, a journal of undoubted worth and great prosperity, has seldom been victorious in recent years in its numerous campaigns.

"The public," I heard one political reporter remark a year or so ago, "is getting sick of being told what to do by the papers. The people buy newspapers, of course, but they get them for the comic strips and the headlines. When Election Day comes around they tell the editorial writers where to get off. They vote for the other guy."

I do not know whether this is true. It is, though, self-evident that thousands of Americans are becoming cynical about their public servants and that some are learning to look with suspicion upon newspaper political stories. Partly, I repeat, the newspapers are to blame because of their political affiliations. Partly it is the system, an outgrowth of years, which causes the political reporter to bow down before the politician, to act as his press agent, to print what he is told to print, to permit his inertia to dull his intellectual curiosity. The solution lies, as to the first, in the complete divorce of the news from the editorial page. It ought to be possible for a newspaper to treat all candidates fairly, to judge their campaign orations on the basis of their news value and their conduct in office, after election, on its merits. The cure for the second is not as simple to specify. Perhaps there will arise some day a managing editor who will study the gathering of political news objectively and realistically. He may find it necessary to shift his political reporters from post to post, to have his White House correspondent cover the legislature one year and the City Hall the year after.

Certainly it is true that in bowing to the American politician the press does not do justice to its own power. Otherwise it would realize that the politician is impotent without newspaper publicity. The political writers give in to a common trait of the politician, timidity, when they believe themselves in any way dependent upon the friendship of men in public office. True, a single independent writer might find it difficult to break down the system. It is quite possible that, working alone, he might find it impossible to obtain the material which his paper wanted and that he would be recalled. But with two or three fellow-spirits he could, I am sure, bring the politician to terms in short order. He could decline to become the confidant of the politician and could serve notice that he intended to write political news just as any other news is written, with fact and not rumor as its basis, with responsibility unclouded by anonymity. The public would swiftly benefit by such a change. It could vote with at least an approximation of the facts regarding a given candidate or issue. It could do more than remain away from the polls and damn all politicians with talk. In time perhaps another American paradox might cease to exist.

THE AMERICAN CHILD IN FOREIGN SCHOOLS

A PARENTAL EXPERIMENT—AND HOW IT RESULTED

HESPER LE GALLIENNE

IN A recent article entitled "The Possibility of War Between Britain and America," Mr. H. G. Wells speaks of "the wholesome brotherly jealousy" of the two nations and how the cause of preparedness may be inflamed to the fighting pitch. He goes on to say "a great change is needed in the teaching of history and the training of the young citizen . . . before we can begin to hope for the secure establishment of these world controls upon which alone an unending world peace can be sustained."

Being the daughter of an Englishman and the wife of an American, as much at home in New York as in London, and having been somewhat amazed at the amount of misunderstanding I found extant on my return to Europe, I decided to take up the Wellsian idea and by writing of a few first-hand experiences, try to show in a small way how much need there is for a change in educational methods.

Among our friends my husband and I number men and women of many nationalities. Often, after spending enjoyable evenings in their heterogeneous company, we have mused on the possibility of a world where national barriers would be swept aside and the globe, figuratively speaking, be the address of every person. With this idea in mind, we laid our plans to have our children educated as internationally as possible and fit them to be citizens of the world.

Some years ago I was puffing my way up a trail on the side of a mountain in New Hampshire. A lady puffed beside me. We were deep in a discussion on education and up to a point agreed. The rift came when I informed her that if our plans could be so arranged we should take the children to Europe for part of their educational years. She stopped short and stared at me. "Educate American children in Europe! Preposterous! America for Americans! Let them *visit* Europe; but whatever chance will they have of getting good jobs in America later on if they receive the greater part of their schooling abroad?"

Her reply had been expected, and I stood my ground. I told her that we had given no little thought to the matter and that, in our opinion, there was too much patriotism about and not enough internationalism. *Visits* did little good compared with residing.

Already the children were beginning to be too smug about their country, claiming the Creator as its owner and leaving the other countries to shiver outside the all-embracing Deific eye! During our school and college years my husband and I had both traveled and studied outside our own countries, and we wanted our children to have the same advantage. In my own case, as I pointed out, an English and French education had not prevented me from securing work in America when I looked for it. And even should a European education spoil children for America, there are other countries in which jobs can be

found. Provided one is in possession of a useful trade, it is oftentimes a greater open sesame than a foreign tongue, and a good electrician, carpenter, or architect could work as well in Roumania or Germany as in Connecticut!

Arguments, however, were useless. *Her* children were to be little one hundred per cent Americans, and we wanted ours to be a good percentage international, so we let the matter drop and kept our breath for the ascent.

She was the first person to whom I broached the subject, and it became clear to me that there would be much opposition from our friends and relations when the time came for us to announce our ideas. One of our critics went so far as to say American should be the universal tongue and that no other language should be taught! He even went farther and was so narrow-minded as to say that even intercollegiate sports were wrong. Oddly enough, he happens to be the son of one of the cleverest men in America!

Nothing daunted, we proceeded, and when we were informed that our apartment house was to be pulled down we decided to begin the educational exodus.

There was intense excitement in the nursery. The children imagined themselves speaking French and German in an even shorter time than the advertised language systems guaranteed. Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy, and Felix were the envy of the other dolls as they were to go along while the less fortunate were pushed into the dolls' house with small mercy and sent to storage. We sailed to a chorus of regrets from schoolmarms and pedagogues! There was no education to equal America's! We were unbalanced in our views—peculiar!

The voyage was the usual orgy of nausea, shuffle-board, and ship's concerts—except that there was an added spice in that I found myself at war most of the time. Fellow-passengers sitting next me would sometimes inquire, "First trip over?" On being told that it was the seventh and an educational experiment at that, I was usually suffocated with blasts of hastily ejected cigar smoke and a string of language. "Bunk!" "Crazy notion!" "See America first!" "Europe don't love us so much that we need have our sons educated there!" And so on.

On trying to explain our views on the value of international comity I was looked upon as a lunatic, a traitor, a pacifist!

Only one person understood—a sweet woman questing along the same path and facing family opposition. She wanted her son to learn how other countries lived and, although her time in Europe was limited, she did not intend to be content with a Cook's tour affair but was aiming to make connections for him for later years. I can remember how we both smiled when, on approaching the Scillys, her humorous youngster turned up from somewhere behind a smokestack and said, "Here's Europe! Now, mother, educate me!" He was a lucky lad and, if I judged his mother correctly, she was turning him into a first-class internationalist.

II

Before starting on the scholastic side of education, which was to begin in France, we had decided on a string of visits in England.

I should explain here that when I had gone to America several years earlier I had met with unbounded kindness and cordiality and had learned to love it almost more than my own country. I loved the wit and humor of the Americans and their open-hearted hospitality—things we lack in England, God wot! But in spite of their cordiality I was English! I used words differently, had a peculiar accent, and I had found it needful to fight John Bull's battle many a time; to point out that he no longer wore the mutton-chop whisker; that the English *did* work; that central heating and running water were not unknown quantities in hotel bedrooms; and that there were several

telephones known to exist in London. Traveled Americans naturally know this, but all Americans cannot cross the ocean and, even if they could, some of them would be so busy "go-getting" that they would not see these facts.

Landing at Tilbury that gray June day, I dropped the Union Jack for the time being and stuck Old Glory in my cap. I had married an American! What was this object which I was bringing into the bosom of the family? Would it chew gum, talk of "cuspidors," wear a check suit, whack people on the back exclaiming, "Atta baby," and drive about in a Ford car with a cigar sticking out of his mouth? No, they discovered that it behaved like any normal Britisher—smoked a pipe, drank tea in the afternoon, read and admired English novelists, drove neither a Ford nor a Rolls Royce, and even understood cricket. Friends were nonplused! Was this an American? Apparently it was!

The untraveled Englishman's ideas of Americans are as wrong as the ideas of the untraveled Americans of Englishmen. I found that we could hardly open a paper without reading some jibe at America's expense ("Uncle Shylock," "Uncle Sham," etc.) or make a sane remark about the war debt without being squelched! One woman, traveled at that, was furiously put out because of George Glasgow's article "America and the Debts." She called it an insult and was hurt that an Englishman should have written it! I nearly broke a couple of lifelong friendships sticking up for "the Yanks"! I found my friends mostly insular and hidebound, hugging their insularity as much as Americans nurse their aloofness—with an almost wilful misunderstanding.

Supposedly thinking people would tell me, confidentially, that "America had let Europe down," etc., and I, having heard in America the command of 1917, "Give till it hurts" and seen the American hand dig deep into its jeans, was hurt. I was told that I had lived out of Europe so long that my perspective was all wrong! It struck me as being the other way about—in America one is, so to speak, on a mountain top from which one can see the world. In Europe one seems to be in a valley, stifled by the cannon smoke that has not yet quite ceased to roll towards the horizon.

III

Before leaving England for France we rented a small cottage in Sussex and took motor trips to and fro the South Coast, visiting the old familiar places—familiar to us but full of novelty to the children. There was, for instance, Canterbury with its Beckett tradition. Junior nearly walked us off our feet, soaking up information with avidity. There were also Winchester, Salisbury, and Stonehenge! Not merely rubberneck trips but hours spent among old tombs, in crypts, and up church towers, seeing in the mind's eye how the land must have looked to a warrior in time of war; where clerical banquets were held; realizing how a siege would affect a town, and the value of "sanctuary"; why different industries flourished in certain areas; how various races had been submerged into one; the effect of religion and learning in matters of state, and so on. Maps were consulted, histories looked into, and before long the historical and economic relationships between countries, and in particular the tie between England and America, were made clear—not merely from books but from life. The children ceased to be amused at the "funny little trains" and "the killing old taxis." It was obvious to them both that beneath exteriors the same blood ran in the veins of both countries, and that England itself was made of a mixture of various continental races, as the study of their language showed.

While, however, we were getting the youngsters interested in the history of their ancestors, I was distressingly surprised to see how few English children,

or adults, knew anything about American history, other than the story of the Revolution.

McMaster's *Brief History of the United States* was lying on our sitting-room table one day when a friend came in for a smoke. He picked it up and opened it. "History of the United States?" he said. "Why! I didn't know it had any history!"

I found this an even more crude exposition of bad taste than the remark of an American I once heard gossiping to a hotel clerk. "Say, Stonehenge must have been some little old institootion! But it ain't advertised—you don't capitalize your history enough!"

He, at any rate, had taken the trouble to cross the ocean and *see*. The Englishman had not even *read*, and yet he prided himself on being an educated and superior person and scorned the sight-seeing American tribe! We made him a present of the book.

School time was approaching; the children looked forward with great excitement to the prospect of studying in France. I, however, looking back over a long vista into my own educational experiences, knew that there would be many thistles along the way. Well do I remember the unkindness of the children in my school in Paris! "*Sale petite Anglaise!*" and other names were hurled at me, and I was segregated at play time, fingers were flicked at me, and tongues thrust out into my face. The *Entente Cordiale* was not yet born and, if I was a "dirty" customer they, to me, were "frogs."

Then there was religion. They were Roman Catholics, I Episcopalian. At chapel time I was left alone in the classroom while they, so they said, prayed for my deluded soul! Yet at needlework time, when we said the *chapelet* as we sewed, I soon learned to patter it off as fast as they and, in my turn, stuck out my tongue in delighted glee when I arrived at the "*Ainsi-soit-il*" before the others. The beautiful ancient prayer meant nothing, but getting even with my antagonists was a delight. And all the while the teachers, like blind idols, sat on the dais and never interfered!

The atmosphere about me in those first months of foreign education was antagonistic from both a national and religious viewpoint, and I shed copious tears. My parents—both traveled people—explained with sound common sense that the world was made up of different races and that I must learn to give and take and to recognize the good in other peoples. Had their advice been backed by the school, some good might have come of it; but as it was the experience remained a bitter memory and, though I obtained a sound knowledge of French and a great love for France, I hated the people, represented to my eye by the children. Had the teachers been wiser they would have told the pupils that a "stranger within the gates" should receive courtesy instead of ridicule. Luckily this dislike of the French was uprooted during the War.

To let Junior and Sister down easily, we arranged to send them to a coeducational school to start with, one frequented by children of several nationalities. It was run by an Englishman with the help of French teachers. English was taught during the morning; French, in the afternoon. The pupils were nearly all strangers in France together. There were Americans, English, French, a couple of Japs, a few Germans, and some French-Italians. It was a babel, but it was surprising how well they mixed together and, as their knowledge of French grew, things became easier. The difference in nationalities did not seem to matter, and there were no tears shed, which seems to point the moral that the greater the mélange the happier the result, and that it is the lone voyager among people of a united race who suffers, the unity of the race-feeling bringing out jealousies.

Out of school hours we pursued much the same course as in England. Owing to the fact that Junior had a weak chest,

we had chosen to live in the South. Historical Provence was a living page of romance to the children, and they never tired of being told of the raids of the Visigoths and Huns; and it was not hard for them to envisage the Roman Legions marching along the Grande Corniche or Knights Templars guarding Alpine fastnesses from the walls of their castles, whose ruins still rise high and gray among the olive groves.

The agricultural life had its lesson, too. The tiny Sardinian donkeys coming down from the hills laden with *paniers* of stocks, roses, narcissus, and violets made the flower markets of the city things of beauty; and the olive oil on our dining table brought back memories of the olive beaters along Provençal roads and of the laborers in the olive mills where the oil is extracted by a process as old as the olive terraces themselves.

The more they saw of the life surrounding them the more eager they were to speak the language, so the next step was French schools. Junior was to go to a boys' school, the head of which appeared to understand the situation—that we wanted the lad to learn French and get to mix well with French boys; that his knowledge of the language was limited but that he was very quick and, with patience, would soon learn and be able to take his place in class. The same applied to Sister.

We bought them the black pinafores required so that they should not feel out of it among their confrères and, in other words, did our share to put them on the right path, trusting to the teachers to take care of the rest. "The War has altered things," I thought. "They'll never have to go through the hateful time I had once known."

I was to learn that I was no prophet.

IV

The great day dawned. The pinafores were buttoned on with much amusement, new pencil boxes rattled with entrancing contents, and adventure was afoot.

We left each child at its school door. At lunch time things appeared to have gone off pretty well, and we returned them to their studies with easier minds.

At four-thirty I called for Sister. I found her sitting on a bench in the playground, large tears rolling down her cheeks. The minute she saw me she ran up and said, "O Mummy! I thought you'd *never* come!"

A teacher appeared and patting her head said, "*Pauvre petite! Le commencement est toujours difficile.*" To which I agreed.

At home, safe from prying eyes, we heard her story. To the children she had been: "*Sale petite Americaine.*" They had twitted her in play hour, laughed at her bloomers because they were longer than those worn in France, and tore them. As best we could we soothed her and told her that if it continued we would see about it, pointing out that a new child in any school always has a hard time the first day.

Junior's day seemed to have passed pleasantly enough—the boys had been nice to him but, instead of talking French, had bombarded him in broken English. The masters had left him alone at the back of the classroom with nothing to do; the only book he had had in his hands during the day being an English primer smuggled to him by his neighbor.

Next day the same tale was repeated: Sister was an object of derision to the children although the teachers appeared to be kind to her; Junior, happy among the boys, continued to sit neglected by the teachers.

As Sister mastered the language she had a better time and gave as good as she got! To try to make her forgiving and polite to her schoolfellows was impossible; Junior's situation was unsatisfactory since he was being taught nothing at all.

I wrote to the "head," stating that we were not satisfied with the boy's progress and that we expected him to

be given lessons with the other boys, even if in a lower class. To this we received a politely worded copper-plate reply, and the lad was given ten pages of French to copy without understanding one word, as well as an entire fable of La Fontaine to learn in one evening. He was completely at sea and, since he had difficulty in even translating such phrases as *La plume de ma tante est dans le jardin de mon père*, to learn a long tale about a grasshopper and an ant was an impossibility.

We went over a few lines together in order to get the accent and meaning and told him to do his best and to explain to the teacher that the entire theme was too much to master at a sitting. The next afternoon he returned with red eyes and a cowed expression. It seemed that the "head" had been so furious with him for not knowing his whole lesson that he had boxed the lad's ears and put him in the corner. "But that's nothing," he said, "he kicks the other boys when they pass his desk, and they hate him."

Such behavior towards a strange child, almost completely ignorant of the language, astounded us, but as the master in question happened to be the "head" it was no good asking for his dismissal. To go into a bitter explanation of why we withdrew the boy would get us nowhere; so we took him away with few words, leaving full fees behind us!

Our patience was beginning to get somewhat frayed. We spoke of the matter to a very prominent American at the *pension*. "Well, what do you expect?" he said. "We are not liked in Europe. Keep your youngsters in America. Don't waste good money over here on their education."

Although we were feeling rather unhappy over the situation, we had not altered our decision to go ahead with our plans, and we were rather amused at this gentleman's statement. Considering the fact that he was signing checks in six figures for works of art to be shipped from Europe to his art gallery in America, it sounded odd. Instead of letting young Americans visit his galleries to gain European culture, why not finance several European scholarships and let them go to Europe and, living among Europeans, get to know them and their art at first hand? Spending money on works of art will not add to a better universal comradeship whereas, in spite of pitfalls to commence with, the more exchange scholarships created, the sooner bitter feelings will die down.

While the children's daily rigmaroles made it obvious that race distinctions would be very hard to break through, even in the very young, I—on my side—had had a couple of examples brought to my attention which went to show that adults were still up to their old game.

Traveling with us was a young German girl whom I had employed in America. The fact that our nations had been at war some years ago meant nothing to us, and I was only too glad to have her kindly help as nurse to the youngsters. She was a pretty thing, quiet and charming of manner and in the dining room looked as trim and neat as anyone. But however pleasing her personality, it did not prevent a fellow *hivernante*, a French woman and prominent banker's daughter, from saying audibly, "*On voit bien que cette dame n'est pas comme il faut—sa bonne est Allemande!*" At the time I could not believe my ears—but later it was pointed out to me that *nice* French people would never think of employing Germans! If this be so then I hope I shall never be either *comme-il-faut* or nice!

Later, to save her first papers, the girl left me to return to the States, and her place was taken by a laughing, brown-eyed girl from Piedmont, who spoke French and Italian alternately to the children. Having a housemaid cousin in the *pension*, she preferred to take her meals with the other maids instead of with us. She was loved by

us all, and it was obvious that she bore no grudge to her American employers. It was, therefore, greatly to my surprise that one day I found her weeping in the children's room with Junior and Sister doing their best to comfort her. On asking for explanations, she told me that "*la patronne*," a Parisian, had flown at her for talking Italian with her cousin in the kitchen, asserting that, "*On ne parle pas cette sale langue dans mon pension. Les Italiennes sont même pire que les Boches! Sales types!*" Nothing could calm the girl, the dart was firmly lodged, and through her sobs she exclaimed, "*Il ne faut pas dire les saletés comme ça! J'espère que nous aurons une autre guerre—l'Italie contre la France!*" The voice of the ages—Hate!

It happened soon after this that my husband was called home, so, the children having acquired an historical interest in France but a dislike of the French, we decided to leave and return to France when they were older and better able to hold their own.

We were finding it somewhat hard to breed young internationalists, and there will be people who will wonder why we did not *all* go back to America with my husband. There is a trite saying that Rome was not built in a day. Since geographical continents are not opened up without hardship there will be as much need for patient pioneering in blazing the trail of world unity as there was in opening up the Union Pacific. It will be argued that the children must suffer at being educated abroad; but children are happy anywhere provided they are decently treated. With more forethought on the part of their foreign teachers they need never feel outsiders.

In England I spared no pains to find the right schools. It was easier in my native country to get sincere references, and we chose a boarding school for Junior and a day school for Sis, making a special effort to avoid a snobbish atmosphere. Talking it all over one day with friends at lunch, we said that, while the children would pass a great deal of their school life in England, it would be interlarded with trips to the Continent and constant visits to America. We remarked that we did not want them to think England was the *only* country or that the English school system was the best. "But," someone broke in, "we can't help thinking so, for it *is* the best!"

"People are all alike!" I thought. "Patriotically blind to values in others whether British, American, French, or Soviet." I felt it might be quite an experiment of interest to let the youngsters run wild without lessons and see what their unbiased opinion of education would be in later life. But in this day of "intensive training" and "extension classes" such an experiment would be highly unfair.

My own humble opinion is that the English teaching is more sound and the American more democratic, and if a happy medium could be reached, with some Continental finish for *sauce piquante*, and some Eastern philosophy for the good of their souls, the result would be excellent. However, not being an "educationalist," I am probably wrong!

The next item was outfits! The boys have to be dressed alike—a regulation not without merit since it prevents one boy from being shabbily dressed while another goes togged out by the best London outfitters. Sister, at day school, had the regulation white blouse and blue tunic. Whatever was required we bought, knowing full well that dreadful inferiority complex which comes from being "different from the other fellow." The snobbishness *of* schools is nothing to the snobbishness *in* schools. In both cases the "heads" were intelligent, delightful people and received the children with an ease of manner that made them feel at home immediately.

At half term we motored down to take Junior out, making certain to go to the right hotel so that the "other

fellows" would not think his parents "pikers."

He looked rather pale, and the matron put it down to the excitement of our visit. It was only after lunch that we linked it up with the fact that the boys were making life miserable for him. This, as we told him, was to be expected for a "fresher." Boys being boys all the world over, we were quite ready for him to receive his quota of "hazing" and told him to hold up his head and take it like a sport. "But," he complained, "they rag me for not being English. Call me a dirty little Yankee and a beastly little American. I told them my mother was English, but they said she didn't count as she was fool enough to marry an American!" We were amazed, annoyed, and bewildered, but told him not to worry, that we should try to straighten this out.

That evening my husband had the matter out with the "head." To do the good man credit, he was as annoyed as we and apologized sincerely, saying that he had no idea that "English boys could be such little cads." (Are the boys of any nation immune from the possibility of being caddish?)

On our return home we questioned Sister in order to find out if she, in her turn, had been annoyed. She said that she had; that the girls blamed her for belonging to the same nation as the American Legion, having heard their parents quote certain cases of hoodlumism which, regrettably, took place during their visit to Europe. The headmistress, in her turn, was grieved and promised to set matters right.

To do them justice, they were as good as their word. Junior has forgotten his woes and is as happy as though he had been born in London instead of New York. Sister likewise. But the moral of it all is still to be learned by the adults.

School children can be little devils to one another on many youthful scores, but the remarks which have been made by foreign children to ours can here come only from having listened to the unwise conversation of their elders—individuals who have probably never been to America and who know next to nothing about it, who judge an entire race by the anti-American press and by a few roughnecks they may have met.

One does not judge a wine by its worst vintage and, granted that certain Americans have created annoyance in Europe—let us look at the other side of the picture. It would be a pity to condemn all Europe on the behavior of some of the British, French, and Germans, et cetera, who enter the States as representatives of their race and expect to be accepted as citizens!

If the grown-ups want to wrangle among themselves about other countries let them do so out of the hearing of Youth, but since governments are striving for peace it is up to one and all of us to be as fair-minded as possible when discussing other nations. Schoolmasters can help enormously, especially by doing away with the possibility of a boy being "hazed" for his nationality. The problem is one to be met with in all countries—a German boy in a French or Italian school would have as bad a time as ours, and yet it would not be his fault that his country was the antagonist of Europe in 1914 any more than it is Junior's fault that America claims payment of the war debt. Parental interference in such cases can usually straighten things out—but the *need* for such interference ought not to exist.

"A great change is needed in the teaching of history and the training of the young citizen."

Perhaps our sons and daughters will some day be taught history, geography, and modern languages in such a way that when educational experiments such as ours are tried the newcomer will not be treated with derision but will be recognized and accepted as coming from a land whose people have made definite contributions towards the welfare of humanity—bearing out the old bromide that "in union lies strength."

THE DOVE CAME DOWN

A STORY

BY GLENWAY WESCOTT

IT WAS a Sabbath morning in the prosperous town. It was midwinter. At the end of each ray of sunlight melted a lump of snow. Down the glassy walks men and women in black and brown wool, leather, and fur tripped stiffly between the banks of snow which, in the center, had a radiance of blue glass.

Arm in arm, Arthur Hale and Emily Grover went to church together. They were engaged to be married, and she was there visiting his large family for the first time. He had no particular faith, but she was attached to the one in which she had been brought up; and they were taking refuge in that church from the constant attention, inconsequential embarrassment, and curiosity which resulted from her presence at home.

They found a vacant pew at the back under the south window where the strong sunshine, falling upon their backs, would keep them in mind of the perfect weather outdoors, as purely bright and troubling as the relation which brought them there together. But the memorial windows somewhat spoiled the sunshine with their rainbows of raw color. The false rafters and the pews were newly varnished, the plaster newly painted and stencilled. There was a mixed fragrance of rubber galoshes, wet woolens, and the house plants which bordered the rostrum.

The pastor looked happy and progressive, but when he took his place in his armchair, followed on a sort of balcony above and behind him by the organist and the choir, he assumed a dolorous attitude with one hand over his brow. Then he came forward to the pulpit, ran his eyes over the satisfactory congregation, and lifted his very gentle voice in prayer.

"Now let us rise and sing hymn two hundred and thirty-six." Because he had to lower his voice lest it attract too much attention among the breathy, inexact, longing voices, Arthur Hale noticed the dejection or weakness or mere poverty of temperament of the people around him. They were in large part mothers with children, old men and women, more often than not alone, spinsters in twos and threes; he looked in vain for a man of his age.

During the emphatic, sensible sermon he kept his eyes fixed on the girl he loved. She was an orphan, adopted by a virtuous man and his wife in a remote part of the state; and her large eyes had kept the humble and shining look, her lips the resolute sensibility, her voice the eagerness to please which those of motherless children have. As a lawyer in the second year of practice, he earned only a modest living, but as soon as someone could be found to take the country school she taught they were going to be married. Her profile there at his left, tinged by the stained-glass sunshine, no higher than his shoulder . . . The little nose was almost transparent at the tip. Upon the willfulness of that little chin, as if upon a corner-stone, he could safely found a home full of children, and a tranquil life. The rose mouth listlessly attentive . . .

Haunted not by the past but the future, so tired of having waited six months already, they were almost unhappy together. This merely showed, the thoughtful lover believed, how mighty and singular happiness would be, when at last, at last, he should get enough of looking at her, and shut his eyes in her presence, when they should no longer have to make conversation, but instead their mouths falling asleep, half open, tasting fragrance, full of warmth . . .

The alto and the soprano of the choir rose to sing an anthem. Girl priests—perhaps he ought to have known them, but black caps and gowns took away their identity. They were tall and sober. One of them had an olive complexion with a bloom of rouge; the other's face was a face for the theater, which would be lovelier the farther away you were as long as it could be seen at all. Their voices, immature and sophisticated at once, touched the young man and made him blush; so he took Emily's black-gloved hand in his. The entire congregation rustled in the pews. An old man parted his lips a little and struck his teeth together, very softly. Everyone seemed ready to make a sacrifice of something.

During the anthem Arthur suddenly noticed that a table was spread below the pulpit. It was the morning of Holy Communion; if he had known it he might not have come.

If only he and Emily were out on the country roads which were probably lively with shaken bells and shaggy horses steaming at the mouth, they could put their hands in heavy fur mittens on each other's knees.

Four middle-aged men awkwardly went down the aisle. The pastor removed the linen, blessed the spiritual nourishment, and sent them back to the congregation with it. A dead silence fell in the high, bare room. All the women took clean handkerchiefs out of their bodices and handbags. Silent prayers were offered—doubtless for the healing of sicknesses, the straightening of deformities, the breaking of bad habits, the return of wanderers.

The young man began to suffer secretly. Unwilling pity, unreasonable awe. Oh, that every prayer might be answered, every yearning appeased, so that one might be at peace with one's sweetheart—at peace with the yearning for one's sweetheart, if nothing more! But he was ashamed of this amorous selfishness.

The summer before he graduated from law school, taking his vacation in France with several friends, he had gone to Lourdes. A great sunny square in front of an ugly church. On two sides of it at the back, in the shade, the families, their eyes full of tears; in front of them a regiment of wheel-chairs and in front of the chairs, in the blazing sun, in beds on wheels, grotesque bodies that seemed to have been made of candle-drippings, a little bit alive, arms and legs wonderfully tied in sailors' knots, luminous heads like overturned pieces of sculpture, with broken pedestals swathed in bedclothes. Hundreds of them, of all sorts. The litany was being sung in droning tones all around the square by powerful, unshaven priests. Others held their arms out straight from the shoulder in the attitude of being crucified or flying. Others went from sufferer to sufferer, pouring the holy water into tin cups from receptacles which looked like kerosene-oil cans.

(In the Wisconsin church the shoes of one of the men who was handing round the sacrament creaked on the fiber rug. All their shoes carried moist tracks away from little puddles of melted snow.)

For the people in Lourdes there was only one thing to wish for—death. But the church had neglected to teach them how to wish to die. Everywhere rose instead a hopeless demand to get well, rose like a gas, like a loud cry, like a soul more than life size, let loose; a demand for a miracle to come down on wings, there in the middle of the square where the ground seemed to be heaving; so

fierce a demand that the air palpitated with it and rang in one's ears—or perhaps that was an effect of the heat. Arthur had felt sick and gone off by himself under the great plane trees behind the crowd, to wait until his friends should have had enough.

That was a Catholic mystery; this was merely symbolical worship in a progressive Protestant church. That was visible need, mutilation, and desperation; here they were invisible—not quite invisible, the difference was not great enough. Miracles were all alike—but had there been a miracle, would there be one? The minister had preached about the Holy Ghost's coming down at Pentecost; interpreted it lightly, hopefully, in terms of brotherly love, public spirit, and pacifism. The startled apostles around a table, the Dove with ruffled plumage in mid-air, in a descending nest of little flames—so it was in the pictures. Not caring what the pastor had said, Arthur thought he understood now what it all meant.

Directly in front of him sat an old man; the nape of his neck sparkled a little with close-cropped hair. A vigorous old man, worn away to the bone by hard living—and he was shedding tears like a young girl, with the same gentle steadfastness.

Nothing could be done to prevent it, Arthur thought, his life must be going the way of the lives of all those around him—the way of the impermanence of joy and the reiteration of pain—so that the day would come inevitably when he too would be crippled in one sense or another, and lose little babies, and suffer odious disappointments; innumerable days of illness to be healed, deformity to be straightened, bad habits to be broken, wanderers to be longed for; the day when Emily would die. Would he come here then, following his neighbors, to the Lord's Table—where divine grace did or did not come down? . . .

Meanwhile the silver platters of rectangular crumbs, the trays of little purple tumblers, went up one row of pews and down another, doing their work, such as it was.

The dove that ought to come down. (The organist kept playing a series of roving, lamentable chords.) A bright beak, a swelling, palpitating throat, glowing wings, snowy and silky, wrinkled red feet with glassy claws—tearing the husk of disappointment off such satisfactions as there were, tearing the present away and leaving the future bare in one's arms (in the spring he and Emily could get married), breaking, in order to heal, the miserable body (his body left behind when Emily died). He turned his head so that his eyes could run up to the top of one of the windows where several panes stood open, hoping to see a pigeon, a sparrow, anything with wings—for good luck.

He remembered a thing that had happened when he was a small boy. He was lying on the lawn with his eyes almost closed, peeping at the clouds; he had asked his mother if the clouds were angels, she had laughed—and a rooster, following a hen, not seeing him in the grass, ran over him. It leaped and gave a guttural squawk, flapped its wings, and scratched him with its feet. He had cried all that afternoon; he remembered and almost felt his terror.

The church was hot. He wished that he had not come away from his father's house. The nerves in his body seemed to be trying to pull apart; it was misery to sit still. Emily's face was entirely lacking in expression; he supposed that if she lifted her rather bluish eyelids, she would smile at him, seeing nothing of his trouble. Somewhere behind him a steam-radiator hissed softly like a sacred snake.

Vaguely he remembered having read something in college about the origin of this sacrament. Magic and the beginnings of religion. . . . A priest by the fire, among the curls of his uncut beard moving his weathered lips, rolling his eyes. (In his armchair on the rostrum the pastor seemed to be saying a prayer for himself.) Chosen bulls and

the finest of the flock led up. The hand-made knife on the very soft throat. Thick jets of blood. Recitations by the priest. Smoke almost too heavy with fat to rise—that was food for the god. Brutal men falling upon the hot meat. Charred but still wet bones being quarrelled over. Angry panting, sighs of happy appetite. Uninvited guests at the meal of the god. The best cuts for the bravest. With the god's blessing. That was not what he was trying to remember.

The ugly stained-glass windows, discoloring Emily's cheeks, irritated him unreasonably. They ought to be broken, and the pieces sent away into the jungle for the missionaries to give to savage tribes.

There in Africa and the islands, other rites, fundamentally the same. All around in the dark beyond the campfires the thick wreath of forest with, here and there, lionesses and leopards, by way of flowers in the wreath. Sleeping sickness, marauding beasts, undernourishment, leprosy—they need all the divine help they can get. The most aged of the men plays priest, a vigorous old man, by a hard life worn down to the gesticulating bone. (The nape of the neck of the old man in the pew ahead, strangely checkered by deep creases.) Drums in despair: the dead hide beaten, the bodies beaten, the earth beaten. Dance of old women, the older they are the keener the frenzy, the higher they leap. The feathers and dead leaves they wear limp with sweat, gray with kicked-up dust. And there is a feast at last. Eating the enemy, in order to usurp his magic and absorb his power. Eating the god. Eating the body of god—that was it, that was what, in his over-excited mind, among his college memories, Arthur was hunting for. What the sacrament meant. . . .

He tried to think of the man, the Jew, the beloved of the whole world, who had instituted the particular feast at which he sat—"my Body and my Blood"—one man who was a god and did not need anything for himself, not even a miracle; but, for more than a moment, he could not.

The sacrament was going down the row of seats in front of him. The old man took his share, smiling through his strange tears. His own turn would come soon. He could not take it. What would Emily think? She removed the black-kid glove from her right hand. There it was. Emily put the morsel of crustless bread between her lips and took one of the fragrant cups; Arthur hated her having to. Then, feeling for one moment like a renegade, a foreigner, an impotent, he passed on the plate and the tray.

Emily looked up at him; she gave him a little smile, wistful and—oh, he could not be wrong, he knew every one of her smiles—proud. She was proud of him for having refused.

So the rest of the service passed quickly, in the reaction from his excitement and the joy of her smile. There was another hymn, there was a benediction. They were going out with all the congregation. Emily knew no one; he bowed now and then, but coldly, in order not to have to speak.

The noon sunshine, snowy and silky, fluttered and wheeled about like a flock of doves larger than any on earth, covering the whole town. Every bit of glass or polished metal in the automobiles and the windows hurt one's eyes and then made them feel refreshed. All the snowbanks were shrinking; the water froze again on the walks between them, so that they were like straight streams of glass on the edges of which the trees threw down their shadows, dim chains and wiry crowns.

Arthur asked, as they went down the street, "You didn't mind, did you, Emily, my not taking communion?"

Her lips already forming the word No, she merely smiled, hoping to hear his explanation.

"It's not just that I'm not religious. An ancient, terrible, important thing that is. Blasphemous to do it without being

willing to. I should almost have been afraid. Even if I were religious I don't think I should want such forms of worship. They seem like asking for what one hasn't any right to ask for, at least as long as one can get along without it."

"Ritual, I mean all the emotional parts of religion," Emily said, "are either a comfort or they hurt a great deal. Oh, religion can make one so unhappy when one is young!"

"But it doesn't make you unhappy."

"Oh, no. But it used to, long before I met you."

They were walking down the long, bright, shabby main street of the town. Little drifts of pop-corn in a booth between two shops gave off an odor of harvest, butter, and heat, an odor which was hunger not keen enough to be painful. Arthur wondered what his mother had prepared for them at home.

"Did I ever tell you how I got religion at a revival meeting?" Emily asked. "I must have been about thirteen. I know I had just begun to grow tall and was often a little sick. My foster-father is very devout, a sort of mystic. He was especially strict with me on account of my origin—he seemed to think my real parents had not been very religious, nor even moral perhaps."

She smiled up at her lover's frowning face. "Well, one day a revivalist came to our town—I've forgotten his name, but one of the famous ones. He brought his own quartet and hired the Opera House for three nights; all the Protestant churches combined to finance it. My foster-mother thought I was too young, but my foster-father insisted on my going. The Opera House was the hall where they had moving pictures and dances and two or three singers and entertainers every winter. I had never been inside it, though when I had to go to the dentist I used to peek through the keyhole. At first I was disappointed; it was a big sad place like two or three empty barns thrown together, and had a strange smell. But I soon forgot where I was; I had never been so excited in church.

"He called himself the Soul-Getter. He had a rich, pleading voice, but sometimes it grew harsh, filling the hall, thundering, making quite grown people feel as little babies must when they are scolded. His sermon was very long and very wonderful, everyone thought so; about how badly people were behaving in recent years, about moving pictures, about drinking, immodest dresses, and dancing, and what these things led to. I didn't understand it all but listened eagerly; I did not dare look at my foster-mother, for I felt sure that she would disapprove of my hearing such things discussed. Not a great deal about hell-fire, but some; and at the end he talked about Christ's crucifixion for us, and how horrible it was not to take advantage of it.

"Then he sat down to rest, and the quartet took his place. I had never heard such beautiful singing, mournful and complicated, and it made me have a lump in my throat.

"As soon as they finished he leaped to his feet again and called for the grace of God to enter people's hearts and implored every sinner, every disbeliever, every sufferer to come down to the front and be saved. Not from hell—he didn't say anything about that during this part of the service—but from sorrow, remorse, loneliness, disease, shame, and such things. How we would do wrong without meaning to; how those we loved would die, and no one but the Lord to comfort us; how having no faith was like an awful sickness; how life was all suffering; how we are pitiful and ignorant. He would talk like this for a while; then suddenly he would shout, 'You must be saved! You must be saved! Come to the feet of the Lord! The blood of the Lamb, shed for you! Come down to the front! Come all ye!'—repeating everything over and over. He waved his fists and rocked back and forth as if he were beating time to what he said. Some of the time at the top of his voice and then

in a whisper; sometimes it seemed as if he were going to break down."

"I think . . ." Arthur began; but Emily would not be interrupted.

"At first I was frightened and wanted to run out, but of course I couldn't. My foster-father was sitting between me and my foster-mother. I was only thirteen and young for that age. I dreaded growing up anyway, because my foster-parents were old, and I should be alone in the world, which I thought would be like another Orphan's Home, even larger and even more badly run. I began to think of my real parents and how they had left me at that orphanage, where the punishments were so severe; and I had never seen them and perhaps they weren't living. Please understand, Arthur, no religious feelings, not one, but the most frightful emotion. I hadn't felt anything like it since the days in the Home when I used to get so tired doing what the matrons made us do that I would throw myself on the floor, whimpering and kicking. Meanwhile a great many people did go down, some crying, some repeating the speaker's phrases. He came down off the platform, and met them, and helped them kneel down, not ceasing to speak. It went on and on."

Arthur looked as somber as if she had made him angry. "I think," he said, "I believe—that the most important virtue, the thing we need most and ought to learn how to develop—is stoicism."

"But that is not the end of my story," Emily said. "Suddenly I burst into tears; I could not help it. My foster-father turned toward me and whispered, 'It is the grace of God.' I cried all the harder. Then he spoke out loud. 'The grace has come into your heart. Suffer the little ones to come unto Me. Don't cry. Come up to the front. Come with me.' What could I do, how could I tell what was the matter? People were turning around to look at me. He led me up the aisle and made me kneel with the rest. He held my hand. I could not stop crying. The revivalist pitied me and patted my head."

They had walked from one end of Main Street to the other. It looked very gay, though nothing had been meant to be beautiful. Behind the plate glass of the closed department stores brightly dressed manikins struck attitudes, up to their knees in great leaves of frost. Other windows were softly white with steam, and one might have said that these were weeping. The drug stores had put out their racks of magazines which resembled old-fashioned flower-stands, with the faces of film stars for flowers. The sky let fall its blue and white on the banks of snow and the painted buildings and the sweethearts who now walked in silence, very soberly, though there was the gaiety of wreaths left from Christmas for their eyes, the cheerfulness of several shouted greetings for their ears.

In Emily's face hung as if upon outspread wings a faint smile, the faint certitude of love; but she seemed to have grown tired as she had told her story. Her shoulders had straightened as if she had taken upon them something heavy. Arthur felt the dependent pressure of her arm in his, and saw that her feet were unsteady; only the feet of a healthy young woman going down the street toward her lover's home—but they were like the feet of a soul moving with a certain fortitude but dubiously amid religious mysteries, fears, and abrupt visions, a great distance from any footsteps, since in that realm, however much love may do, no two human beings can agree.

They turned down a side street. Then Emily slipped on the ice and sprained her ankle and Arthur had to carry her home, in his heart a sorrow that reminded him of a thorn.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF LARGE TELESCOPES

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory

LIKE buried treasures, the outposts of the universe have beckoned to the adventurous from immemorial times. Princes and potentates, political or industrial, equally with men of science, have felt the lure of the uncharted seas of space, and through their provision of instrumental means the sphere of exploration has rapidly widened. If the cost of gathering celestial treasure exceeds that of searching for the buried chests of a Morgan or a Flint, the expectation of rich return is surely greater and the route not less attractive. Long before the advent of the telescope, pharaohs and sultans, princes and caliphs built larger and larger observatories, one of them said to be comparable in height with the vaults of Santa Sophia. In later times kings of Spain and of France, of Denmark and of England took their turn, and more recently the initiative seems to have passed chiefly to American leaders of industry. Each expedition into remoter space has made new discoveries and brought back permanent additions to our knowledge of the heavens. The latest explorers have worked beyond the boundaries of the Milky Way in the realm of spiral "island universes," the first of which lies a million light-years from the earth while the farthest is immeasurably remote. As yet we can barely discern a few of the countless suns in the nearest of these spiral systems and begin to trace their resemblance with the stars in the coils of the Milky Way. While much progress has been made, the greatest possibilities still lie in the future.

I have had more than one chance to appreciate the enthusiasm of the layman for celestial exploration. Learning in August, 1892, that two discs of optical glass, large enough for a forty-inch telescope, were obtainable through Alvan Clark, I informed President Harper of the University of Chicago, and we jointly presented the opportunity to Mr. Charles T. Yerkes. He said he had dreamed since boyhood of the possibility of surpassing all existing telescopes, and at once authorized us to telegraph Clark to come and sign a contract for the lens. Later he provided for the telescope mounting and ultimately for the building of the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

In 1906 Mr. John D. Hooker of Los Angeles, a business man interested in astronomy, agreed to meet the cost of making the optical parts for an 84-inch reflecting telescope in the shops of the Mount Wilson Observatory in Pasadena, where a 60-inch mirror had recently been figured by Ritchey. Before the glass could be ordered he increased his gift to provide for a still larger mirror. Half a million dollars was still needed for the mounting and observatory building, and Mr. Carnegie, who was greatly taken with the project during his visit to the Observatory in 1910, wanted the Carnegie Institution of Washington to supply it. The entire income of the Institution was required, however, to provide for the annual expenses of its ten departments of research, of which the Observatory is one. Nearly a year later I was on my way to Egypt. At Venti-

miglia, on the Italian frontier, I bought a local newspaper, in which an American cable had caught my eye. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, by a gift of ten million dollars, had doubled the endowment of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. A paragraph in his letter to the Trustees especially appealed to me: "I hope the work at Mount Wilson will be vigorously pushed, because I am so anxious to hear the expected results from it. I should like to be satisfied before I depart, that we are going to repay to the old land some part of the debt we owe them by revealing more clearly than ever to them the new heavens."

I hope that the 100-inch Hooker telescope, thus named at Mr. Carnegie's special request, has justified his expectations. Its results, described in part in *The New Heavens*, *The Depths of the Universe*, and *Beyond the Milky Way* have certainly surpassed our own forecasts. They have given us new means of determining stellar distances, a greatly clarified conception of the structure and scale of the Galaxy, the first measures of the diameter of stars, new light on the constitution of matter, new support for the Einstein theory, and scores of other advances. They have also made possible new researches beyond the boundaries of the Milky Way in the region of the spiral nebulæ. Moreover, they have convinced us that a much larger telescope could be built and effectively used to extend the range of exploration farther into space. Lick, Yerkes, Hooker, and Carnegie have passed on, but the opportunity remains for some other donor to advance knowledge and to satisfy his own curiosity regarding the nature of the universe and the problems of its unexplored depths.

El Karakat, an Arabian astronomer who built a great observatory at Cairo in the twelfth century, once exclaimed to the Sultan, "How minute are our instruments in comparison with the celestial universe!" In his day the amount of light received from a star was merely that which entered the pupil of the eye, and large instruments were constructed, not with any idea of discovering new celestial objects, but in the hope of increasing the precision of measuring the positions of those already known. Galileo's telescope, which suddenly expanded the known stellar universe at the beginning of the seventeenth century, had a lens about 2¼ inches in diameter, with an area eighty times that of the pupil of the eye. This increase in light-collecting power was sufficient to reveal nearly half a million stars (over the entire heavens), as compared with the few thousands previously within range. The 100-inch mirror of the Hooker telescope, which collects about 160,000 times as much light as the eye, is capable of recording photographically more than a thousand million stars.

While the gain since Galileo's time seems enormous, the possibilities go far beyond. Starlight is falling on every square mile of the earth's surface, and the best we can do at present is to gather up and concentrate the rays that strike an area 100 inches in diameter. From an engineering standpoint our telescopes are small affairs in comparison with modern battleships and bridges. There has been no such increase in size since Lord Rosse's six-foot reflector, completed in 1845, as engineering advances would permit, though advantage has been taken of the possible gain in precision of workmanship. The time thus seems to be ripe for an examination of present opportunities, which must be considered in the light of recent experience.

II

I have never liked to predict the specific possibilities of large telescopes, but the present circumstances are so different from those of the past that less caution seems necessary. The astronomer's greatest obstacle is the turbulence of the earth's atmosphere, which envelops us like an immense ocean, agitated to its very depths. The crystal-clear nights of frosty winter, when

celestial objects seem so bright, are usually the very worst for observation. Watch the excessive twinkling of the stars, and you will appreciate why this is true. In a perfectly quiet and homogeneous atmosphere there would be no twinkling, and star images would remain sharp and distinct even when greatly magnified. Mixed air of varying density means irregular refraction, which causes twinkling to the eye and boiling images, blurred and confused, in the telescope. Under such conditions a great telescope may be useless.

This is why Newton wrote in his *Opticks:*

> If the Theory of making Telescopes could at length be fully brought into practice, yet there would be certain Bounds beyond which Telescopes could not perform. For the Air through which we look upon the Stars, is in a perpetual Tremor; as may be seen by the tremulous Motion of Shadows cast from high Towers, and by the twinkling of the fix'd stars. The only remedy is a most serene and quiet Air, such as may perhaps be found on the tops of the highest Mountains above the grosser Clouds.

Even at the best of sites, in a climate marked by long periods of great tranquillity, unbroken by storms, the atmosphere remains the chief obstacle. For this reason we could not be sure how well the 60-inch and 100-inch reflecting telescopes would work on Mount Wilson until we had rigorously tested them. Large lenses or mirrors, uniting in a single image rays which have traveled through widely separated paths, are more sensitive than small ones to atmospheric tremor. So it has always been a lottery, as we frankly told the donors of the instruments, whether the next increase in size might not fail to bring the advantages we sought.

Fortunately we have found, after several years of constant use, that on all good nights the gain of the 100-inch Hooker telescope over the 60-inch is fully in proportion to its greater aperture. The large mirror receives and concentrates in a sharply defined image nearly three times as much light as the smaller one, with consequent immense advantages. But the question remains whether we could now safely advance to an aperture of 200 inches, or, better still, to 25 feet.

Our affirmative opinion is based not merely upon the performance of the Hooker telescope, but also upon tests of the atmosphere made with apertures up to 20 feet. The Michelson stellar interferometer, with which Pease has succeeded in measuring the diameters of several stars, is attached to the upper end of the tube of the Hooker telescope. When its two outer mirrors are separated as far as possible, they unite in a single image beams of starlight entering in paths 20 feet apart. By comparing these images with those observed when the mirrors are 100 inches or less apart, Pease concludes that an increase of aperture to 20 feet or more would be perfectly safe. For the first time, therefore, we can make such an increase without the uncertainties that have been unavoidable in the past.

Other reasons that combine to assure the success of a larger telescope are the remarkable opportunities for new discoveries revealed by recent astronomical progress and the equally remarkable means of interpreting them afforded by recent advances in physics.

III

These new possibilities are so numerous that I must confine myself to three general examples, bearing upon the structure of the universe, the evolution of stars, and the constitution of matter. A 200-inch telescope would give us four times as much light as we now receive with the 100-inch, while a 300-inch telescope would give nine times as much. How would this help in dealing with these questions?

The first advantage that strikes one is the immense gain in penetrating power and the means thus afforded of exploring remote space. The spiral structure of

nebulæ beyond the Milky Way was unknown until Lord Rosse discovered it with his six-foot reflector in 1845. The Hooker telescope, greatly aided by optical and mechanical refinements and by the power of photography, can now record many thousands of these remarkable objects. Moreover, in the hands of Hubble it has shown that they are in fact "island universes," perhaps similar in structure to the Galaxy, of which our solar system is an infinitesimal part.

Our present instruments are thus powerful enough to give us this imposing picture of a universe dotted with isolated systems, some of them probably containing millions of stars brighter than our sun. It is also possible to measure the distance of the Great Nebula in Andromeda and one or two other spirals that lie about a million light-years from the earth. Much larger telescopes are needed, however, to continue the analysis of these nearest spirals, now only just begun, and to extend it to some of those at greater distances. Needless to say, the greater power of larger telescopes would also give us a far better understanding than we now possess of the structure and nature of the Galaxy, of which we still have much to learn. For example, we cannot yet say whether it shares the characteristic form of the spiral nebulæ, nor do we even know with certainty whether it rotates about its center at the enormous velocity that seems equally characteristic of the "island universes." In fact, our own stellar system offers countless opportunities for productive research, as the important advances in our knowledge of the Galaxy recently made by Seares with the 60-inch Mount Wilson reflector so clearly indicate.

If our ideas of the structure of the universe are thus in a very early stage, the same may be said of our knowledge of the evolution of the stars. Recent discoveries in physics have greatly modified our conception of stellar evolution, affording a rational explanation of scores of questions formerly unanswered, but raising many new and fascinating problems. Giant stars with diameters several hundreds of times that of the sun, expanded by internal pressure to gossamer tenuity, lie near one end of our present stellar vista, with dwarfs of a density more than fifty thousand times that of water near the other. The sun, a condensing dwarf, 1.4 times as dense as water, stands on the downward slope of stellar life. The continual radiation that marks the transition from giant to dwarf is now attributed to the transformation of stellar mass into radiant energy, thus harmonizing with Einstein's views and accounting for the decrease in mass observed with advancing age. Surface temperatures ranging from about 3000° C. in the earlier stage of stellar life to about 100,000° at its climax, and internal temperatures perhaps reaching hundreds of millions of degrees are among the incidents of stellar existence. But here again, while theory and observation have recently joined in painting a new and surprising picture of celestial progress, important differences of opinion still exist and many of these await a more powerful telescope to discriminate between them. For while theories based on modern physics have been our chief guide in recent years, the final test is that of observation, and often our present instruments are insufficient to meet the demand.

So much in brief for the questions of celestial structure and evolution, though I have had to pass over the greatest of these problems: that of determining with certainty the successive stages in the development of the spiral nebulæ, a phase of evolution vastly transcending that involved in the birth, life, and decline of a particular star. I have space to add only a word regarding the role of great telescopes in the study of the constitution of matter.

The range of mass, temperature, and density in the stars and nebulæ is of course incomparably greater than the physicist can match in the laboratory. It is, therefore, not surprising that some

of the most fundamental problems of modern physics have been answered by an appeal to experiments performed for us in these cosmic laboratories. For example, one of the most illuminating tests of Bohr's theory of the atom has just been made at the Norman Bridge Laboratory by Bowen in a study of the characteristic spectrum of the nebulæ, where the extreme tenuity of the gas permits hydrogen and nitrogen to exist in a state harmonizing with the theory but unapproachable in any vacuum-tube. Similarly, Adams' observations of the companion of Sirius with the Hooker telescope confirmed Eddington's prediction that matter can exist thousands of times denser than any terrestrial substance. In fact, things have reached such a point that a far-sighted industrial leader, whose success may depend in the long run on a complete knowledge of the nature of matter and its transformations, would hardly be willing to be limited by the feeble range of terrestrial furnaces. I can easily conceive of such a man adding a great telescope to the equipment of a laboratory for industrial research if the information he needed could not be obtained from existing observatories.

IV

The development of new methods and instruments of research is one of the most effective means of advancing science. In hundreds of cases the utilization of some obvious principle, long known but completely neglected, has suddenly multiplied the possibilities of the investigator by opening new highways into previously inaccessible territory. The telescope, the microscope, and the spectroscope are perhaps the most striking illustrations of this fact, but new devices are constantly being found, and the result has been a complete transformation of the astronomical observatory.

From our present point of view the chief question is the bearing of these developments on the design of telescopes. To Galileo a telescope was a slender tube, three or four feet in length, with a convex lens at one end for an object glass, and a concave lens at the other for an eyepiece. With this "optic glass" the surprising discoveries described in the *Sidereus Nuncius* were made, which shifted the sun from its traditional position as a satellite of the earth to the center of the solar system, and greatly enlarged the scale of the universe. After his time the telescope grew longer and longer, finally reaching the ungainly form of a lens supported on a pole as much as two or three hundred feet from the eyepiece. The invention of the achromatic lens brought the telescope back to manageable dimensions and permitted the use of an equatorial mounting, equipped with driving-clock to keep the celestial object at rest in the field of view. With the improvement of optical glass the aperture steadily increased, finally reaching 36 inches in the Lick and 40 inches in the Yerkes telescope.

Meanwhile it had become clear that the reflecting telescope, designed by Newton to avoid the defects of single lenses, possessed many advantages over the refractor. Chief among these are its power of concentrating light of all colors at the same focus and the fact that the light does not pass through the mirror, but is reflected from its concave front surface. Speculum metal, a highly polished alloy of tin and copper, was used for the early reflectors, reaching a maximum size in Lord Rosse's six-foot telescope. Mirrors of glass, silvered on the front surface, were then introduced, and proved greatly superior in lightness and reflecting power. Moreover, optical glass perfect enough for lenses cannot be obtained in very large sizes, and even if it could, the loss of light by absorption in transmission through the glass would prevent its use for objectives materially exceeding that of the Yerkes telescope. Therefore, our hopes for the future must lie in some form of reflector.

It is evident that a lens, through which the starlight passes to the eye, must be

mounted in a very different way from a concave mirror, which receives the light on its surface and reflects it back to the focus. The large concave mirror lies at the bottom of the telescope tube, which is usually of light skeleton construction, open at the top. The surface of the mirror is figured to a paraboloidal form, which differs somewhat from a sphere in curvature, and has the power of concentrating the parallel rays from a star in a point at the focus. This focus is near the top of the tube, opposite the center of the mirror.

For some classes of work it is desirable to place the photographic plate, small spectroscope, or other accessory instrument at this principal focus, centrally within the tube. Some starlight is thus cut off from the large mirror, but the loss is small and is less than with other arrangements. Newton interposed a plane mirror, fixed at an angle of 45°, which reflected the light to the side of the tube, where he placed the eyepiece. Cassegrain substituted a convex mirror for Newton's plane. Supported centrally at right angles to the beam, it changes the convergence of the rays and brings them to a focus near the large mirror. An inclined plane mirror may be used to intercept them, thus bringing the secondary focus at the side of the tube, or the large mirror may be pierced with a hole, allowing the rays to come to a focus close behind it.

In a third arrangement, the rays may be sent through the hollow polar axis of the telescope to a secondary focus at a fixed point in a constant temperature laboratory. This arrangement, first suggested by Ranyard, was embodied with both the Newtonian and Cassegrain methods in the mountings of the 60-inch and 100-inch telescopes of the Mount Wilson Observatory. By these means we may obtain any desired equivalent focal length (which varies with the curvature and position of the small convex mirrors) and thus photograph celestial objects on a large or small scale, as required by the problem in hand. Furthermore, we can use to the best advantage all types of spectroscope, photometer, interferometer, thermocouple, radiometer, photo-electric cell, and the many other accessories developed in recent years.

These accessory instruments and devices have made possible most of the discoveries of modern astrophysics. The stellar spectroscope, originally merely a small laboratory instrument attached to a telescope, has grown to the dimensions of the powerful fixed spectrograph of 6 inches aperture and 15 feet in length, recently used with splendid success by Adams in photographing the spectra of some of the brightest stars. The development of this method of high dispersion stellar spectroscopy, initiated in the early days of the Yerkes Observatory, was one of my chief incentives in endeavoring to obtain large reflecting telescopes for the Mount Wilson Observatory. The recent advances in our knowledge of the atom and the consequent complete transformation of spectroscopy from an empirical to a rational basis greatly increase the possibilities of analyzing starlight. In most of the small-scale spectra photographed with ordinary stellar spectrographs the lines are so closely crowded together that they cannot be separately measured. With a larger telescope we could push the dispersion to the point attained by Rowland in his classic studies of the solar spectrum, and thus take full advantage of the great possibilities of discovery offered us by recent advances in physics.

V

These details are important because they point directly to the type of telescope required. It is true that in some cases lenses may be used instead of convex mirrors for enlarging the image; but in our judgment the design should permit observations to be made in the principal focus of the large mirror, at a secondary focus just below the (pierced) mirror, and at another secondary focus

in a fixed laboratory. It should also be possible to attach to the tube a large Michelson stellar interferometer, arranged for rotation in position angle and thus suitable for the measurement of very close double stars.

A mounting designed by Pease of the Mount Wilson Observatory meets these requirements and is worthy of careful consideration. It is large enough to carry a mirror 25 feet in diameter, collecting nine times as much light as the 100-inch Hooker telescope. It would thus enlarge our sphere of observation to three times its present diameter and increase the total number of galactic stars to three or four times that now within range.

This, of course, is a tentative design, subject to modification in the light of an exhaustive study. Of all the optical and mechanical problems involved only one presents real difficulties, but there is no reason to think that these cannot be readily surmounted. This is the manufacture of the glass for the large mirror.

Our chief difficulty in the case of the Hooker telescope was to obtain a suitable glass disc. The largest previously cast was that for the 60-inch mirror of our first large reflector. This is 8 inches thick and weighs a ton. The 100-inch disc, 13 inches thick, weighs nearly five tons. To make it three pots of glass were poured in quick succession into the mold. After a long annealing process, to prevent the internal strains that result from rapid cooling, the glass was delivered to us. Unlike the discs previously sent by the French makers, it contained sheets of bubbles, doubtless due in part to the use of the three pots of glass, while but one had sufficed before. Any considerable lack of homogeneity would result in unequal expansion or contraction under temperature changes, and experiments were, therefore, continued at the glass factory in the Forest of St. Gobain in the hope of producing a flawless disc. As they did not succeed, the disc containing the bubbles was given a spherical figure and tested optically under a wide range of temperature. Its performance convinced us that the disc could safely be given a paraboloidal figure for use in the telescope, where it has served ever since for a great variety of visual and photographic observations.

Recently, important advances have been made in the art of glass manufacture, and mirror discs much larger and better than the 100-inch can now undoubtedly be cast. Pyrex glass, so useful in the kitchen and the chemical laboratory because it is not easily cracked by heat, is also very advantageous for telescope mirrors. Observations must always be made through the widely opened shutter of the dome, at temperatures as nearly as possible the same as that of the outer air. As the temperature rises or falls the mirror must respond. The small expansion or contraction of Pyrex glass means that mirrors made of it undergo less change of figure and, therefore, give more sharply defined star images—a vitally important matter in all classes of work, especially in the study of the extremely faint stars in the spiral nebulæ, for which Pease's design is especially adapted.

Dr. Arthur L. Day of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, working in association with the Corning Glass Company, has succeeded in producing glass with a higher silica content than Pyrex and, therefore, with a lower coefficient of expansion. Moreover, Dr. Elihu Thomson and Mr. Edward R. Berry of the General Electric Company have recently made discs up to 12 inches in diameter of transparent fused quartz (pure silica), which is superior to all other substances for telescope mirrors. The chief difficulty in the manufacture of fused quartz has been the elimination of bubbles. These would do no harm whatever within a large telescope mirror, provided its upper surface were freed from them by a method proposed by Dr. Thomson. In fact, the presence of a great number of bubbles would be a distinct advantage in reducing the weight of the disc. As there is every reason to

believe that a suitable Pyrex or quartz disc could be successfully cast and annealed, and as the optical and engineering problems of figuring, mounting, and housing it present no serious difficulties, I believe that a 200-inch or even a 300-inch telescope could now be built and used to the great advantage of astronomy.

Limitations of space have prevented mention of many interesting matters of detail. It goes without saying that all questions relating to the optical as well as the engineering design should be thoroughly investigated by a group of competent authorities, who should also include those best qualified to deal with related problems involving the design of spectroscopes and the many other accessory instruments required. As for photographic plates, it is well known that the power of photographic telescopes could be materially increased by improving their quality, so that no effort in this direction should be spared.

Perhaps a word as to procedure may be added. The first step should be to determine by experiment how large a mirror disc, preferably of fused quartz, can be successfully cast and annealed. Meanwhile all questions as to the final design of the mounting and accessories could be settled. With the completion of the mirror disc the only uncertainty would vanish and the optical and mechanical work could begin.

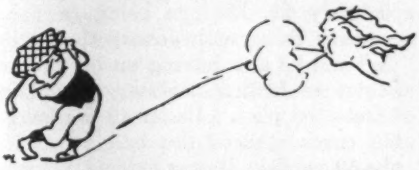
COUNSEL

BY DAVID MORTON

LET there be stillness now and let us make
No more a mournful music of her going;
We should be quiet a little for the sake
Of one whose quiet now is past our knowing.
Let us remember only how the sound
Of all she said was like a string that played
Behind rude noises that had nearly drowned
Her wisdom and the music that it made.

There will come silent midnights for us all,
When ended revels leave us lonely men,
And round our hearts a listening hush will fall,
And in that silence we may hear again
The grave and wise and quiet things she said,
And heed them closer, now that she is dead.

The Lion's Mouth



MATHEMATICS FOR GOLFERS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT IS only quite recently that I have taken up golf. In fact I have played for only three or four years, and seldom more than ten games in a week, or at most four in a day. I have had a proper golf vest for only two years. I bought a "spoon" only this year and I am not going to get Scotch socks till next year.

In short, I am still a beginner. I have once, it is true, had the distinction "of making a hole in one," in other words, of hitting the ball into the pot, or can, or receptacle, in one shot. That is to say, after I had hit, a ball was found in the can, and my ball was not found. It is what we call circumstantial evidence—the same thing that people are hanged for.

Under such circumstances I should have little to teach to anybody about golf. But it has occurred to me that from a certain angle my opinions may be of value. I at least bring to bear on the game all the resources of a trained mind and all the equipment of a complete education.

In particular I may be able to help the ordinary golfer, or "goofer"—others prefer "gopher"—by showing him something of the application of mathematics to golf.

Many a player is perhaps needlessly discouraged by not being able to calculate properly the chances and probabilities of progress in the game. Take for example the simple problem of "going round in bogey." The ordinary average player, such as I am now becoming—something between a beginner and an expert—necessarily wonders to himself, "Shall I ever be able to go around in bogey; will the time ever come when I shall make not one hole in bogey, but all the holes?"

To this, according to my calculations, the answer is overwhelmingly "yes." The thing is a mere matter of time and patience.

Let me explain for the few people who never play golf (such as night watchmen, night clerks in hotels, night operators, astronomers, and negroes) that "bogey" is an imaginary player who does each hole at golf in the fewest strokes that a first-class player with ordinary luck ought to need for that hole.

Now an ordinary player finds it quite usual to do one hole out of the nine "in bogey"—as we golfers, or rather, "us goofers" call it; but he wonders whether it will ever be his fate to do all the nine holes of the course in bogey. To which we answer again with absolute assurance, he will.

The thing is a simple instance of what is called the mathematical theory of probability. If a player usually and generally makes one hole in bogey, or comes close to it, his chance of making any one particular hole in bogey is one in nine. Let us say, for easier calculation, that it is one in ten. When he makes it, his chance of doing the same with the next hole is also one in ten; therefore, taken from the start, his chance of making the two holes successively in bogey is one-tenth of a tenth chance. In other words, it is one in a hundred.

The reader sees already how encouraging the calculation is. Here is at last something definite about his progress. Let us carry it farther. His chance of making three holes in bogey one after the other will be one in 1000, his chance of four one in 10,000, and his chance of making the whole round in bogey will be exactly one in 1,000,000,000—that is one in a billion games.

In other words, all he has to do is to keep right on. But for how long? he asks. How long will it take, playing the ordinary number of games in a month, to play a billion? Will it take several years? Yes, it will.

An ordinary player plays about 100 games in a year, and will, therefore, play a billion games in exactly 10,000,000 years. That gives us precisely the time it will need for persons like the reader and myself to go round in bogey.

Even this calculation needs a little revision. We have to allow for the fact that in 10,000,000 years the shrinking of the earth's crust, the diminishing heat of the sun, and the general slackening down of the whole solar system, together with the passing of eclipses, comets, and showers of meteors, may put us off our game.

In fact, I doubt if we shall ever get around in bogey. Let us try something else. Here is a very interesting calculation in regard to "allowing for the wind."

I have noticed that a great many golf players of my own particular class are always preoccupied with the question of "allowing for the wind." My friend Amphibius Jones, for example, just before driving always murmurs something, as if in prayer, about "allowing for the wind." After driving he says with a sigh, "I didn't allow for the wind." In fact, all through my class there is a general feeling that our game is practically ruined by the wind. We ought really to play in the middle of the Desert of Sahara where there isn't any.

It occurred to me that it might be interesting to reduce to a formula the effect exercised by the resistance of the wind on a moving golf ball. For example, in our game of last Wednesday, Jones in his drive struck the ball with what, he assures me, was his full force, hitting it with absolute accuracy, as he himself admits, fair in the center, and he himself feeling, on his own assertion, absolutely fit, his eye being (a very necessary thing with Jones) absolutely "in," and he also having on his proper sweater—a further necessary condition of first-class play. Under all the favorable circumstances the ball advanced only 50 yards! It was evident at once that it was a simple matter of the wind: the wind, which was of that treacherous character that blows over the links unnoticed, had impinged full upon the ball, pressed it backward, and forced it to the earth.

Here, then, is a neat subject of calculation. Granted that Jones—as measured on a hitting machine the week the circus was here—can hit 2 tons, and that this whole force was pressed against a golf ball only one inch and a quarter in diameter. What happens? My reader will remember that the superficial area of a golf ball is πr^2, that is $3.141567 \times (\frac{5}{8} \text{ inches})^2$. And all of this driven forward with the power of 4000 pounds to the inch!

In short, taking Jones's statements at their face value, the ball would have traveled, had it not been for the wind, no less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

I give next a calculation of even more acute current interest. It is in regard to "moving the head." How often is an admirable stroke at golf spoiled by moving the head! I have seen members of our golf club sit silent and glum all evening, murmuring from time to time, "I moved my head." When Jones and I play together I often hit the ball sideways into the vegetable garden from which no ball returns (they have one of these on every links; it is a Scottish invention). And whenever I do so Jones always says, "You moved your head." In return when *he* drives his ball away up

into the air and down again ten yards in front of him, I always retaliate by saying, "You moved your head, old man."

In short, if absolute immobility of the head could be achieved, the major problem of golf would be solved.

Let us put the theory mathematically. The head, poised on the neck, has a circumferential sweep or orbit of about 2 inches, not counting the rolling of the eyes. The circumferential sweep of a golf ball is based on a radius of 250 yards, or a circumference of about 1600 yards, which is very nearly equal to a mile. Inside this circumference is an area of 27,878,400 square feet, the whole of which is controlled by a tiny movement of the human neck. In other words, if a player were to wiggle his neck even 1/190 of an inch the amount of ground on which the ball might falsely alight would be half a million square feet. If at the same time he multiplies the effect by rolling his eyes, the ball might alight anywhere.

I feel certain that after reading this any sensible player will keep his head still.

A further calculation remains—and one perhaps of even greater practical interest than the ones above.

Everybody who plays golf is well aware that on some days he plays better than on others. Question—How often does a man really play his game?

I take the case of Amphibius Jones. There are certain days, when he is, as he admits himself, "*put off his game*" by not having on his proper golf vest. On other days the light puts him off his game; at other times the dark; so, too, the heat; or again the cold. He is often put off his game because he has been up late the night before; or similarly because he has been to bed too early the night before; the barking of a dog always puts him off his game; so do children; or adults; or women. Bad news disturbs his game; so does good; so also does the absence of news.

All of this may be expressed mathematically by a very simple application of the theory of permutations and probability; let us say that there are altogether 50 forms of disturbance any one of which puts Jones off his game. Each one of these disturbances happens, say, once in ten days. What chance is there that a day will come when *not a single one of them occurs?* The formula is a little complicated, but mathematicians will recognize the answer at once as $\frac{x}{1}+\frac{x^2}{1}+\ldots\ldots\ldots\frac{x^n}{1}$. In fact, that is exactly how often Jones plays at his best; $\frac{x}{1}+\frac{x^2}{1}\ldots\frac{x^n}{1}$ worked out in time and reckoning four games to the week and allowing for leap years and solar eclipses, comes to about once in 2,930,000 years.

And from watching Jones play I think that this is about right.

THE MAGIC BOX

BY W. R. BAKER

LENGTH, breadth, and depth are said to be
The limits of man's comprehension,
But when I see the pile of junk
That she can get into a trunk
The mystery convinces me
That woman knows a fourth dimension.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS SMELL

BY PHILIP CURTISS

FROM time to time, in these pages, I have had occasion to express my admiration for the younger generation because its members, so gallantly and so directly, do the things that we

have always wanted to do, and say the things that we have always wanted to say but have never dared. A staggering example of this was furnished the other day by my young friend Dolly, in characterizing the Bishems.

The Bishem family, it is hardly necessary to explain, is distinctly *not* younger generation. It consists of a well-to-do mother and two middle-aged daughters, all very nice women, all very kind and thoughtful women, all women highly punctilious in social relations. Their voices are low and their English is perfect. Their attitude toward the world seems fair and flexible. There is, in short, no single quality on which you could lay your finger as a personal handicap, yet the fact remains that their lives have always been notably drab or dun colored. It remained for Dolly, with the wantonness of youth, to sum them up perfectly.

"I went in to call on the Bishems, to-day," she remarked, "and you know—I can't understand it with people like them, but their house never seems to lose a faint middle-class smell."

For the moment it might seem as if I were playing directly into the hands of the advertising pages, but Dolly did not mean that, although she would certainly have said it if she had. It was not a question of hygiene or ventilation. Least of all, was it, at the moment, a question of social standing. There are, I am positive, no women in town who are more thoroughly and frequently scrubbed than the Bishems and their windows are apparently open as often as anybody else's windows. Nevertheless, Dolly had stated a simple truth. The Bishems' peculiar—well—aura was not something resident in their house as a dwelling, for they had merely rented the latter for the season. It was something in their make-up and character that they carried about with them and implanted indelibly in their personal surroundings. Whether they occupied an apartment in New York or a single room in a *pension* in Venice, it would still have been there. They could not lose it until they ceased to be Bishems. When I was a small boy I frequently went to play in a big old Victorian house where one of the members of the family was troubled with asthma and used to smoke some strange kind of medicated cigarettes, and I always supposed that the queer atmosphere in that house came from that cause. Now I know that the cigarettes had nothing to do with it, for that house of my childhood was, in reality, just like the Bishems'. It had nothing more or less than the middle-class smell.

In Dolly's attitude toward the Bishems there was, I must admit, a strong note of superciliousness, but in carelessly swinging her personal pickax she had uncovered one of the greatest of unexplored regions of human experience. Smells in a house, in a coat, in a man's pipe, in a woman's kitchen are not, to any such extent as we have been accustomed to believe, a mere matter of drains or improper usage. They are a very keen mark of character and of personality, and in making that statement I am merely saying what any dog has known these million years. Everyone has a smell of some kind or, rather, leaves one behind him. Is there anyone who has never gone into a certain room or opened a certain old box of relics and become instantly conscious of a father, a mother, a sister, or a cousin departed years and years before? There is an atmosphere of cigars smoked in a bedroom that is entirely different from that of cigars smoked anywhere else, and on entering such a room in the early morning I can, to-day, visualize my grandfather who died when I was less than seven years old.

A race without smells would be like a race without eyebrows, and the degree to which any smell is pleasant or unpleasant to us or noticeable or unnoticeable by us exactly corresponds to the degree with which we are in tune with its background or causes. I, for example, can never smell sailor's oilskin without a sensation just short of pure ecstasy, but at the same time I can imagine that for many persons

the same smell could result in nothing but nausea. As for the individuality of the matter, why is it that one man has only to smoke a pipe for three weeks to make it smell worse than the average navvy's while another man, who smokes twice as much, gives to his pipe no scent that is particularly noticeable? As any true smoker can tell you, the strength or mildness of the tobacco has nothing to do with it. It is, as I say, a sheer matter of character.

Leaving, as far as one may, such delicate questions as are involved in the Bishems, what a complete world the human race has denied to itself when it has disclaimed the fifth and most accurate of its senses. Of the four principal words used to indicate smells—smell, odor, scent, and aroma—only the last two are in polite standing, and of these the first is used chiefly for flowers and perfumes and the last largely confined to boiling coffee.

The lower animals, as I have suggested, have not been so foolish, and problems that vex and mystify us for hours must be apparent to them at the merest whiff. One autumn afternoon I was sitting on my front piazza when I happened to notice that a board was loose on the fence in the lower corner of the yard. I went back through the house to get a hammer, went out the kitchen door, fixed the fence, then returned through the kitchen and the house to the spot where I had originally been sitting.

Fully twenty minutes later my dog came back from some business of his own, jowls drooping, jog-trotting as he always does on matters that are purely routine. He passed six feet from the spot where I had nailed the fence and instantly his attitude was electric. He stopped, went to the proper board to verify his first notes, then headed—not for the place where I was sitting, but for the kitchen door where I had gone back with the hammer.

In this case, of course, the dog was making the same mistake that we make ourselves—using one sense to the exclusion of all others, but even so he was working on a surer basis than a human, for if I had chosen to conceal myself he could ultimately have found me, whereas by sight alone I could have mystified him all the afternoon. No matter what I had done in the past twenty minutes, he had one fact to which he could have sworn absolutely in court.

Or, consider a drama that may be observed at almost any time by looking out almost any window. Two dogs come along with nothing to think of and nothing to do, until suddenly one of them stops with his nose in the air.

"Well, I'll be damned," he exclaims, "if that isn't Towser Williams!"

"By Jove it is!" affirms the other, after pausing to investigate. "I didn't suppose he'd been around these parts all summer."

Then they both sit down to chuckle and reminisce.

"Do you remember the time we got old Towser to chase his first skunk? They wouldn't let him into the house for a week."

"*Do* I? I nearly laughed myself sick. Of course Towser's more or less of a fool but, you know, I often think that a dog's never lived until he's had a good shot of skunk. I once knew an old coon dog that got so he really liked it. He swore it was better than any carrion you ever rolled in. But, speaking of Towser, did you ever pick up the trail of his mistress? Now *there's* a woman I'd never trust."

Just imagine, for example, a jury of dogs. What chance would perjuring witnesses ever have with them?

"Your Honor," says the sweet-faced murderess, "I never shot a man in my life." At which the jury lies back and roars and even the little terrier at the stenographer's desk giggles over her notes. Every dog in the courtroom knows at once that the pretty witness simply *exudes* murder.

What new worlds, furthermore, would be open to literature if readers and writers had accustomed themselves to think conjointly in terms of smells. If Pliny had

only told us exactly what the court of the Cæsars smelled like in the first Christian century how perfectly could we visualize the streets of Rome! Sinclair Lewis, to my mind, has gone farther in this direction than any other writer. It is seven years since I have read *Main Street* but to this day I can remember his passing description of a drowsing little Ohio town as distinguished from the newer towns farther west: "It was full of old red brick houses and smelled constantly of rotten apples." Then again there was the old gentleman who prayed over Elmer Gantry. His arm was bony and he smelled of kerosene. There certainly were old gentlemen, twenty years ago, who always smelled of kerosene just as there were old ladies who always smelled of peppermints or camphor.

With most modern writers, however, the mention of smells is still used to express only an extreme of taste or distaste —honeysuckle on the one hand or garbage on the other. In this they are merely following the precedent of ages, and the true graphic force of the fifth sense will be reached only when smells of all kinds are not catalogued as pleasant or unpleasant but as things that are purely definitive in themselves, like blue or green, like heat or cold.

We are all familiar, of course, with the old farmhouse smells, so many and so complicated as to defy enumeration: the smell of the milk room, of the meal room, of a cold upper hall paved with oilcloth, of bedroom sheets warmed with a soapstone, and the smell, on a hot summer night, of a candle blown out without snuffing. But the country houses proper, the houses built by people of wealth and untouched by the soil, have very distinctive smells of their own. A country house built between 1870 and 1900 always has a faint smell of lavender and matting and always will have, even after both lavender and matting have themselves disappeared. A very modern country house always smells like the first-cabin corridor of an ocean steamer, not the maritime smell of tar and salt air but the smell caused by endless coats of white paint on metal pipes.

It is said with some truth that there is room for only a single swear word in a play or short story. Where one shocks pleasantly, the second causes distaste and the third becomes tiresome. In our present state of advancement somewhat the same thing seems to be true of odors in literature. If, in my first paragraph, I mention the smell of hemlock boards fresh from the saw mill, I must not, in my second paragraph, mention the smell of hot sun on pine needles. Nevertheless, I may describe at length the *color* and *form* of a landscape.

Subconsciously, I believe, this is because all smells, more or less, are still regarded as sensory swear words. While a gentleman may, to be sure, have a nose, yet on the whole no gentleman is supposed to do very much smelling. If the adults of the party make free with their talk of sawdust and pine needles, what may the children do when we get to a soap works? Like many a race of persons or ideas, the race of smells has suffered cruelly on account of its lowest members.

Yet if the true mission of literature is not to convey facts but to start the reader off on his own trains of reverie, what could do it more perfectly than a deft catalogue of scents, odors, aromas, and smells? Because some persons have had unhappy experiences, we are taught to shudder at train smoke; yet to me the smell of train smoke through a fog is as lyric as the bass of a tugboat whistle. The smell of leather is wine to a horseman, and if I were a champion golfer with triumphs behind me I am certain that I should love even the smell of a locker room. In short, leaving aside the hideous odors that no one wants anyway, and the prim, permissible little "scents" that have been killed by sentimental repetition, why should we deny ourselves all the crowded thousands of commonplace, homely, suggestive odors that make up the aromatic kaleidoscope of our lives?

Editor's Easy Chair

KEEP AN OPEN MIND

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HOW much war talk there is! Books about it all the time! One finds them in the reviews, dealt with half a dozen at a time. Pretty general agreement that war is a rotten and abhorrent remedy for existing evils; that it does not cure them; that the last war was not, as we are inclined to think, "the limit," because the next war will be much worse and, incidentally, entirely different! Disputes are going on in Washington as to how many new warships we shall have and how big; and the naval experts tell us we are not safe, as though warships could ever make us safe. Some of them intimate that a naval war with Great Britain is quite possible. Mr. Coolidge deprecates extravagance in navies and says we ought not to have more new ships than we can afford—which is a good thought as far as it goes.

Now a big navy is of little use to us except to check the other big navy in this world, which is England's; and we surely ought to be able to do whatever checking in that direction is necessary or desirable by discussion across a table. Building ships to fight England is just a nightmare, the thought of men whose minds by nature or professional education have been walled in so that they can only think within certain boundaries.

But we are all that way, more or less. Very few of us—none of us, perhaps—can think outside of the bounds which race, heredity, education, religion, and experience of life have left us in. It is a sad case, but we might as well face it. The great thing our world needs is open minds. But they only come step by step. War does do something. In the immense destruction which it works it does demolish some traditions and limitations which are impediments to the progress of mankind. The process is terrible, but when the clock strikes for the removal of impediments they have to go, and who pays the bill does not seem to matter much to the Power behind the movement. Mankind has an errand to run in the universe and must run it or perish. Any given generation of men may do both, in order that the next generation may have a better start.

Henry Ford's extraordinary adventure in scrapping Model T and launching Model A is a kind of parable of current life. It is wonderfully interesting not because it means new motor cars, better or worse than motor cars are now, nor because they will go faster, but because it is an example, published in a degree very unusual, of what is going on in this world and what will continue to go on in this world unless and until some immense disaster checks it. The waste of Henry's change of design was enormous. When Model T was passed on its road, Henry concluded its day was over and set about, as everybody knows, to make a car which suited the world that now is. Whether he has done it is still at this writing uncertain. His new cars are seldom seen on the road, cannot be bought, are not

yet made in quantity; but what he has done about them is a fact that we read about—the vast substitution of new machines for old, inventions of machines to do new tricks, the training and instruction of new men in work of much higher precision than went into the Ford cars we know. Henry works like the forces of nature, on a vast scale, with the ruthlessness of an earthquake, and with a seeming approach to the intelligence of Omnipotence. He is one of the great autocrats in sight, two being residents of Italy, one of Turkey, one of Spain, and there are doubtless others who do not advertise. Nobody is afraid of him except perhaps the people who work for him and the other motor-car makers. He is in his way humane, thoughtful of human welfare, a mixer with men, but driven on his course by an astonishing animation that keeps him running on his errand.

No doubt the world is going through a process very like the proceedings in Henry Ford's various factories, but it is not making anything like as clean a job of it as Henry is. Henry knows what he wants, at least he seems to. He is definite and indefatigable. He gives orders, he provides means. He has the courage of his convictions, an enormous outfit of it, whereas the world is considerably an uproar of complicating voices—militarists who still have war minds and believe in force as the regulator of human affairs, prophets who would apply the golden rule, wise and good people struggling with powers of darkness, wars on the far horizon shooting up their flames, the great immediate jobs done best by autocrats, and yet an abiding sense that the great solution will come out of democracy.

DOES everybody realize that civilization is in the melting pot, that everything which is now going on in business, in statecraft, and in religion is part of a process which is driving through human life ever faster and with relentless energy? Henry Ford was quite right in his conclusion that the Model T did not go fast enough for these times.

The February *Scribner's* leads off with an article by President Hopkins of Dartmouth on "The Faith of the Fathers" in which he speaks up for the young and their comparative disregard of established methods. He says our Fathers believed in change, and he winds up with a quotation from the sermon of John Robinson to his congregation of Pilgrims just before they sailed for America in 1620. He said to them:

"If God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am very confident that the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word.

"I bewail the condition of the reformed churches who are come to a period in religion and will go no further than the instrument of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw: for whatever part of God's will has been imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, as you see, stick where Calvin left them. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though Luther and Calvin were precious shining lights in their times, yet God did not reveal his whole will to them; and were they living now they would be as ready and willing to embrace further light as that that they had received."

There was a man who really had understanding, really an open mind—an example not only to his generation but to ours. The Pilgrims were more liberal than the Puritans anyhow, but this godly and far-seeing Robinson had a spirit perfectly applicable to these times. There are many, many people, including dispensers of satisfactory incomes which they are not personally engaged in augmenting nor ever had the experience of providing, who find this present world very satisfactory. They have the pleasant power of distribution and relief.

Naturally and instinctively they don't want the world so much disturbed that that agreeable power shall depart from them. All radicals, all innovators are highly distasteful to them. Not that the radicals and innovators are all right. Most of them are considerably wrong. When Cousin Henry objects to companionate marriage I am with him, but when he objects to tall buildings, mass production, motor cars, Alfred Smith for President, criticism of Bishops, spirits and spiritists, the Hearst newspapers, and all the other breaches of Victorian decorum, he seems to me to be living too much in the past. He does not like it when the girls paint their lips; neither do I. I don't think it is becoming, but I can get along with it. I think it is just a passing fashion. For me, I like most anything better than suppression. I would rather have the inner ailments of the world break out into something; to see the symptoms of them, to know they exist and to try to trace the causes of them and, if possible, to get them cured.

A great many people are ultra-conservative because they are afraid of change and what it will do to them; but this life that now is, with its apprehensions, its shivers, its uncertainties, is the immediate fruit of the life our conservative friends applaud and approve. If that life had been better and wiser this current life would have been less precarious. The test of a civilization is what follows it, and by that test even the Victorian age had its considerable faults.

THE learned author of *The Mediaeval Mind*, being chosen President of a society of historians, addressed them the other day on the subject of history. The gist of his discourse was that history is a record and consideration of cause and effect; that it is like those branches of science which relate to the development of plants or of animals, like geology which has to do with the processes by which the earth became habitable. Of course that is so. Whatever happens is the fruit of something that happened before. If we can really size up the story of man, of the development of civilization as far as it has gone, we ought to get a true idea of the processes and be able to reckon better as to what is going to happen from knowing what the circumstances which complicate our present problems have grown out of. Perhaps if we had facts enough to go by, we could make an intelligent computation of the prospects—say of the Roman Catholic Church, or of the likelihood of another Great War and what might follow it. We see different phases of civilization proceeding or declining all over the world. India is one phase; China is another; Mid-Africa still another; Russia something quite different from any of them; Germany, France, the Latin countries, England, the United States, Japan—all in different stages of progressive civilization, working along the best they know how and producing what their antecedent facts have made possible. The statesmen of the world are so many Burbanks trying to improve their plants any way they can. The whole assembly of these gardens of humanity makes up the civilization of the world we live in. All the units are as active as so many atoms and we, the individuals, are the little specks that run about so fast inside the atom. There is such a lot of it that it is somewhat confusing; nevertheless, every unit of whatever size has its own job, and to go about it and do his best at it is all that can be required or expected of him—to see what he can, understand what he can, do what he can, considering the outcome as it comes in sight and adjusting and readjusting himself to mundane existence. But a great part of this human duty just now is to remember that the other people are in the same plight with himself, feeling their way along according to their derivations and development, trying with imperfect natures and inadequate knowledge to understand what is going on, do their proper part in it, and sustain life meantime.

The atom whirls on its job. We do not see it whirl; the inward commotion is not visible to us; but our learned friends and teachers assure us that it does go on. One of the things they work at nowadays is to split the atom and get the power out of it. They think if that can be done it will furnish energy for the running of all our contemporary contraptions and as many more as are to come. Maybe so, but since we seem to have already more power than we have the wisdom to handle, it may be that Supervising Goodness will delay this division of the atom until we are better prepared for it.

What the scientists try to do with the atom, the managers and directors of our world try to do with the human unit. They want to get the power out of it. They know there is enough to do everything that needs doing if only they can run it down, get the fastenings off of it, and direct its application. Some day in the Lord's good time, as we pious people say, the atom will be split and run our engines, and the power of the human atom will be rightly applied.

HOW much a fairly full acquaintance with the history of the human atom will help in directing him, as Dr. Henry Osborn Taylor above cited suggests, is, of course, a speculative matter. The practical managers take the human atom as he is with his history all in him, and work him and steer him the best they can. He takes himself the same way. He does not know much about his history, but he knows he is a going concern and that he needs to be regularly fed, and even suspects that it is true that he cannot live on bread alone, but that the mental and spiritual part of him requires attention. The most important things that are done for him, he has to do himself. Therefore, whatever he is about, give him the right of way so far as is consistent with public safety. Above all, it behooves us not to insist that he should be like ourselves, for the chances are that salvation for him and salvation for us depend upon difference of adventure and different courses of progress. The important thing is not that the human atoms should be alike but that they should be able to co-operate, and in our highly developed world co-operation is less simple than in one less developed. When every farmer could be a rule to himself, and most men were farmers, that was one thing, but as the survive-or-perish of farming depends more and more on machinery and co-operation, farm life is no longer so simple. To go back to Henry Ford, a better and faster car requires a greater precision in all its parts. Accuracy to one-thousandth of an inch was enough for the machinery in the Lizzie, but for the fabulous new model accuracy to a ten-thousandth of an inch is requisite.

Do you suppose we shall ever have to be as accurate as that in our human relations? As it is we jostle along more or less roughly, but it is true that the more polite and considerate people are fairly precise in their deportment and are put out when they see others negligent of what they have come to feel are the decencies of life. Doubtless that is why we call such people "nice." Whole civilizations are more polite or less so than others, that is, the sum total of manners is higher in some countries than others.

All this conferring of the nations through their representatives to maintain good relations and avoid war makes for better manners. No one dares to talk rough now in world politics. There could not be a Venezuela Message in these times, could there? Big Bill Thompson may say this or that, but he does not count. Responsible people feel that a share of the burden of world peace and racial amity rests upon their shoulders.

My gracious! how wise humanity will finally become, how tolerant, how thoughtful every man of every other, how polite! It will have to, if it is going to survive. If it does not, machinery and the increasing control of physical power will bite its head off.